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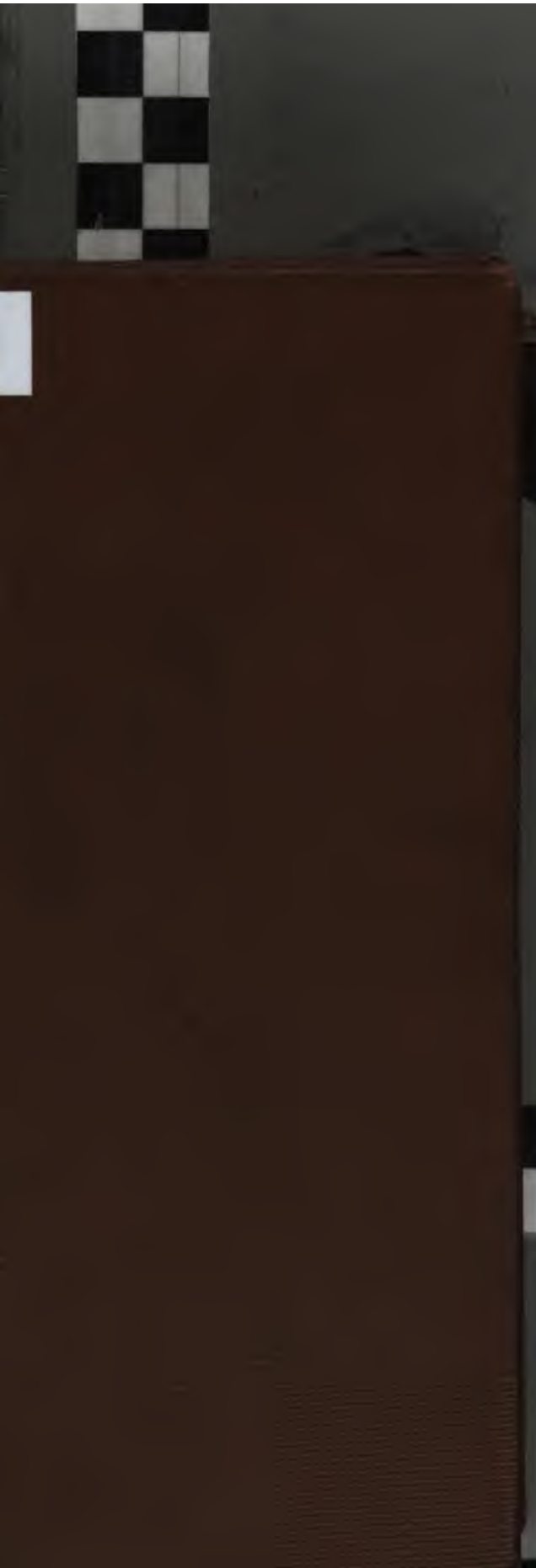
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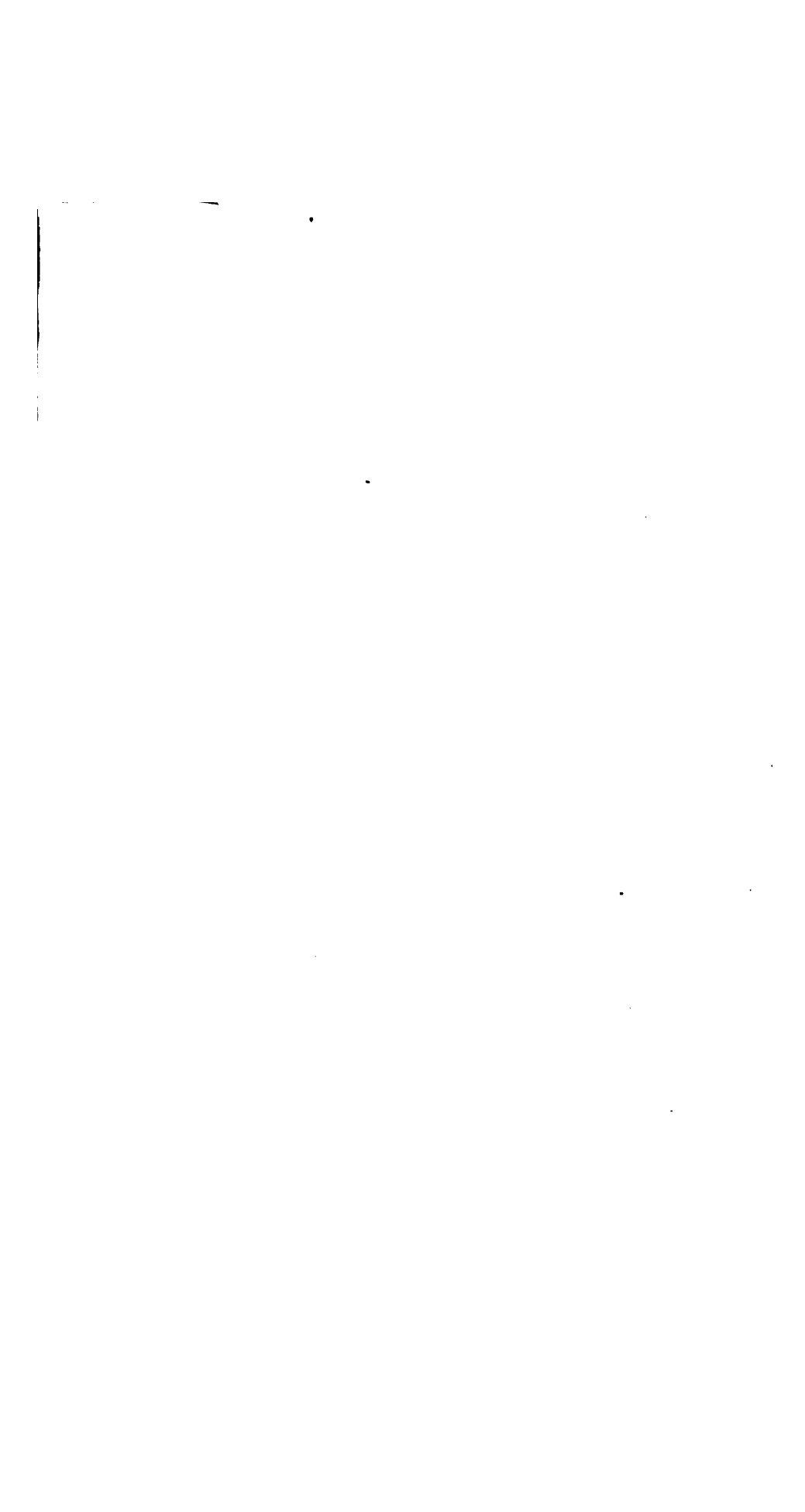
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
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OF
JOHN KEATS.

WITH A MEMOIR

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED.

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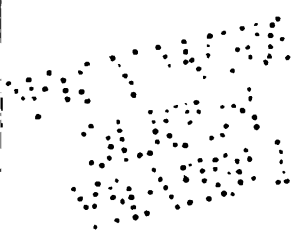
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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
MEMOIR,	17
ENDYMION: A Poetic Romance,	57
LAMIA,	185
ISABELLA, OR THE POT OF BASIL: A Story, from Boccaccio,	208
THE EVE OF ST. AGNES,	228
HYPERION,	243

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Dedication to Leigh Hunt, Esq.,	272
"I Stood Tiptoe upon a Little Hill,"	273
Specimen of an Induction to a Poem,	280
Calidore: A Fragment,	282
To some Ladies, on receiving a curious Shell,	288
On receiving a Copy of Verses from the same Ladies,	289
To ———,	291
To Hope,	293
Imitation of Spenser,	295

	PAGE
"Woman! When I behold thee, Flippant, Vain,"	296
Ode to a Nightingale,	297
Ode on a Grecian Urn,	300
Ode to Psyche,	302
Fancy,	304
Ode,	307
To Autumn,	308
Ode on Melancholy,	309
Lines on the Mermaid Tavern,	311
Robin Hood,	312
Sleep and Poetry,	314
Stanzas,	327

EPISTLES.

To George Felton Mathew,	328
To my Brother George,	331
To Charles Cowden Clarke,	335

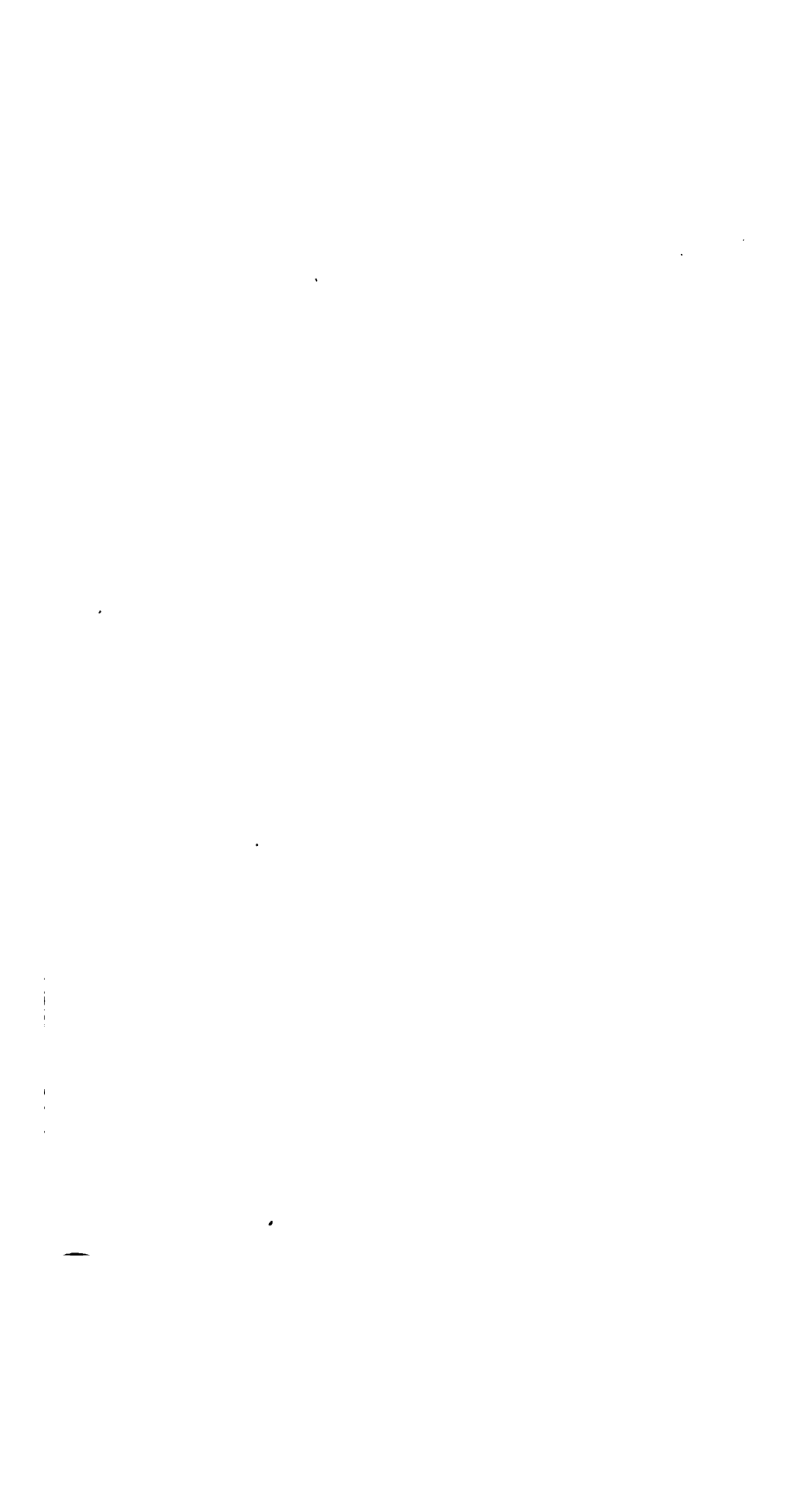
SONNETS.

To a Friend who sent me some Roses,	340
To my Brother George,	340
To ———,	341
"O Solitude! If I must with thee Dwell,"	341
"How many Bards gild the Lapses of Time,"	342
To G. A. W.,	342
Written on the Day that Mr. Leigh Hunt left Prison,	343
To my Brother,	344

CONTENTS.

xv

	PAGE
Addressed to Haydon,	344
The same,	345
On first looking into Chapman's Homer,	345
On Leaving some Friends at an Early Hour,	346
"Keen Fitful Gusts are Whispering Here and There,"	346
"To One who has been Long in City Pent,"	347
On the Grasshopper and Cricket,	347
To Kosciusko,	348
"Happy is England! I could be content,"	348
The Human Seasons,	349
On a Picture of Leander,	349
To Ailsa Rock,	350



MEMOIR OF JOHN KEATS.

BY

RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

THE "Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats," published in 1848, contain the biography of the Poet, mainly conveyed in the language of his own correspondence. The Editor had little more to do than to arrange and connect the letters freely supplied to him by kinsmen and friends, and leave them to tell as sad, and, at the same time, as ennobling a tale of life as ever engaged the pen of poetic fiction. But these volumes can scarcely be in the hands of all to whose hours of study or enjoyment the Poems of Keats may find ready access; and thus it has been desired that the Editor should transcribe into a few pages the characteristics of an existence in itself so short, but radiant with genius and rich in virtue.

The publication of three small volumes of verse, some earnest friendships, one profound passion, and a premature death, are the main incidents here to be recorded—ordinary indeed, and common to many men whose names have passed, and are passing, away, and here only

notable, as illustrating the wonderful nature and progress of certain mental faculties, and as exhibiting a character which inspires the deepest human sympathy amidst all its demands on our admiration.

John Keats was born on the 29th of October, 1795, in the upper rank of the middle class, his mother possessing sufficient means to give her children an excellent education, when left a widow in 1804. She is reputed to have been a woman of saturnine demeanor, but on an occasion of illness, John, then a child between four and five years old, remained for hours as a sentinel at her door, with a drawn sword, that she might not be disturbed: and at her death, which occurred when he was at Mr. Clarke's school at Enfield, he hid himself for several days in a nook under the master's desk, passionately inconsolable—traits of disposition that illustrate his character as a boy, energetic, ardent, and popular. "He combined," writes one of his schoolfellows, "a terrier-like resoluteness with the most noble placability;" and another mentions that his singular animation and ability in all exercises of skill and courage, impressed them with a conviction of his future greatness, "but rather in a military or some such active sphere of life, than in the peaceful arena of literature."* This impression was assisted by the rare vivacity of his countenance and much beauty of feature; his eyes were large and sensitive, flashing with strong emotion or suffused with tender sympathies; his hair hung in thick brown ringlets round a head diminutive for the breadth of the shoulders

* Mr. E. Holmes, author of the "Life of Mozart," &c.

below, while the smallness of the lower limbs, which in later life marred the proportion of his person, was not then apparent, any more than the undue prominence of the lower lip, which afterwards gave his face too pugnacious a character to be entirely pleasing, but at that time only completed such an image as the ancients had of Achilles,—of joyous and glorious youth everlastingly striving.

Careless of an ordinary school-reputation, his zeal for the studies themselves led him frequently to spend his holidays over Virgil or Fenelon, and when his master forced him into the open air for his health, he would be found walking with a book in his hand. The scholarship of the establishment had no peculiar pretensions, and the boy's learning was limited to the elements of a liberal education. He was never taught Greek, and he took his mythology from Tooke's Pantheon and Lemprière's Dictionary, making the affiliation of his mind with the old Hellenic world the more marvellous and interesting. It is doubtful whether at any time his information exceeded these scanty limits, and it is a curious speculation whether deeper and more regular classical studies would have checked or encouraged the natural consanguinity, so to say, of his fancy with the ideal life of ancient Greece, and whether a more distinct knowledge of what the old mythology really meant, would, or would not, have hindered that reconstruction of forms

"Not yet dead,
But in old marbles ever beautiful,"

which is now not the less agreeable from being the evolution of his unlearned and unaided imagination.

Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, the son of his preceptor, remained the friend of Keats, when removed from school in 1810, and apprenticed for five years to a surgeon of some eminence at Edmonton. This intelligent companion supplied him with books, which he eagerly perused, but so little expectation was formed of the direction in which his talents lay, that when in 1812, he asked for the loan of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, Mr. Clarke remembers that the family were amused at the ambitious desires of their former pupil. He must indeed have known something of Shakspeare, for he had told a schoolfellow that "he thought no one would dare to read *Macbeth* alone at two o'clock in the morning;" but it was Spenser that struck the secret spring and opened the flood-gates of his fancy. "He ramped through the scenes of romance," writes Mr. Clarke, "like a young horse turned into a spring meadow:" he could talk of nothing else: his countenance would light up at each rich expression, and his strong frame would tremble with emotion as he read. The lines "in imitation of Spenser" are the earliest known verses of his composition, and to the very last the traces of this main impulse of his poetic life are visible. But few memorials remain of his other studies: there is a "Sonnet to Byron," of little merit, dated 1814; one of much grace and juvenile conceit on Chaucer's *Tale of the "Flower and the Leaf,"* written on the blank leaf, while his friend was asleep over the book;

and one of most clear thought and noble diction, "On first looking into Chapman's Homer." It was to Mr. Clarke again that he owed his introduction to this fine interpretation, which preserves so much of the heroic simplicity, and the metre of which, after all various attempts, including that of the hexameter, still appears the best adapted, from its length and its powers, to represent in English the Greek epic verse. Unable to read the original, Keats had long stood by Homer as a great dumb name, and now he read it all night long, with intense delight, even shouting aloud, when some especial passage struck his imagination.

The "Epistles" to his friends and his brother George, then a clerk in London, indicate a rapid development of the poetic faculty, especially free from the formalism and imitation which encumber the early writings even of distinguished poets, and full of an easy gaiety, which at times runs into conversational commonplace, or helps itself out of difficulties by quaintnesses that look like affectations. But, even in these first efforts, the peculiarity of making the rhymes to rest on the most picturesque and varied words, instead of the conventional resonance of unimportant syllables, is distinctive, and an effect is produced which from its very novelty often mars the force and beauty of the expression, and lowers the sense of poetic harmony into an ingenious concurrence of sounds. It is also a palpable consequence of this mode of composition, that the sense appears too

often made for the rhyme, and, while most poets would be loth to allow how frequently the necessity of the rhyme suggests the corresponding thought, here the uncommon prominence of the rhyme keeps this effect constantly before the reader. Yet, when approached with sympathetic feeling and good will, this impression soon vanishes before the astonishing affluence of thought and imagination, which at once explains and excuses the defect, if it be one. Picture after picture seems to rise before the poet's eye in a succession so rapid as to embarrass judgment and limit choice, and fancies and expressions that elsewhere would be strange and far-fetched are here felt to have been the first suggested.

When Keats's apprenticeship was over and he removed to London to "walk the hospitals," he soon became acquainted with men capable of appreciating and cultivating his genius. Among the foremost Leigh Hunt welcomed him with a sympathy that ripened into friendship, and the sonnet "On the day Leigh Hunt left Prison," attests the earnestness of reciprocal affection. They read and walked much together, and wrote in competition on subjects proposed. Much has been said of the influence of this connection on the writings of Keats, and much of their mannerism has been traced to this source. The justice of this supposition is more than doubtful, and the stupid malevolence of the criticisms which mainly sustained it is now too well exposed to require refutation. It is indeed probable that the fresh mind of Keats was directed by Hunt into many of

the channels which had delighted his own, and that peculiarities that had taken the fancy of the one were easily pressed on the imagination of the other. But Keats always defended himself energetically against the notion that he belonged to Leigh Hunt's or any other school. "I refused," he wrote, "to visit Shelley, that I might have my own unfettered scope," and he never ceased to desire to bear all the defects of his own originality. It is no contradiction to this to infer, that if the talents of Keats had been subjected to the discipline of a complete and regular classical education, and a self-distrust inculcated by the continual presence of the highest original models of thought and form, he would have escaped very much of the mannerism which accompanied his early efforts; but it may be doubted whether the well-trained plant would have thrown out such luxurious shoots and expanded into such rare and delightful foliage. The most that can be said of the influence of Leigh Hunt and his friends on Keats was that he became obnoxious to those evils which inevitably beset every literary *coterie*, that he learned rather to encourage than to restrain individual peculiarities, and to demand a public and permanent attention for matters that could only justly claim a private and personal interest. But on the other hand it is impossible to deny that in this genial atmosphere the faculty of the young poet ripened with incredible facility, and advantages of literary culture were afforded which no just critic can disparage or conceal. Chatterton eating out his heart in his desolate

lodging and ignoble service to low magazines, or Burns drinking down thought in country taverns and town society little more refined, afford mournful contrasts to the pleasant and elevating associations enjoyed by Keats during his residence in London, which he would have been the last to undervalue. Hazlitt, Haydon, Godwin, Basil Montague and his remarkable family, and many other persons of literary and artistic reputation received him with kindness: Mr. Reynolds, whose poems written under feigned names are full of merit, Mr. Dilke, whose intelligent criticism, large information, and manly sense, have had so beneficial an effect on the modern history of English letters, Archdeacon Bailey, and Severn, the poetical painter, became his devoted friends: while in Mr. Ollier, himself a poet, and afterwards in Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, he found considerate and liberal publishers.

It soon became apparent that the profession for which young Keats was destined was too unsuitable to be maintained. There remain careful annotations on the lectures he attended, but when he had once entered on the practical part of his business, although successful in all his operations, he found his mind so oppressed with an overwrought apprehension of doing harm, that he determined on abandoning the course of life to which he had devoted a considerable portion of his small fortune. "My dexterity," he said, "used to seem to me a miracle, and I resolved never to take up a surgical instrument again." The little volume of poems, the beloved first-born,

scarcely touched the public attention: it was not even observed as a sign of the existence of a new cockney poet, whom the critic was bound to silence or to convert, or as the production of a new member of the revolutionary propaganda, to be hunted down with ridicule or obloquy. These honors were reserved for maturer labors. The characteristic lines,

“Glory and loveliness have passed away,” &c.,

were written in the midst of a merry circle of friends, who happened to be present when the printer sent to say that if there was to be a dedication he must send it directly; and he did so,—for the main thought, the regeneration of the images of Pagan beauty, was ever present with him. His health at this time was far from good, and in the spring of 1817, he returned to the quiet of the Isle of Wight to write “Endymion,” a subject long germinating in his fancy, and thus shadowed out in the first poem of his early volume:—

“He was a poet, sure a lover too,
 Who stood on Latmus’ top, what time there blew
 Soft breezes from the myrtle vale below;
 And brought, in faintness solemn, sweet, and slow,
 A hymn from Dian’s temple; while upswelling,
 The incense rose to her own starry dwelling.
 But tho’ her face was clear as infants’ eyes,
 Tho’ she stood smiling o’er the sacrifice,
 The poet wept at her so piteous fate,
 Wept that such beauty should be desolate:
 So in fine wrath some golden sounds he won,
 And gave meek Cynthia her Endymion.”

The solitude was not very propitious to his work, but he composed some other good verses, such as the sonnet "On the Sea," and others illustrative of his thoughts and feelings at the time. In a letter to Haydon he thus expressed himself with a noble humility: "I must think that difficulties nerve the spirit of a man; they make our prime objects a refuge as well as a passion; the trumpet of Fame is as a tower of strength, the ambitious bloweth it, and is safe." * * * "There is no greater sin, after the seven deadly, than to flatter oneself into the idea of being a great poet, or one of those beings who are privileged to wear out their lives in the pursuit of honor. How comfortable a thing it is to feel that such a crime must bring its heavy penalty, that if one be a self-deluder, accounts must be balanced." Again to Hunt: "I have asked myself so often why I should be a Poet more than other men, seeing how great a thing it is, how great things are to be gained by it, that at last the idea has grown so monstrously beyond my seeming power of attainment, that the other day I nearly consented with myself to drop into a Phaethon. Yet 'tis a disgrace to fail even in a huge attempt, and at this moment I drive the thought from me. I began my poem about a fortnight since, and have done some every day, except travelling ones."

In September he visited his friend Bailey, at Oxford, and wrote thence as follows:—"Believe me, my dear —, it is a great happiness to me that you are, in this finest part of the year, winning a little enjoyment from

the hard world. In truth, the great Elements we know of, are no mean comforters: the open sky sits upon our senses like a sapphire crown; the air is our robe of state; the earth is our throne; and the sea a mighty minstrel playing before it—able, like David's harp, to make such a one as you forget almost the tempest-cares of life. * * * * I shall ever feel grateful to you for having made known to me so real a fellow as Bailey. He delights me in the selfish, and, please God, the disinterested part of my disposition. If the old Poets have any pleasure in looking down at the enjoyers of their works, their eyes must bend with double satisfaction upon him. I sit as at a feast when he is over them, and pray that if, after my death, any of my labors should be worth saving, they may have as 'honest a chronicler' as Bailey. Out of this, his enthusiasm in his own pursuit and for all good things is of an exalted kind, worthy a more healthful frame and an untorn spirit. He must have happy years, to come; 'he shall not die—by God.' '*

Some later extracts from letters to this excellent friend are interesting; they were part of the occupation of the winter of 1817-18, which Keats passed at Hampstead among his friends, perhaps the happiest period of

* In p. 62 of the "Life and Letters of Keats," the biographer spoke of the decease of Mr. Bailey: he had been erroneously informed as to that event, but he regrets to add that the newspapers, within the last few weeks, record the death of Archdeacon Bailey, lately returned from Ceylon, where he had long resided.

his life.—“I have heard Hunt say, ‘Why endeavor after a long poem?’ to which I should answer, ‘Do not the lovers of poetry like to have a little region to wander in, where they may pick and choose, and in which the images are so numerous that many are forgotten and found new in a second reading,—which may be food for a week’s stroll in the summer. * * * Besides, a long poem is a test of Invention, which I take to be the polar-star of poetry, as Fancy is the sails, and Imagination the rudder. Did our great Poets ever write short pieces? I mean, in the shape of tales. This same Invention seems indeed of late years to have been forgotten as a poetical excellence.’ But enough of this, I put on no laurels till I shall have finished *Endymion*.”

“One thing has pressed upon me lately and increased my humility and capability of submission, and that is this truth: men of genius are great as certain ethereal chemicals operating on the mass of neutral intellect, but they have not any individuality, any determined character. I would call the top and head of those who have a proper self, Men of Power.” * * * * “I wish I was as certain of the end of all your troubles as that of your momentary start about the authenticity of the Imagination. I am certain of nothing but of the holiness of the heart’s affections, and the truth of Imagination. What the Imagination seizes as Beauty must be Truth, whether it existed before or not;—for I have the same idea of all our passions as of Love; they are all, in their sublime, creative of essential Beauty. The

Imagination may be compared to Adam's dream: he awoke and found it Truth. I am more zealous in this affair, because I have never yet been able to perceive how anything can be known for Truth by consecutive reasoning, and yet it must be so. Can it be that even the greatest philosopher ever arrived at his goal without putting aside numerous objections? However it may be, O for a life of sensations rather than of thoughts! It is 'a vision in the form of youth,'—a shadow of reality to come,—and this consideration has further convinced me,—for it has come as auxiliary to another speculation of mine,—that we shall enjoy ourselves hereafter by having what we call happiness on earth repeated in a finer tone. And yet such a fate can only befall those who delight in Sensation, rather than hunger, as you do, after Truth. Adam's dream will do here, and seems to be a conviction that Imagination and its empyreal reflection is the same as human life and its spiritual repetition. But, as I was saying, the simple imaginative mind may have its rewards in the repetition of its own silent working coming continually on the spirit with a fine suddenness. To compare great things with small, have you never, by being surprised with an old melody, in a delicious place, by a delicious voice, *felt* over again your very speculations and surmises at the time it first operated on your soul? Do you not remember forming to yourself the singer's face—more beautiful than it was possible, and yet, with the elevation of the moment, you did not think so?

Even then you were mounted on the wings of Imagination, so high that the prototype must be hereafter: that delicious face you will see.—Sure this cannot be exactly the case with a complex mind—one that is imaginative and, at the same time, careful of its fruits,—who would exist partly on sensation, partly on thought,—to whom it is necessary that ‘years should bring the philosophic mind?’ Such an one I consider yours, and therefore it is necessary to your eternal happiness that you not only drink this old wine of Heaven, which I shall call the redigestion of our most ethereal musings on earth, but also increase in knowledge, and know all things.”

This self-drawn picture of the mind, or rather the temperament, of Keats, might well inspire painful reflections. If this were a completely true representation, it is evident that those sensuous appetites, and that yearning for enjoyment which has made his poetry the wail and remonstrance of a disinherited Paganism, must ere long have worn away all manliness of character and degenerated into a peevish sentimentalism. But he was preserved from this destiny by the strong presence of counteracting qualities,—unselfish benevolence, a sturdy love of right, and that main security and test of moral earnestness, a deep sense of honor. In this spirit he wrote about the same time to his brothers—after asserting that works of genius are the finest things in this world—“No! for that sort of probity and disinterestedness which such men as Bailey possess does hold and

grasp the tip-top of any spiritual honors that can be paid to anything in this world. And, moreover, having this feeling at this present come over me in its full force, I sat down to write to you with a grateful heart, in that I had not a brother who did not feel and credit me for a deeper feeling and devotion for his uprightness, than for any marks of genius, however splendid."

With a great work on hand, and in improved health, he seems at this time to have enjoyed himself thoroughly. His bodily vigor must have been considerable, for he signalized himself one day by giving a severe drubbing to a butcher whom he caught beating a little boy, to the enthusiastic admiration of a crowd of bystanders. His society was much sought after, from the agreeable combination of earnestness and pleasantry, which distinguished him both from graver and gayer men. The good and fine things he said gained much by his happy transitions of manner. His habitual gentleness gave effect to his occasional bursts of indignation, and at the mention of oppression or wrong, or at any calumny against those he loved, he rose into grave manliness at once and seemed like a tall man. On one occasion when a falsehood respecting the young artist Severn was repeated and dwelt upon, he left the room, saying, "he should be ashamed to sit with men who could utter and believe such things." Another time, hearing of some base conduct, he exclaimed, "Is there no human dust-hole into which we can sweep such fellows?" He used to complain of the usual character of conversation, and

said, "If Lord Bacon were alive, and to make a remark in the present day in company, the conversation would stop on a sudden."

To the production of *Endymion*, Keats added some charming compositions in a lighter style, such as the "Lines on the Mermaid Tavern," "Robin Hood," and "Fancy," showing a perfect mastery over the more ordinary and fluent rhythm. His sense of the poetic function evidently grew with his task. He wrote to Mr. Reynolds, "We hate Poetry that has a palpable design upon us, and, if we do not agree, seems to put its hand into its breeches pocket. Poetry should be great and unobtrusive, a thing which enters into one's soul, and does not startle it or amaze it with itself, but with its subject. How beautiful are the retired flowers! How would they lose their beauty, were they to throng into the highway, crying out, 'Admire me, I am a violet! Dote upon me, I am a primrose!'"

Again, "When man has arrived at a certain ripeness of intellect, any one grand and spiritual passage serves him as a starting-post towards all 'the two-and-thirty palaces.' How happy is such a voyage of conception, what delicious diligent indolence! A doze upon a sofa does not hinder it, and a nap upon clover engenders ethereal finger pointings; the prattle of a child gives it wings, and the converse of middle age a strength to beat them; a strain of music conducts to 'an odd angle of the Isle,' and when the leaves whisper, it 'puts a girdle round the earth.' Nor will this sparing touch of noble

books be any irreverence to these writers; for, perhaps, the honors paid by man to man are trifles in comparison to the benefit done by great works to the 'spirit and pulse of good' by their mere passive existence. Memory should not be called knowledge. Many have original minds who do not think it: they are led away by custom. Now it appears to me that almost any man may, like the spider, spin from his own inwards, his own airy citadel. The points of leaves and twigs on which the spider begins her work are few, and she fills the air with a beautiful circuiting. Man should be content with as few points to tip with the fine web of his soul, and weave a tapestry empyrean—full of symbols for his spiritual eye, of softness for his spiritual touch, of space for his wandering, of distinctness for his luxury. But the minds of mortals are so different and bent on such diverse journeys, that it may at first appear impossible for any common taste and fellowship to exist between two or three, under those suppositions. It is however quite the contrary. Minds would lead each other in contrary directions, traverse each other in numberless points, and at last greet each other at the journey's end. An old man and a child would talk together, and the old man be led on his path, and the child left thinking. Man should not dispute or assert, but whisper results to his neighbor, and thus by every germ of spirit sucking the sap from mould ethereal, every human being might become great, and humanity, instead of being a wide heath of furze and briers, with here and there a remote

oak or pine, would become a grand democracy of forest-trees."

A lady whose feminine acuteness of perception is only equalled by the vigor of her understanding, thus describes Keats as he appeared about this time at Hazlitt's lectures:—"His eyes were large and blue, his hair auburn; he wore it divided down the centre, and it fell in rich masses on each side of his face; his mouth was full and less intellectual than his other features. His countenance lives in my mind as one of singular beauty and brightness; it had the expression as if he had been looking on some glorious sight. The shape of his face had not the squareness of a man's, but more like some women's faces I have seen—it was so wide over the forehead and so small at the chin. He seemed in perfect health, and with life offering all things that were precious to him."

The increased ill-health of his brother Tom, and the determination of George to emigrate to America, cast much gloom over the completion of "Endymion," which was, however, dispersed by a pedestrian tour through Scotland, in the company of Mr. Brown, a retired merchant, who had been Keats's neighbor during the preceding summer, and whose sympathetic and congenial disposition he had much enjoyed. Mr. Reynolds' objection to a projected Preface provoked the following spirited remonstrance:—

"I have not the slightest feeling of humility towards the public or to anything in existence but the Eternal

Being, the Principle of Beauty, and the Memory of great Men. When I am writing for myself, for the mere sake of the moment's enjoyment, perhaps nature has its course with me; but a Preface is written to the public—a thing I cannot help looking upon as an enemy, and which I cannot address without feelings of hostility. If I write a Preface in a supple or subdued style, it will not be in character with me as a public speaker. I would be subdued before my friends, and thank them for subduing me, but among multitudes of men I have no feel of stooping: I hate the idea of humility to them. I never wrote one single line of poetry with the least shadow of public thought. Forgive me for vexing you, and making a Trojan horse of such a trifle, both with respect to the matter in question, and myself; but it eases me to tell you: I could not live without the love of my friends; I would jump down Etna for any great public good, but I hate a mawkish popularity."

In a fine fragment too, written about this time, he spoke of

"Bards who died content on pleasant sward,
Leaving great verse unto a little clan.
 O give me their old vigor, and unheard,
 Save of the quiet Primrose, and the span
 Of Heaven and few ears,
 Rounded by thee, my song should die away
 Content as theirs,
Rich in the simple worship of a day."

And yet, after all, the Preface which did appear was in the main deprecatory and with no "undersong of disre-

spect for the public;" and when the Poet looked back on his labor he found it "a feverish attempt rather than a deed accomplished." He said: "the imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy, but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted."

Surely, there was much in this to disarm the violence of the criticism which was levelled at the Poem at its first birth into literary existence. The articles themselves, both in the "Quarterly" and in "Blackwood," were so superficial and coarse, so thoroughly uncritical, that, whatever sensations of disgust and anger they may have aroused at the time, there could hardly have been a question of their permanent influence on the mind and destiny of Keats, but for the belief of many of his friends that they inflicted on his susceptible nature a shock which he never recovered. This notion was confirmed in public estimation by the well-known stanza of the eleventh canto of Don Juan; concluding—

"Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."

It is perhaps bold to say in opposition to the testimony of many near and dear friends of Keats, that these effects had no existence, but it is certain they have been greatly exaggerated. The sublime curse hurled at the brutal critic in the "Adonais" of Shelley has its due place in that lofty elegy, but with such means as we have to judge

from, with the letters and acts of Keats, immediately after the reviews appeared, before us, his feelings seem to have had much more of indignation and contempt in them than of wounded pride and mortified vanity. I should incline to believe that the little public interest which "Endymion" excited, and the growing sense of his own deficiencies, weighed far more on his mind than those shallow ribaldries, which Jeffrey's article in the Edinburgh Review, if it had appeared somewhat sooner, would have so completely counterbalanced. When told "to go back to his gallipots," just as Simon Peter might have been told to go back to his nets, and when reminded that "a starved apothecary was better than a starved poet," his inclination certainly was rather to call the satirist to account, "if he appears in squares and theatres where we might possibly meet," than to let the scoffing visibly affect his health and spirits. Indeed in a letter to his publisher, after thanking some writer who had vindicated him, he says:—

"As for the rest, I begin to get a little acquainted with my own strength and weakness. Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works. My own domestic criticism has given me pain without comparison beyond what 'Blackwood' or the 'Quarterly' could possibly inflict; and also when I feel I am right, no external praise can give me such a glow as my own solitary re-perception and ratification of what is fine. * * * I will write independently. I have

written independently *without judgment*, I may write independently, and *with judgment*, hereafter. The genius of poetry must work out its own salvation in a man. It cannot be matured by law and precept, but by sensation and watchfulness in itself. That which is creative must create itself. In 'Endymion' I leaped headlong into the sea, and thereby have become better acquainted with the soundings, the quicksands, and the rocks than if I had stayed upon the green shore, and piped a silly pipe, and taken tea, and comfortable advice." He also wrote to his brother:—"This is a mere matter of the moment. I think I shall be among the English poets after my death. Even as a matter of present interest, the attempt to crush me in the Quarterly has only brought me more into notice. * * It does me not the least harm in society to make me appear little and ridiculous. I know when a man is superior to me, and give him all due respect; he will be the last to laugh at me." And again on his birthday:—"The only thing that can ever affect me personally for more than one short passing day, is any doubt about my powers for poetry: I seldom have any; and I look with hope to the nighing time when I shall have none."

After reading these passages it is difficult to see in what spirit more wise or manly an author could receive unseemly and insolent criticism. When Lord Byron boasts that, after the article on his early poems, "instead of breaking a bloodvessel," he drank three bottles of claret and began an answer, "finding that there was nothing in it for which he could, lawfully, knock Jeffrey

on the head, in an honorable way," one is glad of the indignation that produced the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," but the use which Keats made of the annoyance in elevating and purifying his self-judgment is surely far more estimable. The letters show that no morbid feelings prevented him from most heartily enjoying his Scotch tour, where the sublilities of nature met him for the first time. He went to the country of Burns as on a pilgrimage, and notwithstanding that he was shown the cottage of Kirk Alloway "by a mahogany-faced old jackass who knew Burns, and who ought to have been kicked for having spoken to him," he says, "one of the pleasantest means of annulling self is approaching such a shrine: we need not think of his misery—that is all gone, bad luck to it! I shall look upon it hereafter with unmixed pleasure, as I do on my Stratford-on-Avon day with Bailey."

It gave some color to the belief of the mental injury inflicted on Keats by the reviewers, that after this time his spirits and health began to decline, and the short remainder of his life was exposed to continual troubles and anxieties. His brother Tom, whom he loved most devotedly, and who much resembled himself in temperament and appearance, died in the autumn, and shortly before this event he met the lady who inspired him with the profound passion which under other circumstances might have combined all his dreams of happiness, but which was destined to increase tenfold the bitterness of

his premature decay.* Up to this period he had been singularly shy of women's society, and frequently expressed himself freely on the subject, as for instance :—

“I am certain I have not a right feeling towards women ; at this moment I am striving to be just to them, but I cannot. It is because they fall so far beneath my boyish imagination ? When I was a schoolboy, I thought a fair woman a pure goddess ; my mind was a soft nest in which some one of them slept, though she knew it not. I thought them ethereal, above men. I find them perhaps equal—great by comparison is very small. * * When among men, I have no evil thoughts, no malice, no spleen ; I feel free to speak or to be silent. I can listen, and from every one I can learn. When I am among women, I have evil thoughts, malice, spleen ; I cannot speak or be silent ; I am full of suspicions, and therefore listen to nothing ; I am in a hurry to be gone. You must be charitable, and put all this perversity to my being disappointed since my boyhood.”

But now his time had come. At a house where he was very intimate, he met a cousin of the family, a lady of East Indian connections, who had there found an asylum from some domestic discomfort. He first heard much in her praise, which did not interest him, then something in her dispraise, which took his fancy. He wrote : “She is not a Cleopatra, but is, at least, a Charmian : she has a rich Eastern look : she has fine eyes, and

* In Keats's copy of Shakspeare, the words *Poor Tom*, in “King Lear,” are pathetically underlined.

fine manners. When she comes into the room, she makes the same impression as the beauty of a leopardess. She is too fine and too conscious of herself to repulse any man who may address her : from habit she thinks that nothing particular. I always find myself more at ease with such a woman : the picture before me always gives me a life and animation, which I cannot possibly feel with anything inferior. I am, at such times, too much occupied in admiring to be awkward or in a tremble : I forget myself entirely, because I live in her." He then protests that he is not in love with her, but that she kept him awake one night, "as a tune of Mozart's might do." He "won't cry to take the moon home with him in his pocket, nor fret to leave her behind him." And then reverting to his love to his brothers and sisters : "As a man of the world, I love the rich talk of a Charmian ; as an eternal being, I love the thought of you. I should like her to ruin me, and I should like you to save me."

Residing in the house of his friend Mr. Brown, and in daily intercourse with this lady, the path of life would have lain out before him brightly indeed, had it not soon appeared that his circumstances were such as to render their union very difficult, if not impossible. The radiant imagination and the redundant heart now came into fierce conflict with poverty and disease. Hope was there, with Genius his everlasting sustainer, and Fear never approached but as the companion of Necessity : but the intensity of passion helped to wear away a physical frame

originally feeble, and he might have lived longer if he had loved less.

Several of the Tales and Odes, which are contained in the volume of miscellaneous poetry, had been written by this time: the "Pot of Basil" before his Highland tour, and the "Eve of St. Agnes," and the Odes "To Psyche" and "On Melancholy," in the winter; "Lamia" and the "Ode to Autumn" in the advancing year. In most of these the Spenserian influence is still strongly predominant, augmented no doubt by the study of the Italian Poets, to which, during these months, Keats sedulously applied himself. The fragment of "Hyperion" which Lord Byron, with an exaggeration akin to his former depreciation, declared to "seem actually inspired by the Titans and as sublime as *Æschylus*," was written so sensibly under another inspiration as to be distasteful to its author. "I have given up Hyperion," he writes, "there were too many Miltonic inversions in it. Miltonic verse cannot be written but in an artful, or rather, artist's humor." In all these Poems, in their different styles, the progress in purity and grace of diction was manifest. The simplicity of language which had been inaugurated by Goldsmith and Cowper, formalized into a theory by Wordsworth, and by him and other writers both of the Lake and the London schools carried to extravagance, had been adapted by Keats to a class of subjects to which, according to literary taste and habit, it was especially inappropriate, and where it produced on many minds almost the sensation of a classical burlesque. Such of

the Gods as had spoken English up to this time had done so in formal and courtly language, and the familiarity of poetic diction which in any case was novel, here appeared extravagant. Now that *Endymion* has taken its place as a great English Poem, and is in truth become a region of delight in which the youth of every generation finds "a week's stroll in the summer," we can hardly feel the force of those objections, which, if they had been temperately urged by critics who in other matters recognized the genius of Keats, would have had due weight not only with the public but with the Poet himself. But while he owed nothing to the sledge-hammer censure he had endured, his own refined judgment and enlarged knowledge induced him to throw off, as puerilities and conceits, much that had before presented itself to his fancy as invention and simplicity, and to send out his noble thoughts and images so worthily arrayed, that if he had lived to maturity, he would probably have had less of peculiarity and mannerism than any other Poet of his time.

An experiment of double authorship between Keats and his friend Brown was not equally successful: the tragedy of "*Otho the Great*" was thus written—Brown supplying the fable, characters, and dramatic conduct; Keats the diction and the verse. The two composers sat opposite, Brown sketching all the incidents of each scene, and Keats translating them into his rich and ready language. As a literary diversion the process may have been instructive and amusing, but a work of art thus created could be hardly worth the name. As the play

advanced, Keats thought the events too melodramatic, and concluded the fifth act alone. The tragedy was offered to, and accepted by, Elliston, Kean having expressed a desire to act the principal part; but it is unlikely that even his representation would have carried through a performance so unsuited for the stage. As a literary curiosity it remains interesting, and abounds with fine phrases and passages marred by the poverty of the construction. It is doubtful whether at this time Keats alone could have produced a much better play: he might have written a *Midsummer Night's Dream*, as Coleridge might have written a *Hamlet*, but in both the great human element would have been wanting, which Shakspeare combines with high philosophy or with fairy-land.

George Keats paid a short visit to England in the early part of this year, and received his share of the property of the youngest brother. He probably repaid himself for moneys advanced for John's education or liabilities, and thus the share which John received was not above 200*l*. By this time little, if anything, remained of John's original fortune, and it is deeply to be regretted that the more enterprising brother did not come to some direct understanding with the other, before he finally quitted England, as to John's future means of support. Keats's friends believed that George took with him some remnants of John's fortune to speculate with, but no proof of this remains on any of the letters on either side; and, after John's death, when the legal ad-

ministration of his effects showed that no debts were owing to the estate, George offered, without any obligation, to do his utmost to discharge his brother's engagements.

At the time when these embarrassments began to press most heavily on Keats, he returned one night late to Hampstead in a state of strange physical excitement, like violent intoxication: he told his friend he had been outside the stage-coach and received a severe chill, but added, "I don't feel it now." Getting into bed, he slightly coughed, and said, "That is blood—bring me the candle," and after gazing on the pillow, turning round with an expression of sudden and solemn calm, said, "I know the color of that blood, it is arterial blood—I cannot be deceived in that color; that drop is my death-warrant. I must die." He was bled, fell asleep, and, after some weeks, apparently recovered. During his illness he told Mr. Brown, "If you would have me recover, flatter me with a hope of happiness when I shall be well; for I am now so weak that I can be flattered into hope." When he said one day, "Look at my hand, it is that of a man of fifty," it was remembered that years before, Coleridge meeting Keats in a lane near Highgate, and shaking hands with him, had turned round to Mr. Hunt, and whispered, 'There is death in that hand.'

This illness seemed at the time not to be without its compensations: he wrote to Mr. Rice in Feb. (1820):—

"For six months before I was taken ill, I had not passed a tranquil day. Either that gloom overspread me or I

was suffering under some passionate feeling, or, if I turned to versify, that acerbated the poison of either sensation. The beauties of nature had lost their power over me. How astonishingly (here I must premise that illness, as far as I can judge in so short a time, has relieved my mind of a load of deceptive thoughts and images, and makes me perceive things in a truer light), how astonishingly does the chance of leaving the world impress a sense of its natural beauties upon us! Like poor Falstaff, though I do not 'babble,' I think of green fields; I muse with the greatest affection on every flower I have known from my infancy; their shapes and colors are as new to me as if I had just created them with a superhuman fancy. It is because they are connected with the most thoughtless and happiest moments of our lives. I have seen foreign flowers in hothouses, of the most beautiful nature, but I do not care a straw for them. The simple flowers of our Spring are what I want to see again."

And he saw them—for towards the end of the spring his health was apparently so much better that the physician recommended another tour in Scotland. Mr. Brown, however thought him unfit for the exertion and went alone: the two friends parted in May and never met again. In the previous autumn Keats had removed to a lodging in Westminster, when he was trying to make some money by contributing to periodical works, but soon found he had miscalculated his own powers of endurance. She, whose name

“ Was ever on his lip
But never on his tongue,”

exercised too mighty a restraint over his being for him to remain at a distance which was neither absence nor presence, and he soon returned to where at least he could rest his eyes on her habitation, and enjoy each chance opportunity of her society. After Mr. Brown's departure he seems to have been all but domesticated with her family for a short time, but with the sad consciousness of the absolute necessity of some great change of life to ward off absolute destitution. “ My mind,” he writes, “ has been at work all over the world to find out what to do. I have my choice of three things, or, at least, two—South America, or surgeon to an Indiaman, which last, I think, will be my fate. I shall resolve in a few days.”

It was probably this pressure which forced him against his will to publish the volume of *Tales and Poems*, which seemed at last to move even the literary world to some consciousness of his merits. It had no great sale, but it was received respectfully, and, even without the catastrophe that soon invested it with so solemn an interest, it would have gone far to establish him as a poet even in vulgar fame. During its completion he had spent much time on an Ariosto-like Poem, which he called the “ *Cap and Bells*,” exhibiting his play of fancy to great advantage, and getting away as it were, as far as possible, from the gross realities that occupied and tormented his existence. His main passion finds no place in his verse; a few, and not eminent fragments betray the haunting thought, but

the careful exclusion of the topic from his literature adds one more testimony to the truth that the highest poetry exhibits itself in objective forms, moulded and colored by the feelings and experiences of the writer, and not in subjective representations of his immediate and perhaps temporary sensations.

Keats thought himself to be slowly but surely recovering, when the spitting of blood came on, followed by tightness of the chest and other symptoms, which made it apparent that nothing but a winter in a milder climate would have a chance of saving his life. It is sad to contemplate with what delight, under other auspices, he would have undertaken a visit to those southern lands, the favorites of nature, still tenanted by those mythologic presences of beauty which he had so peculiarly made his own. Now he writes, "the journey to Italy wakes me at daylight every morning, and haunts me horribly. I shall endeavor to go, though it be with the sensation of marching up against a battery." He felt he had a "core of disease in him not easy to pull out," and he had no sufficient hope of ultimate good to remedy the pangs of present separation. He had been tended for a few weeks by the one hand that could soothe him, and that he must leave, perhaps for ever. And he would have had to go alone but for the affection of Mr. Severn, the young artist, who had just won the gold medal given by the Royal Academy for historical painting which had not been adjudged for the last twelve years. Regardless of personal and professional advantages the painter de-

voted himself to the afflicted poet, and they started in the middle of September by sea. When scarcely embarked, Keats wrote despondingly to Mr. Brown, taking that opportunity of ease, "for time seems to press." He wishes to write on subjects that would not agitate him and yet he is ever recurring to that which wears his heart away.

"If my body would recover of itself, this would prevent it; the very thing which I want to live most for will be a great occasion of my death. * * I wish for death every day and night to deliver me from these pains, and then I wish death away, for death would destroy even those pains, which are better than nothing. Land and sea, weakness and decline, are great separators, but death is the great divorcer for ever. When the pang of this thought has passed through my mind, I may say the bitterness of death is passed. * * I am in a state at present in which woman, merely as woman, can have no more power over me than stocks and stones, and yet the difference of my sensations with respect to Miss — and my sister is amazing: the one seems to absorb the other to a degree incredible. I seldom think of my brother and sister in America; the thought of leaving Miss — is beyond everything horrible—the sense of darkness coming over me—I eternally see her figure eternally vanishing."

At Naples the gloom grows still darker, and we feel that the night is at hand.

“The fresh air revived me a little, and I hope I am well enough this morning to write you a short calm letter—if that can be called one, in which I am afraid to speak of what I would fainest dwell upon. As I have gone thus far into it, I must go on a little—perhaps it may relieve the load of *wretchedness* which presses upon me. The persuasion that I shall see her no more will kill me. My dear Brown, I should have had her when I was in health, and I should have remained well. I can bear to die—I cannot bear to leave her. Oh, God! God! God! Everything I have in my trunks that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear. The silk lining she put in my travelling-cap scalds my head. My imagination is horribly vivid about her—I see her—I hear her. There is nothing in the world of sufficient interest to divert me from her a moment. This was the case when I was in England. I cannot recollect, without shuddering, the time I was prisoner at Hunt’s and used to keep my eyes fixed on Hampstead all day. Then there was a good hope of seeing her again—Now!—O that I could be buried near where she lives. * * * Is there any news of George? O, that something fortunate had ever happened to me or my brothers! then I might hope, but despair is forced upon me as a habit. My dear Brown, for my sake, be her advocate for ever. I cannot say a word about Naples; I do not feel at all concerned in the thousand novelties around me. I am afraid to write to her. I should like

her to know I do not forget her. Oh! Brown, I have coals of fire in my breast. It surprises me that the human heart is capable of containing and bearing so much misery. Was I born for this end?"

He received at Naples a most affectionate letter from Mr. Shelley urging him to come to Pisa, where he would receive every comfort and attention. After the many annoyances he encountered at Rome, one almost regrets that he did not accept this offer, except that at Pisa he could not have experienced the skilful solicitude of Dr. (now Sir James) Clark, which led him through the dark passages of mortal sickness with every alleviation that medical care and knowledge could bestow. It was thus alone that his life was preserved during December and January. On the last day of November he wrote his last letter,—in a tone of mind somewhat less painful. He spoke of his real life as something passed, and as if he were leading a posthumous existence. It ends with these words:—"If I recover, I will do all in my power to correct the mistakes made during sickness, and, if I should not, all my faults will be forgiven. Write to George as soon as you receive this, and tell him how I am, as far as you can guess; and also a note to my sister—who walks about my imagination like a ghost—she is so like Tom. I can scarcely bid you good-bye, even in a letter. I always made an awkward bow. God bless you.

JOHN KEATS."

After some weeks of acute physical suffering and of a fierce mental conflict with destiny, in which reason itself was, at times, overcome, he became calm and resigned; he talked easily and slept peacefully. To Severn, who, to use his own phrase "had been beating about so long in the tempest of his friend's mind," this change was most welcome, although conscious that it was rather owing to the increasing debility of his body, than to any real improvement of his condition. He desired a letter from his beloved, which he did not dare to read, together with a purse and letter of his sister's* to be placed in his coffin, and that on his grave should be written these words:—

HERE LIES ONE WHOSE NAME WAS WRIT IN WATER.

He died on the 27th of February, so quiet that Severn thought he still slept; his last words were "Thank God it has come."

Keats was buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome, one of the most beautiful spots on which the eye and heart of man can rest. It is a grassy slope, amid verdurous ruins of the Honorian walls of the diminished city, surmounted by the pyramidal tomb which Petrarch ascribed to Remus, but which antiquarian research has attributed to the humbler name of Caius Cestius, a

* Miss Keats shortly afterwards married Señor Llaños, the author of "Don Esteban," "Sandoval the Freemason," and other works of considerable ability.

Tribune of the people, only remembered by his sepulchre. In one of these mental voyages into the past, which precede death, Keats had told Severn that he thought "the intensest pleasure he had received in life was in watching the growth of flowers;" and another time, after lying a while quite still, he murmured, "I feel the flowers growing over me." And there they do grow even all the winter long,—violets and daisies mingling with the fresh herbage, and in the words of Shelley "making one in love with death, to think one should be buried in so sweet a place." Some years ago, when the writer of this memoir was at Rome, the thick grass had nearly overgrown the humble tombstone, which however few strangers of our race omit to visit; but whether this record of him escapes the wreck of years or not, there will remain, as long as the English language lasts, and be read, as far as it extends, the glorious monument, erected by the living genius of Shelley, the *Elegy of Adonais*. Nor will it be forgotten, how few years afterwards, in the extended burying-ground, a little above the grave of Keats, was placed another stone, recording that below rests the passionate and world-worn heart of Shelley himself: "*Cor Cordium*."*

The thoughtful reader will hardly consider this biographical sketch, personal as it is, without its worth in estimating the due position of these Poems in the

* The words on the stone.

history of British literature. By common consent, the individuality of the Poet enters more directly into the consideration of his works than that of a writer in any other mental field. That these Poems should be the productions of a young surgeon's apprentice, with no more opportunities of study and reflection than belonged to the general middle class of his time and country, is in itself a psychological wonder, only to be paralleled by the phenomenon of Chatterton. While this reflection enhances the originality and palliates the defects of the earlier works of Keats, the picture of that sympathetic temper and genial disposition, which led his imagination to a novel and unscholastic treatment of classical tradition, and made him labor to realize a world of love and beauty in which his heart found itself most at home, would induce us to ascribe to the morose nature and lonely pride of Bristol's prodigy much of the misdirection of the rarest talents, and many otherwise undeserved calamities. And, when in pursuing the course of the later Poet we find him too the victim of critical contempt, haunted by pressing poverty, struck with acute physical suffering, and blighted in his deepest affections, and yet, with a genius above fate, rectifying and purifying his powers to the very last, our personal interest identifies itself with our literary admiration, and we better appreciate the merit of the poet by understanding the nobility of the man. It is not indeed that he was notably one of those who "are cradled into

poetry by wrong," and "learn in suffering what they teach in song," for his temperament demanded happiness for its atmosphere, and pleasure expanded without enervating his powers; but, it was perhaps required, for the vindication of his nature from the charge of sentimental sensuality and unmanly dependence, that he should be thus severely tried, and that the simple story of his life and death should be the refutation of those who knowingly calumniated, or unconsciously misapprehended him.

The works of Keats have now sustained, in some degree, the test of time; his generation, fertile in poetical ability, has passed away, and a fair comparison may be instituted among its competitors for fame. Without entering on a question of so much intricacy, it cannot be denied that these Poems are read by every accurate student of English literature. It is natural that the young should find especial delight in productions which take so much of their inspiration from the exuberant vitality of the author and of the world. But the eternal youth of antique beauty does not confine its influences to any portion of the life of man. And thus the admiration of the writings of Keats survives the hot impulses of early years, and these pages often remain open, when the clamorous sublimities of Byron and Shelley come to be unwelcome intruders on the calm of maturer age. To these and such voices the poetic sense still listens, and will listen ever, in preference to more instructive

harmonies ; and the fancy recognizes in the unaccomplished promise of this wonderful boy, a symbol of that old world, where the perfect physical organization of man, and the perfect type of ideal beauty may seem to have been crushed and obliterated by barbarian hands, but which perished, in truth, because these very aspirations could only be realized in another and still more glorious order of the universe.

ENDYMION:

A POETIC ROMANCE.

INSCRIBED TO

THE MEMORY OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THE STRETCHED METRE OF AN ANTIQUE SONG.



P R E F A C E.

KNOWING within myself the manner in which this Poem has been produced, it is not without a feeling of regret that I make it public.

What manner I mean, will be quite clear to the reader, who must soon perceive great inexperience, immaturity, and every error denoting a feverish attempt, rather than a deed accomplished. The two first books, and indeed the two last, I feel sensible are not of such completion as to warrant their passing the press; nor should they if I thought a year's castigation would do them any good;—it will not: the foundations are too sandy. It is just that this youngster should die away: a sad thought for me, if I had not some hope that while it is dwindling I may be plotting, and fitting myself for verses fit to live.

This may be speaking too presumptuously, and may deserve a punishment: but no feeling man will be forward to inflict it: he will leave me alone, with the conviction that there is not a fiercer hell than the failure in a great object. This is not written with the least atom

of purpose to forestall criticisms of course, but from the desire I have to conciliate men who are competent to look, and who do look with a zealous eye, to the honor of English literature.

The imagination of a boy is healthy, and the mature imagination of a man is healthy; but there is a space of life between, in which the soul is in a ferment, the character undecided, the way of life uncertain, the ambition thick-sighted: thence proceeds mawkishness, and all the thousand bitters which those men I speak of must necessarily taste in going over the following pages.

I hope I have not in too late a day touched the beautiful mythology of Greece, and dulled its brightness: for I wish to try once more before I bid it farewell.

TEIGNMOUTH, April 10, 1818.

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ENDYMION.

BOOK I.

A THING of beauty is a joy forever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth,
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'erdarkened ways
Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead ;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read :
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
 For one short hour; no, even as the trees
 That whisper round a temple become soon
 Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
 The passion poesy, glories infinite,
 Haunt us till they become a cheering light
 Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
 That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
 They always must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
 Will trace the story of Endymion.
 The very music of the name has gone
 Into my being, and each pleasant scene
 Is growing fresh before me as the green
 Of our own valleys: so I will begin
 Now while I cannot hear the city's din;
 Now while the early budders are just new,
 And run in mazes of the youngest hue
 About old forests; while the willow trails
 Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails
 Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
 Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
 My little boat, for many quiet hours,
 With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
 Many and many a verse I hope to write,
 Before the daisies, vermeil rimmed and white,
 Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
 Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
 I must be near the middle of my story.
 O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
 See it half-finished: but let Autumn bold,
 With universal tinge of sober gold,
 Be all about me when I make an end.

And now at once, adventuresome, I send
 My herald thought into a wilderness :
 There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress
 My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
 Easily onward, through flowers and weed.

Upon the sides of Latmos was outspread
 A mighty forest; for the moist earth fed
 So plenteously all weed-hidden roots
 Into o'erhanging boughs, and precious fruits.
 And it had gloomy shades, sequestered deep,
 Where no man went; and if from shepherd's keep
 A lamb strayed far adown those inmost glens,
 Never again saw he the happy pens
 Whither his brethren, bleating with content,
 Over the hills at every nightfall went.
 Among the shepherds 'twas believed ever,
 That not one fleecy lamb which thus did sever
 From the white flock, but passed unworried
 By any wolf, or pard with prying head,
 Until it came to some unfooted plains
 Where fed the herds of Pan: ay, great his gains
 Who thus one lamb did lose. Paths there were
 many,
 Winding through palmy fern, and rushes fenny,
 And ivy banks; all leading pleasantly
 To a wide lawn, whence one could only see
 Stems thronging all around between the swell
 Of tuft and slanting branches: who could tell
 The freshness of the space of heaven above,
 Edged round with dark tree-tops? through which a
 dove
 Would often beat its wings, and often too
 A little cloud would move across the blue.

Full in the middle of this pleasantness
There stood a marble altar, with a tree
Of flowers budded newly ; and the dew
Had taken fairy phantasies to strew
Daisies upon the sacred sward last eve,
And so the dawned light in pomp receive.
For 'twas the morn : Apollo's upward fire
Made every eastern cloud a silvery pyre
Of brightness so unsullied, that therein
A melancholy spirit well might win
Oblivion, and melt out his essence fine
Into the winds : rain-scented eglantine
Gave temperate sweets to that well-wooing sun ;
The lark was lost in him ; cold springs had run
To warm their chilliest bubbles in the grass ;
Man's voice was on the mountains ; and the mass
Of nature's lives and wonders pulsed tenfold,
To feel this sunrise and its glories old.

Now while the silent workings of the dawn
Were busiest, into that self-same lawn
All suddenly, with joyful cries, there sped
A troop of little children garlanded ;
Who gathering round the altar, seemed to pry
Earnestly round, as wishing to espy
Some folk of holiday : nor had they waited
For many moments, ere their ears were sated
With a faint breath of music, which even then
Filled out its voice, and died away again.
Within a little space again it gave
Its airy swellings, with a gentle wave,
To light-hung leaves, in smoothest echoes breaking,
Through copse-clad valleys—ere their death, o'ertaking
The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea.

And now, as deep into the wood as we
Might mark a lynx's eye, there glimmered light
Fair faces and a rush of garments white,
Plainer and plainer showing, till at last
Into the widest alley they all passed,
Making directly for the woodland altar.
O kindly muse! let not my weak tongue falter
In telling of this goodly company,
Of their old piety, and of their glee:
But let a portion of ethereal dew
Fall on my head, and presently unmew
My soul; that I may dare, in wayfaring,
To stammer where old Chaucer used to sing.

Leading the way, young damsels danced along,
Bearing the burden of a shepherd's song;
Each having a white wicker, overbrimmed
With April's tender younglings: next, well trimmed,
A crowd of shepherds with as sunburnt looks
As may be read of in Arcadian books;
Such as sat listening round Apollo's pipe,
When the great deity, for earth too ripe,
Let his divinity o'erflowing die
In music, through the vales of Thessaly:
Some idly trailed their sheep-hooks on the ground,
And some kept up a shrilly mellow sound
With ebon-tipped flutes; close after these,
Now coming from beneath the forest trees,
A venerable priest full soberly,
Begirt with ministering looks: alway his eye
Steadfast upon the matted turf he kept,
And after him his sacred vestments swept.
From his right hand there swung a vase, milk-white,
Of mingled wine, outsparkling generous light;

And in his left he held a basket full
 Of all sweet herbs that searching eye could cull :
 Wild thyme, and valley-lilies whiter still
 Than Leda's love, and cresses from the rill.
 His aged head, crowned with beechen wreath,
 Seemed like a poll of ivy in the teeth
 Of winter hoar. Then came another crowd
 Of shepherds, lifting in due time aloud
 Their share of the ditty. After them appeared,
 Upfollowed by a multitude that reared
 Their voices to the clouds, a fair-wrought car
 Easily rolling so as scarce to mar
 The freedom of three steeds of dapple brown :
 Who stood therein did seem of great renown
 Among the throng. His youth was fully blown,
 Showing like Ganymede to manhood grown ;
 And, for those simple times, his garments were
 A chieftain king's : beneath his breast, half bare,
 Was hung a silver bugle, and between
 His nervy knees there lay a boar-spear keen.
 A smile was on his countenance ; he seemed
 To common lookers-on, like one who dreamed
 Of idleness in groves Elysian :
 But there were some who feelingly could scan
 A lurking trouble in his nether lip,
 And see that oftentimes the reins would slip
 Through his forgotten hands : then would they sigh,
 And think of yellow leaves, of owlets' cry,
 Of logs piled solemnly.—Ah, well-a-day,
 Why should our young Endymion pine away !

Soon the assembly, in a circle ranged,
 Stood silent round the shrine : each look was changed
 To sudden veneration : women meek

Beckoned their sons to silence; while each cheek
Of virgin bloom paled gently for slight fear.
Endymion too, without a forest peer,
Stood, wan and pale, and with an awed face,
Among his brothers of the mountain chase.
In midst of all, the venerable priest
Eyed them with joy from greatest to the least,
And, after lifting up his aged hands,
Thus spake he: "Men of Latmos! shepherd bands!
Whose care it is to guard a thousand flocks:
Whether descended from beneath the rocks
That overtop your mountains; whether come
From valleys where the pipe is never dumb;
Or from your swelling downs, where sweet air stirs
Blue hare-bells lightly, and where prickly furze
Buds lavish gold; or ye, whose precious charge
Nibble their fill at ocean's very marge,
Whose mellow reeds are touched with sounds forlorn
By the dim echoes of old Triton's horn:
Mothers and wives! who day by day prepare
The scrip, with needments, for the mountain air;
And all ye gentle girls who foster up
Udderless lambs, and in a little cup,
Will put choice honey for a favoured youth:
Yea, every one attend! for in good truth
Our vows are wanting to our great god Pan.
Are not our lowing heifers sleeker than
Night-swollen mushrooms! Are not our wide plains
Speckled with countless fleeces? Have not rains
Greened over April's lap? No howling sad
Sickens our fearful ewes; and we have had
Great bounty from Endymion our lord.
The earth is glad: the merry lark has poured
His early song against yon breezy sky,
That spreads so clear o'er our solemnity."

Thus ending, on the shrine he heaped a spire
Of teeming sweets, enkindling sacred fire ;
Anon he stained the thick and spongy sod
With wine, in honor of the shepherd god.
Now while the earth was drinking it, and while
Bay leaves were crackling in the fragrant pile,
And gummy frankincense was sparkling bright
'Neath smothering parsley, and a hazy light
Spread grayly eastward, thus a chorus sang :

“ O thou, whose mighty palace roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness ;
Who lovest to see the hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken ;
And through whole solemn hours dost sit, and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth,
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow !
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan !

“ O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
What time thou wanderest at eventide
Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side
Of thine emmossed realms : O thou, to whom
Broad-leaved fig-trees even now foredoom
Their ripened fruitage ; yellow-girted bees
Their golden honeycombs ; our village leas

Their fairest blossomed beans and popped corn ;
 The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
 To sing for thee ; low-creeping strawberries
 Their summer coolness ; pent-up butterflies
 Their freckled wings ; yea, the fresh-budding year
 All its completions—be quickly near,
 By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
 O forester divine !

“Thou, to whom every faun and satyr flies
 For willing service ; whether to surprise
 The squatted hare while in half-sleeping fit ;
 Or upward ragged precipices flit
 To save poor lambkins from the eagle’s maw ;
 Or by mysterious enticement draw
 Bewildered shepherds to their path again ;
 Or to tread breathless round the frothy main,
 And gather up all fancifullest shells
 For thee to tumble into Naiads’ cells,
 And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping ;
 Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
 The while they pelt each other on the crown
 With silvery oak-apples, and fir-cones brown—
 By all the echoes that about thee ring,
 Hear us, O satyr king !

“O Harkener to the loud-clapping shears,
 While ever and anon to his shorn peers
 A ram goes bleating : Winder of the horn,
 When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn
 Anger our huntsman : Breather round our farms,
 To keep off mildews, and all weather harms :
 Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
 That come a-swooning over hollow grounds,

And wither drearily on barren moors :
 Dread opener of the mysterious doors
 Leading to universal knowledge—see,
 Great son of Dryope,
 The many that are come to pay their vows
 With leaves about their brows !

“Be still the unimaginable lodge
 For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
 Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
 Then leave the naked brain : be still the leaven,
 That spreading in this dull and clodded earth,
 Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth :
 Be still a symbol of immensity :
 A firmament reflected in a sea ;
 An element filling the space between ;
 An unknown—but no more : we humbly screen
 With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
 And giving out a shout most heaven-rending,
 Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan,
 Upon thy Mount Lycean !”

Even while they brought the burden to a close,
 A shout from the whole multitude arose,
 That lingered in the air like dying rolls
 Of abrupt thunder, when Ionian shoals
 Of dolphins bob their noses through the brine.
 Meantime, on shady levels, mossy fine,
 Young companies nimbly began dancing
 To the swift treble pipe, and humming string.
 Ay, those fair living forms swam heavenly
 To tunes forgotten—out of memory :
 Fair creatures ! whose young children’s children bred
 Thermopylæ its heroes—not yet dead,
 But in old marbles ever beautiful.

High genitors, unconscious did they cull
Time's sweet first-fruits—they danced to weariness,
And then in quiet circles did they press
The hillock turf, and caught the latter end
Of some strange history, potent to send
A young mind from its bodily tenement.
Or they might watch the quoit-pitchers, intent
On either side; pitying the sad death
Of Hyacinthus, when the cruel breath
Of Zephyr slew him,—Zephyr penitent,
Who now, ere Phœbus mounts the firmament,
Fondles the flower amid the sobbing rain.
The archers too, upon a wider plain,
Beside the feathery whizzing of the shaft,
And the dull twanging bowstring, and the raft
Branch down sweeping from a tall ash top,
Called up a thousand thoughts to envelop
Those who would watch. Perhaps, the trembling knee
And frantic gape of lonely Niobe,
Poor, lonely Niobe! when her lovely young
Were dead and gone, and her caressing tongue
Lay a lost thing upon her paly lip,
And very, very deadliness did nip
Her motherly cheeks. Aroused from this sad mood
By one, who at a distance loud halloed,
Uplifting his strong bow into the air,
Many might after brighter visions stare:
After the Argonauts, in blind amaze
Tossing about on Neptune's restless ways,
Until, from the horizon's vaulted side,
There shot a golden splendor far and wide,
Spangling those million poutings of the brine
With quivering ore: 'twas even an awful shine
From the exaltation of Apollo's bow;

A heavenly beacon in their dreary woe.
Who thus were ripe for high contemplating,
Might turn their steps towards the sober ring
Where sat Endymion and the aged priest
'Mong shepherds gone in eld, whose looks increased
The silvery setting of their mortal star.
There they discoursed upon the fragile bar
That keeps us from our homes ethereal ;
And what our duties there : to nightly call
Vesper, the beauty-crest of summer weather ;
To summon all the downiest clouds together
For the sun's purple couch ; to emulate
In ministering the potent rule of fate
With speed of fire-tailed exhalations ;
To tint her pallid cheek with bloom, who cons
Sweet poesy by moonlight : besides these,
A world of other unguessed offices.
Anon they wandered, by divine converse,
Into Elysium ; vying to rehearse
Each one his own anticipated bliss.
One felt heart-certain that he could not miss
His quick-gone love, among fair blossomed boughs,
Where every zephyr-sigh pouts, and endows
Her lips with music for the welcoming.
Another wished, 'mid that eternal spring,
To meet his rosy child, with feathery sails,
Sweeping, eye-earnestly, through almond vales ;
Who, suddenly, should stoop through the smooth wind,
And with the balmiest leaves his temples bind ;
And, ever after, through those regions be
His messenger, his little Mercury.
Some were athirst in soul to see again
Their fellow-huntsmen o'er the wide champaign
In times long past ; to sit with them, and talk

Of all the chances in their earthly walk ;
Comparing, joyfully, their plenteous stores
Of happiness, to when upon the moors,
Benighted, close they huddled from the cold,
And shared their famished scrips. Thus all out-told
Their fond imaginations,—saving him
Whose eyelids curtained up their jewels dim,
Endymion : yet hourly had he striven
To hide the cankering venom, that had riven
His fainting recollections. Now indeed
His senses had swooned off: he did not heed
The sudden silence, or the whispers low,
Or the old eyes dissolving at his woe,
Or anxious calls, or close of trembling palms,
Or maiden's sigh, that grief itself embalms :
But in the self-same fixed trance he kept,
Like one who on the earth had never slept.
Ay, even as dead-still as a marble man,
Frozen in that old tale Arabian.

Who whispers him so pantingly and close ?
Peona, his sweet sister : of all those,
His friends, the dearest. Hushing signs she made,
And breathed a sister's sorrow to persuade
A yielding up, a cradling on her care.
Her eloquence did breathe away the curse :
She led him, like some midnight spirit nurse
Of happy changes in emphatic dreams,
Along a path between two little streams,—
Guarding his forehead, with her round elbow,
From low-grown branches, and his footsteps slow
From stumbling over stumps and hillocks small ;
Until they came to where these streamlets fall,
With mingled bubblings and a gentle rush,

Into a river, clear, brimful, and flush
With crystal mocking of the trees and sky.
A little shallop, floating there hard by,
Pointed its beak over the fringed bank ;
And soon it lightly dipt, and rose, and sank,
And dipt again, with the young couple's weight,—
Peona guiding, through the water straight,
Towards a bowery island opposite ;
Which gaining presently, she steered light
Into a shady, fresh, and ripply cove,
Where nested was an arbor, overwove
By many a summer's silent fingering ;
To whose cool bosom she was used to bring
Her playmates, with their needle broidery,
And minstrel memories of times gone by.

So she was gently glad to see him laid
Under her favorite bower's quiet shade,
On her own couch, new made of flower leaves,
Dried carefully on the cooler side of sheaves
When last the sun his autumn tresses shook,
And the tanned harvesters rich armfuls took.
Soon was he quieted to slumbrous rest :
But, ere it crept upon him, he had prest
Peona's busy hand against his lips,
And still a-sleeping, held her finger-tips
In tender pressure. And as a willow keeps
A patient watch over the stream that creeps
Windingly by it, so the quiet maid
Held her in peace : so that a whispering blade
Of grass, a wailful gnat, a bee bustling
Down in the blue-bells, or a wren light rustling
Among sere leaves and twigs, might all be heard.

O magic sleep ! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hushed and smooth ! O unconfined
Restraint ! imprisoned liberty ! great key
To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,
Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
Echoing grottoes, full of tumbling waves
And moonlight ; ay, to all the mazy world
Of silvery enchantment !—who, upfurled
Beneath thy drowsy wing a triple hour,
But renovates and lives ?—Thus, in the bower,
Endymion was calmed to life again.
Opening his eyelids with a healthier brain,
He said : “ I feel this thine endearing love
All through my bosom : thou art as a dove
Trembling its closed eyes and sleeked wings
About me ; and the pearliest dew not brings
Such morning incense from the fields of May,
As do those brighter drops that twinkling stray
From those kind eyes,—the very home and haunt
Of sisterly affection. Can I want
Aught else, aught nearer heaven, than such tears ?
Yet dry them up, in bidding hence all fears
That, any longer, I will pass my days
Alone and sad. No, I will once more raise
My voice upon the mountain-heights ; once more
Make my horn parley from their foreheads hoar :
Again my trooping hounds their tongues shall loll
Around the breathed boar : again I'll poll
The fair-grown yew-tree, for a chosen bow :
And, when the pleasant sun is getting low,
Again I'll linger in a sloping mead
To hear the speckled thrushes, and see feed
Our idle sheep. So be thou cheered, sweet !

And, if thy lute is here, softly entreat
My soul to keep in its resolved course."

Hereat Peona, in their silver source,
Shut her pure sorrow-drops with glad exclaim,
And took a lute, from which there pulsing came
A lively prelude, fashioning the way
In which her voice should wander. 'Twas a lay
More subtle-cadenced, more forest wild
Than Dryope's lone lulling of her child ;
And nothing since has floated in the air
So mournful strange. Surely some influence rare
Went, spiritual, through the damsel's hand ;
For still, with Delphic emphasis, she spanned
The quick invisible strings, even though she saw
Endymion's spirit melt away and thaw
Before the deep intoxication.
But soon she came, with sudden burst, upon
Her self-possession—swung the lute aside,
And earnestly said : " Brother, 'tis vain to hide
That thou dost know of things mysterious,
Immortal, starry : such alone could thus
Weigh down thy nature. Hast thou sinned in aught
Offensive to the heavenly powers ? Caught
A Paphian dove upon a message sent ?
Thy deathful bow against some deer-herd bent,
Sacred to Dian ? Haply, thou hast seen
Her naked limbs among the alders green ;
And that, alas ! is death. No, I can trace
Something more high perplexing in thy face !"

Endymion looked at her, and pressed her hand,
And said, " Art thou so pale, who wast so bland
And merry in our meadows ? How is this ?

Tell me thine ailment : tell me all amiss !
 Ah ! thou hast been unhappy at the change
 Wrought suddenly in me. What indeed more strange ?
 Or more complete to overwhelm surmise ?
 Ambition is no sluggard : 'tis no prize,
 That toiling years would put within my grasp,
 That I have sighed for : with so deadly gasp
 No man e'er panted for a mortal love.
 So all have set my heavier grief above
 These things which happen. Rightly have they done :
 I, who still saw the horizontal sun
 Heave his broad shoulder o'er the edge of the world,
 Out-facing Lucifer, and then had hurled
 My spear aloft, as signal for the chase—
 I, who, for very sport of heart, would race
 With my own steed from Araby ; pluck down
 A vulture from his towering perching ; frown
 A lion into growling, loth retire—
 To lose, at once, all my toil-breeding fire
 And sink thus low ! but I will ease my breast
 Of secret grief, here in this bowery nest.

“ This river does not see the naked sky,
 Till it begins to progress silverly
 Around the western border of the wood,
 Whence, from a certain spot, its winding flood
 Seems at the distance like a crescent moon :
 And in that nook, the very pride of June,
 Had I been used to pass my weary eyes ;
 The rather for the sun unwilling leaves
 So dear a picture of his sovereign power,
 And I could witness his most kingly hour,
 When he doth tighten up the golden reins,
 And paces leisurely down amber plains

His snorting four. Now when his chariot last
Its beams against the zodiac-lion cast,
There blossomed suddenly a magic bed
Of sacred dittany, and poppies red :
At which I wondered greatly, knowing well
That but one night had wrought this flowery spell ;
And, sitting down close by, began to muse
What it might mean. Perhaps, thought I, Morpheus,
In passing here, his owlet pinions shook ;
Or, it may be, ere matron Night uptook
Her ebon urn, young Mercury, by stealth,
Had dipped his rod in it : such garland wealth
Came not by common growth. Thus on I thought,
Until my head was dizzy and distraught.
Moreover, through the dancing poppies stole
A breeze most softly lulling to my soul ;
And shaping visions all about my sight
Of colors, wings, and bursts of spangly light ;
The which became more strange, and strange, and dim
And then were gulfed in a tumultuous swim :
And then I fell asleep. Ah, can I tell
The enchantment that afterwards befell ?
Yet it was but a dream : yet such a dream
That never tongue, although it overteem
With mellow utterance, like a cavern spring,
Could figure out and to conception bring
All I beheld and felt. Methought I lay
Watching the zenith, where the milky way
Among the stars in virgin splendor pours ;
And travelling my eye, until the doors
Of heaven appeared to open for my flight,
I became loth and fearful to alight
From such high soaring by a downward glance :
So kept me steadfast in that airy trance,

Spreading imaginary pinions wide.
When, presently, the stars began to glide,
And faint away, before my eager view :
At which I sighed that I could not pursue,
And dropped my vision to the horizon's verge ;
And lo ! from the opening clouds I saw emerge
The loveliest moon, that ever silvered o'er
A shell for Neptune's goblet ; she did soar
So passionately bright, my dazzled soul
Commingling with her argent spheres did roll
Through clear and cloudy, even when she went
At last into a dark and vapory tent—
Whereat, methought, the lidless-eyed train
Of planets all were in the blue again.
To commune with those orbs, once more I raised
My sight right upward : but it was quite dazed
By a bright something, sailing down apace,
Making me quickly veil my eyes and face :
Again I looked, and, O ye deities,
Who from Olympus watch our destinies !
Whence that completed form of all completeness ?
Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness ?
Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where, O where
Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair ?
Not oat-sheaves drooping in the western sun ;
Not—thy soft hand, fair sister ! let me shun
Such follying before thee—yet she had,
Indeed, locks bright enough to make me mad ;
And they were simply gordianed up and braided,
Leaving, in naked comeliness, unshaded,
Her pearl round ears, white neck, and orbéd brow :
The which were blended in, I know not how,
With such a paradise of lips and eyes,
Blush-tinted cheeks, half smiles and faintest sighs,

That, when I think thereon, my spirit clings
And plays about its fancy, till the stings
Of human neighborhood evenenom all.
Unto what awful power shall I call?
To what high fane?—Ah! see her hovering feet,
More bluely veined, more soft, more whitely sweet
Than those of sea-born Venus, when she rose
From out her cradle shell. The wind out-blows
Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion;
’Tis blue, and over-spangled with a million
Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed,
Over the darkest, lushest blue-bell bed,
Handfuls of daisies.”—“Endymion, how strange!
Dream within dream!”—“She took an airy range,
And then, towards me, like a very maid,
Came blushing, waning, willing, and afraid,
And pressed me by the hand: Ah! ’twas too much;
Methought I fainted at the charmed touch,
Yet held my recollection, even as one
Who dives three fathoms where the waters run
Gurgling in beds of coral: for anon,
I felt upmounted in that region
Where falling stars dart their artillery forth,
And eagles struggle with the buffeting north
That balances the heavy meteor-stone;—
Felt too, I was not fearful, nor alone,
But lapped and lulled along the dangerous sky.
Soon, as it seemed, we left our journeying high,
And straightway into frightful eddies swooped;
Such as aye muster where gray time has scooped
Huge dens and caverns in a mountain’s side:
There hollow sounds aroused me, and I sighed
To faint once more by looking on my bliss—
I was distracted; madly did I kiss





PLATE 104

1847. 104

*Allegory of the Spring
The body of the figure of Venus is
the same as that of the figure of
the goddess of the Spring.*

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The wooing arms which held me, and did give
My eyes at once to death : but 'twas to live,
To take in draughts of life from the gold fount
Of kind and passionate looks ; to count, and count
The moments, by some greedy help that seemed
A second self, that each might be redeemed
And plundered of its load of blessedness.
Ah, desperate mortal ! I even dared to press
Her very cheek against my crowned lip,
And, at that moment, felt my body dip
Into a warmer air : a moment more,
Our feet were soft in flowers. There was store
Of newest joys upon that alp. Sometimes
A scent of violets, and blossoming limes,
Loitered around us ; then of honey cells,
Made delicate from all white-flower bells ;
And once, above the edges of our nest,
An arch face peeped,—an Oread as I guessed.

“ Why did I dream that sleep o'erpowered me
In midst of all this heaven ? Why not see,
Far off, the shadows of his pinions dark,
And stare them from me ? But no, like a spark
That needs must die, although its little beam
Reflects upon a diamond, my sweet dream
Fell into nothing—into stupid sleep.
And so it was, until a gentle creep,
A careful moving caught my waking ears,
And up I started : Ah ! my sighs, my tears,
My clenched hands ;—for lo ! the poppies hung
Dew-dabbled on their stalks, the ouzel sung
A heavy ditty, and the sullen day
Had chidden herald Hesperus away,
With leaden looks : the solitary breeze

Blustered, and slept, and its wild self did tease
 With wayward melancholy; and I thought,
 Mark me, Peona! that sometimes it brought
 Faint fare-thee-wells, and sigh-shrilled adieus!—
 Away I wandered—all the pleasant hues
 Of heaven and earth had faded: deepest shades
 Were deepest dungeons: heaths and sunny glades
 Were full of pestilent light; our taintless rills
 Seemed sooty, and o'erspread with upturned gills
 Of dying fish; the vermeil rose had blown
 In frightful scarlet, and its thorns outgrown
 Like spiked aloe. If an innocent bird
 Before my heedless footsteps stirred, and stirred
 In little journeys, I beheld in it
 A disguised demon, missioned to knit
 My soul with under darkness; to entice
 My stumblings down some monstrous precipice:
 Therefore I eager followed, and did curse
 The disappointment. Time, that aged nurse,
 Rocked me to patience. Now, thank gentle heaven!
 These things, with all their comfortings, are given
 To my down-sunken hours, and with thee,
 Sweet sister, help to stem the ebbing sea
 Of weary life."

Thus ended he, and both
 Sat silent: for the maid was very loth
 To answer; feeling well that breathed words
 Would all be lost, unheard, and vain as swords
 Against the enchased crocodile, or leaps
 Of grasshoppers against the sun. She weeps
 And wonders; struggles to devise some blame;
 To put on such a look as would say, *Shame*
On this poor weakness! but, for all her strife,

She could as soon have crushed away the life
From a sick dove. At length, to break the pause,
She said with trembling chance : " Is this the cause ?
This all ? Yet it is strange, and sad, alas !
That one who through this middle earth should pass
Most like a sojourning demi-god, and leave
His name upon the harp-string, should achieve
No higher bard than simple maidenhood,
Singing alone, and fearfully,—how the blood
Left his young cheek ; and how he used to stray
He knew not where : and how he would say, *nay*,
If any said 'twas love : and yet 'twas love ;
What could it be but love ? How a ring-dove
Let fall a sprig of yew-tree in his path
And how he died : and then, that love doth scathe
The gentle heart, as northern blasts do roses ;
And then the ballad of his sad life closes
With sighs, and an alas !—Endymion !
Be rather in the trumpet's mouth,—anon
Among the winds at large—that all may hearken !
Although, before the crystal heavens darken,
I watch and dote upon the silver lakes
Pictured in western cloudiness, that takes
The semblance of gold rocks and bright gold sands,
Islands, and creeks, and amber-fretted strands
With horses prancing o'er them, palaces
And towers of amethyst,—would I so tease
My pleasant days, because I could not mount
Into those regions ? The Morphean fount
Of that fine element that visions, dreams,
And fitful whims of sleep are made of, streams
Into its airy channels with so subtle,
So thin a breathing, not the spider's shuttle,
Circled a million times within the space .

Of a swallow's nest-door, could delay a trace,
 A tinting of its quality : how light
 Must dreams themselves be ; seeing they're more slight
 Than the mere nothing that engenders them !
 Then wherefore sully the entrusted gem
 Of high and noble life with thoughts so sick ?
 Why pierce high-fronted honor to the quick
 For nothing but a dream ?" Hereat the youth
 Looked up : a conflicting of shame and ruth
 Was in his plaited brow : yet his eyelids
 Widened a little, as when Zephyr bids
 A little breeze to creep between the fans
 Of careless butterflies : amid his pains
 He seemed to taste a drop of manna-dew,
 Full palatable ; and a color grew
 Upon his cheek, while thus he lifeful spake.

"Peona ! ever have I longed to slake
 My thirst for the world's praises : nothing base,
 No merely slumberous phantasm, could unlace
 The stubborn canvas for my voyage prepared—
 Though now 'tis tattered ; leaving my bark bared
 And sullenly drifting : yet my higher hope
 Is of too wide, too rainbow-large a scope,
 To fret at myriads of earthly wrecks.
 Wherein lies happiness ? In that which beck
 Our ready minds to fellowship divine,
 A fellowship with essence ; till we shine,
 Full alchemized, and free of space. Behold
 The clear religion of heaven ! Fold
 A rose-leaf round thy finger's taperness,
 And soothe thy lips : hist ! when the airy stress
 Of music's kiss impregnates the free winds,
 And with a sympathetic touch unbinds

Æolian magic from their lucid wombs :
Then old songs waken from enclouded tombs ;
Old ditties sigh above their father's grave ;
Ghosts of melodious prophesyings rave
Round every spot where trod Apollo's foot ;
Bronze clarions awake, and faintly bruit,
Where long ago a giant battle was ;
And, from the turf, a lullaby doth pass
In every place where infant Orpheus slept.
Feel we these things !—that moment have we stept
Into a sort of oneness, and our state
Is like a floating spirit's. But there are
Richer entanglements, enthrallments far
More self-destroying, leading, by degrees,
To the chief intensity : the crown of these
Is made of love and friendship, and sits high
Upon the forehead of humanity.
All its more ponderous and bulky worth
Is friendship, whence there ever issues forth
A steady splendor ; but at the tip-top,
There hangs by unseen film, an orb'd drop
Of light, and that is love : its influence
Thrown in our eyes genders a novel sense,
At which we start and fret : till in the end,
Melting into its radiance, we blend,
Mingle, and so become a part of it,—
Nor with aught else can our souls interknit
So wingedly : when we combine therewith,
Life's self is nourished by its proper pith,
And we are nurtured like a pelican brood.
Ay, so delicious is the unsating food,
That men, who might have towered in the van
Of all the congregated world, to fan
And winnow from the coming step of time

All chaff of custom, wipe away all slime
 Left by men-slugs and human serpentry,
 Have been content to let occasion die,
 Whilst they did sleep in love's Elysium.
 And, truly, I would rather be struck dumb,
 Than speak against this ardent listlessness :
 For I have ever thought that it might bless
 The world with benefits unknowingly ;
 As does the nightingale, up-perched high,
 And cloistered among cool and bunched leaves—
 She sings but to her love, nor e'er conceives
 How tiptoe Night holds back her dark-gray hood.
 Just so may love, although 'tis understood
 The mere commingling of passionate breath,
 Produce more than our searching witnesseth :
 What I know not : but who, of men, can tell
 That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit would
 swell
 To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,
 The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
 The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones,
 The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,
 Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet,
 If human souls did never kiss and greet ?

“ Now, if this earthly love has power to make
 Men's being mortal, immortal ; to shake
 Ambition from their memories, and brim
 Their measure of content ; what merest whim,
 Seems all this poor endeavor after fame,
 To one, who keeps within his steadfast aim
 A love immortal, an immortal too.
 Look not so wildered ; for these things are true,
 never can be born of atomies

That buzz about our slumbers, like brain-flies,
Leaving us fancy-sick. No, no, I'm sure,
My restless spirit never could endure
To brood so long upon one luxury,
Unless it did, though fearfully, espy
A hope beyond the shadow of a dream.
My sayings will the less obscured seem
When I have told thee how my waking sight
Has made me scruple whether that same night
Was passed in dreaming. Hearken, sweet Peona!
Beyond the matron-temple of Latona,
Which we should see but for these darkening boughs,
Lies a deep hollow, from whose ragged brows
Bushes and trees do lean all round athwart,
And meet so nearly, that with wings outtraught,
And spreaded tail, a vulture could not glide
Past them, but he must brush on every side.
Some mouldered steps lead into this cool cell,
Far as the slabbed margin of a well,
Whose patient level peeps its crystal eye
Right upward, through the bushes, to the sky.
Oft have I brought thee flowers, on their stalks set
Like vestal primroses, but dark velvet
Edges them round, and they have golden pits:
'Twas there I got them, from the gaps and slits
In a mossy stone, that sometimes was my seat,
When all above was faint with mid-day heat.
And there in strife no burning thoughts to heed,
I'd bubble up the water through a reed;
So reaching back to boyhood: make me ships
Of moulted feathers, touchwood, alder chips,
With leaves stuck in them; and the Neptune be
Of their petty ocean. Oftener, heavily,
When lovelorn hours had left me less a child,

I sat contemplating the figures wild
Of o'er-head clouds melting the mirror through.
Upon a day, while thus I watched, by flew
A cloudy Cupid, with his bow and quiver;
So plainly charactered, no breeze would shiver
The happy chance: so happy, I was fain
To follow it upon the open plain,
And, therefore, was just going; when, behold!
A wonder, fair as any I have told—
The same bright face I tasted in my sleep,
Smiling in the clear well. My heart did leap
Through the cool depth.—It moved as if to flee—
I started up, when lo! refreshfully,
There came upon my face, in plenteous showers,
Dew-drops, and dewy buds, and leaves, and flowers,
Wrapping all objects from my smothered sight,
Bathing my spirit in a new delight.
Ay, such a breathless honey-feel of bliss
Alone preserved me from the drear abyss
Of death, for the fair form had gone again.
Pleasure is oft a visitant; but pain
Clings cruelly to us, like the gnawing sloth
On the deer's tender haunches: late, and loth,
'Tis scared away by slow-returning pleasure.
How sickening, how dark the dreadful leisure
Of weary days, made deeper exquisite,
By a foreknowledge of unslumbrous night!
Like sorrow came upon me, heavier still,
Than when I wandered from the poppy hill:
And a whole age of lingering moments crept
Sluggishly by, ere more contentment swept
Away at once the deadly yellow spleen.
Yes, thrice have I this fair enchantment seen;
Once more been tortured with renewed life.

When last the wintry gusts gave over strife
With the conquering sun of spring, and left the skies
Warm and serene, but yet with moistened eyes
In pity of the shattered infant buds,—
That time thou didst adorn, with amber studs,
My hunting-cap, because I laughed and smiled,
Chatted with thee, and many days exiled
All torment from my breast;—'twas even then,
Straying about, yet cooped up in the den
Of helpless discontent,—hurling my lance
From place to place, and following at chance,
At last, by hap, through some young trees it struck,
And, plashing among bedded pebbles, stuck
In the middle of a brook,—whose silver ramble
Down twenty little falls through reeds and bramble,
Tracing along, it brought me to a cave,
Whence it ran brightly forth, and white did lave
The nether sides of mossy stones and rock,—
'Mong which it gurgled blithe adieus to mock
Its own sweet grief at parting. Overhead,
Hung a lush screen of drooping weeds, and spread
Thick, as to curtain up some wood-nymph's home.
'Ah! impious mortal, whither do I roam!'—
Said I, low-voiced: 'Ah, whither! 'Tis the grot
Of Proserpine, when Hell, obscure and hot,
Doth her resign: and where her tender hands
She dabbles on the cool and sluicy sands:
Or 'tis the cell of Echo, where she sits,
And babbles thorough silence, till her wits
Are gone in tender madness, and anon,
Faints into sleep, with many a dying tone
Of sadness. O that she would take my vows,
And breathe them sighingly among the boughs,
To sue her gentle ears for whose fair head,

Daily, I pluck sweet flowerets from their bed,
 And weave them dyingly—send honey-whispers
 Round every leaf, that all those gentle lispers
 May sigh my love unto her pitying!
 O charitable Echo! hear, and sing
 This ditty to her!—tell her’—So I stayed
 My foolish tongue, and listening, half afraid,
 Stood stupified with my own empty folly,
 And blushing for the freaks of melancholy.
 Salt tears were coming, when I heard my name
 Most fondly lipped, and then these accents came:
 ‘Endymion! the cave is secreter
 Than the isle of Delos. Echo hence shall stir
 No sighs but sigh-warm kisses, or light noise
 Of thy combing hand, the while it travelling cloys
 And trembles through my labyrinthine hair.’
 At that oppressed, I hurried in.—Ah! where
 Are those swift moments! Whither are they fled?
 I’ll smile no more, Peona; nor will wed
 Sorrow, the way to death; but patiently
 Bear up against it: so farewell, sad sigh;
 And come instead demurest meditation,
 To occupy me wholly, and to fashion
 My pilgrimage for the world’s dusky brink.
 No more will I count over, link by link,
 My chain of grief: no longer strive to find
 A half-forgetfulness in mountain wind
 Blustering about my ears; ay, thou shalt see,
 Dearest of sisters, what my life shall be;
 What a calm round of hours shall make my days.
 There is a paly flame of hope that plays
 Where’er I look; but yet, I’ll say ’tis nought—
 And here I bid it die. Have not I caught,
 Already, a more healthy countenance?

By this the sun is setting ; we may chance
Meet some of our near-dwellers with my car."

This said, he rose, faint-smiling, like a star
Through autumn mists, and took Peona's hand :
They stept into the boat, and launched from land.

BOOK II.

O SOVEREIGN power of love ! O grief ! O balm !
All records, saving thine, come cool, and calm,
And shadowy, through the mist of passed years :
For others, good or bad, hatred and tears
Have become indolent ; but touching thine,
One sigh doth echo, one poor sob doth pine,
One kiss brings honey-dew from buried days.
The woes of Troy, towers smothering o'er their blaze,
Stiff-holden shields, far-piercing spears, keen blades,
Struggling, and blood, and shrieks—all dimly fades
Into some backward corner of the brain ;
Yet, in our very souls, we feel amain
The close of Troilus and Cressid sweet.
Hence, pageant history ! hence, gilded cheat !
Swart planet in the universe of deeds !
Wide sea, that one continuous murmur breeds
Along the pebbled shore of memory !
Many old rotten-timbered boats there be
Upon thy vaporous bosom, magnified
To goodly vessels ; many a sail of pride,
And golden-keeled is left unlaunched and dry.

But wherefore this? What care, though owl did fly
 About the great Athenian admiral's mast?
 What care, though striding Alexander past
 The Indus with his Macedonian numbers?
 Though old Ulysses tortured from his slumbers
 The gluttoned Cyclops, what care?—Juliet leaning
 Amid her window-flowers,—sighing,—weaning
 Tenderly her fancy from its maiden snow,
 Doth more avail than these: the silver flow
 Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,
 Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den,
 Are things to brood on with more ardency
 Than the death-day of empires. Fearfully
 Must such conviction come upon his head,
 Who, thus far, discontent, has dared to tread,
 Without one muse's smile, or kind behest,
 The path of love and poesy. But rest,
 In chafing restlessness, is yet more drear
 Than to be crushed in striving to uprear
 Love's standard on the battlements of song.
 So once more days and nights aid me along,
 Like legioned soldiers.

Brain-sick shepherd prince!

What promise hast thou faithful guarded since
 The day of sacrifice? Or have new sorrows
 Come with the constant dawn upon thy morrows?
 Alas! 'tis his old grief. For many days,
 Has he been wandering in uncertain ways:
 Through wilderness, and woods of mossed oaks;
 Counting his woe-worn minutes, by the strokes
 Of the lone wood-cutter; and listening still,
 Hour after hour, to each lush-leaved rill.
 Now he is sitting by a shady spring,

And elbow-deep with feverous fingering
Stems the upbursting cold : a wild rose-tree
Pavilions him in bloom, and he doth see
A bud which snares his fancy : lo ! but now
He plucks it, dips its stalk in the water : how !
It swells, it buds, it flowers beneath his sight ;
And, in the middle, there is softly pight
A golden butterfly ; upon whose wings
There must be surely charactered strange things,
For with wide eye he wonders, and smiles oft.

Lightly this little herald flew aloft,
Followed by glad Endymion's clasped hands :
Onward it flies. From languor's sullen bands
His limbs are loosed, and eager, on he hies
Dazzled to trace it in the sunny skies.
It seemed he flew, the way so easy was ;
And like a new-born spirit did he pass
Through the green evening quiet in the sun,
O'er many a heath, through many a woodland dun,
Through buried paths, where sleepy twilight dreams
The summer time away. One track unseams
A wooded cleft, and, far away, the blue
Of ocean fades upon him ; then anew,
He sinks adown a solitary glen,
Where there was never sound of mortal men,
Saving, perhaps, some snow-light cadences
Melting to silence, when upon the breeze
Some holy bark let forth an anthem sweet,
To cheer itself to Delphi. Still his feet
Went swift beneath the merry-winged guide,
Until it reached a splashing fountain's side
That, near a cavern's mouth, for ever poured
Unto the temperate air ; then high it soared

And, downward, suddenly began to dip,
As if, athirst with so much toil, 'twould sip
The crystal spout-head: so it did, with touch
Most delicate, as though afraid to smutch
Even with mealy gold the waters clear.
But, at that very touch, to disappear
So fairy-quick, was strange! Bewildered,
Endymion sought around, and shook each bed
Of covert flowers in vain; and then he flung
Himself along the grass. What gentle tongue,
What whisperer disturbed his gloomy rest?
It was a nymph uprisen to the breast
In the fountain's pebbly margin, and she stood
'Mong lilies, like the youngest of the brood.
To him her dripping hand she softly kist,
And anxiously began to plait and twist
Her ringlets round her fingers, saying: "Youth!
Too long, alas, hast thou starved on the ruth,
The bitterness of love: too long indeed,
Seeing thou art so gentle. Could I weed
Thy soul of care, by heavens, I would offer
All the bright riches of my crystal coffer
To Amphitrite; all my clear-eyed fish,
Golden, or rainbow-sided, or purplish,
Vermilion-tailed, or finned with silvery gauze;
Yea, or my veined pebble-floor, that draws
A virgin-light to the deep; my grotto-sands,
Tawny and gold, oozed slowly from far lands
By my diligent springs: my level lilies, shells,
My charming-rod, my potent river spells;
Yes, everything, even to the pearly cup
Meander gave me,—for I bubbled up
To fainting creatures in a desert wild.
But woe is me, I am but as a child

To gladden thee ; and all I dare to say,
 Is, that I pity thee ; that on this day
 I've been thy guide ; that thou must wander far
 In other regions, past the scanty bar
 To mortal steps, before thou canst be ta'en
 From every wasting sigh, from every pain,
 Into the gentle bosom of thy love.
 Why it is thus, one knows in heaven above :
 But, a poor Naiad, I guess not. Farewell !
 I have a ditty for my hollow cell."

Hereat she vanished from Endymion's gaze,
 Who brooded o'er the water in amaze :
 The dashing fount poured on, and where its pool
 Lay, half-asleep, in grass and rushes cool,
 Quick waterflies and gnats were sporting still,
 And fish were dimpling, as if good nor ill
 Had fallen out that hour. The wanderer,
 Holding his forehead, to keep off the burr
 Of smothering fancies, patiently sat down ;
 And, while beneath the evening's sleepy frown
 Glow-worms began to trim their starry lamps,
 Thus breathed he to himself: " Whoso encamps
 To take a fancied city of delight,
 O what a wretch is he ! and when 'tis his,
 After long toil and travelling, to miss
 The kernel of his hopes, how more than vile !
 Yet, for him there's refreshment even in toil :
 Another city doth he set about,
 Free from the smallest pebble-bead of doubt
 That he will seize on trickling honeycombs :
 Alas ! he finds them dry ; and then he foams,
 And onward to another city speeds.
 But this is human life : the war, the deeds,

The disappointment, the anxiety,
 Imagination's struggles, far and nigh,
 All human; bearing in themselves this good,
 That they are still the air, the subtle food,
 To make us feel existence, and to show
 How quiet death is. Where soil is men grow,
 Whether to weeds or flowers; but for me,
 There is no depth to strike in: I can see
 Nought earthly worth my compassing; so stand
 Upon a misty, jutting head of land—
 Alone? No, no; and by the Orphean lute,
 When mad Eurydice is listening to 't,
 I'd rather stand upon this misty peak
 With not a thing to sigh for, or to seek,
 But the soft shadow of my thrice-seen love,
 Than be—I care not what. O meekest dove
 Of heaven! O Cynthia, ten times bright and fair,
 From thy blue throne, now filling all the air,
 Glance but one little beam of tempered light
 Into my bosom, that the dreadful might
 And tyranny of love be somewhat scared!
 Yet do not so, sweet queen; one torment spared,
 Would give a pang to jealous misery,
 Worse than the torment's self: but rather tie
 Large wings upon my shoulders, and point out
 My love's far dwelling. Though the playful rout
 Of Cupids shun thee, too divine art thou
 Too keen in beauty, for thy silver prow
 Not to have dipped in love's most gentle stream.
 O be propitious, nor severely deem
 My madness impious; for, by all the stars
 That tend thy bidding, I do think the bars
 That kept my spirit in are burst—that I
 Am sailing with thee through the dizzy sky!

How beautiful thou art! The world how deep!
 How tremulous-dazzlingly the wheels sweep
 Around their axle! Then these gleaming reins,
 How lithe! When this thy chariot attains
 Its airy goal, haply some bower veils
 Those twilight eyes? Those eyes!—my spirit fails;
 Dear goddess, help! or the wide-gaping air
 Will gulf me—help!"—At this, with maddened stare,
 And lifted hands, and trembling lips, he stood;
 Like old Deucalion mountained o'er the flood,
 Or blind Orion hungry for the morn.
 And, but from the deep cavern there was borne
 A voice, he had been froze to senseless stone;
 Nor sigh of his, nor plaint, nor passioned moan
 Had more been heard. Thus swelled it forth: "De-
 scend,

Young mountaineer! descend where alleys bend
 Into the sparry hollows of the world!
 Oft hast thou seen bolts of the thunder hurled
 As from thy threshold; day by day hast been
 A little lower than the chilly sheen
 Of icy pinnacles, and dipp'dst thine arms
 Into the deadening ether that still charms
 Their marble being: now, as deep profound
 As those are high, descend! He ne'er is crowned
 With immortality, who fears to follow
 Where airy voices lead: so through the hollow,
 The silent mysteries of earth, descend!"

He heard but the last words, nor could contend
 One moment in reflection: for he fled
 Into the fearful deep, to hide his head
 From the clear moon, the trees, and coming madness.

'Twas far too strange, and wonderful for sadness :
Sharpening, by degrees, his appetite
To dive into the deepest. Dark, nor light,
The region ; nor bright, nor sombre wholly,
But mingled up ; a gleaming melancholy ;
A dusky empire and its diadems ;
One faint eternal eventide of gems.
Ay, millions sparkled on a vein of gold,
Along whose track the prince quick footsteps told,
With all its lines abrupt and angular :
Out-shooting sometimes, like a meteor-star,
Through a vast antre ; then the metal woof,
Like Vulcan's rainbow, with some monstrous roof
Curves hugely : now, far in the deep abyss,
It seems an angry lightning, and doth hiss
Fancy into belief : anon it leads
Through winding passages, where sameness breeds
Vexing conceptions of some sudden change ;
Whether to silver grotts, or giant range
Of sapphire columns, or fantastic bridge
Athwart a flood of crystal. On a ridge
Now fareth he, that o'er the vast beneath
Towers like an ocean-cliff, and whence he seeth
A hundred waterfalls, whose voices come
But as the murmuring surge. Chilly and numb
His bosom grew, when first he, far away,
Described an orb'd diamond, set to fray
Old Darkness from his throne : 'twas like the sun
Uprisen o'er chaos : and with such a stun
Came the amazement, that, absorbed in it,
He saw not fiercer wonders—past the wit
Of any spirit to tell, but one of those
Who, when this planet's sphering time doth close,
Will be its high remembrancers : who they ?

The mighty ones who have made eternal day
For Greece and England. While astonishment
With deep-drawn sighs was quieting, he went
Into a marble gallery, passing through
A mimic temple, so complete and true
In sacred custom, that he well nigh-feared
To search it inwards; whence far off appeared,
Through a long pillared vista, a fair shrine,
And, just beyond, on light tiptoe divine,
A quivered Dian. Stepping awfully,
The youth approached; oft turning his veiled eye
Down sidelong aisles, and into niches old:
And, when more near against the marble cold
He had touched his forehead, he began to thread
All courts and passages, where silence dead,
Roused by his whispering footsteps, murmured faint:
And long he traversed to and fro, to acquaint
Himself with every mystery, and awe;
Till, weary, he sat down before the maw
Of a wide outlet, fathomless and dim,
To wild uncertainty and shadows grim.
There, when new wonders ceased to float before,
And thoughts of self came on, how crude and sore
The journey homeward to habitual self!
A mad-pursuing of the fog-born elf,
Whose fitting lantern, through rude nettle-brier,
Cheats us into a swamp, into a fire,
Into the bosom of a hated thing.

What misery most drowningly doth sing
In lone Endymion's ear, now he has caught
The goal of consciousness? Ah, 'tis the thought,
The deadly feel of solitude: for lo!
He cannot see the heavens, nor the flow

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Of rivers, nor hill-flowers running wild
In pink and purple chequer, nor, up-piled,
The cloudy rack slow journeying in the west,
Like herded elephants; nor felt, nor prest
Cool grass, nor tasted the fresh slumberous air;
But far from such companionship to wear
An unknown time, surcharged with grief, away,
Was now his lot. And must he patient stay,
Tracing fantastic figures with his spear?
"No!" exclaimed he, "why should I tarry here?"
No! loudly echoed times innumerable.
At which he straightway started, and 'gan tell
His paces back into the temple's chief;
Warming and glowing strong in the belief
Of help from Dian: so that when again
He caught her airy form, thus did he plain,
Moving more near the while: "O Haunter chaste
Of river sides, and woods, and heathy waste,
Where with thy silver bow and arrows keen
Art thou now forested? O woodland Queen,
What smoothest air thy smoother forehead woos?
Where dost thou listen to the wide halloos
Of thy departed nymphs? Through what dark tree
Glimmers thy crescent? Wheresoe'er it be,
'Tis in the breath of heaven: thou dost taste
Freedom as none can taste it, nor dost waste
Thy loveliness in dismal elements;
But, finding in our green earth sweet contents,
There livest blissfully. Ah, if to thee
It feels Elysian, how rich to me,
An exiled mortal, sounds its pleasant name!
Within my breast there lives a choking flame—
O let me cool it zephyr-boughs among!
A homeward fever parches up my tongue—

O let me slake it at the running springs !
 Upon my ear a noisy nothing rings—
 O let me once more hear the linnet's note !
 Before mine eyes thick films and shadows float—
 O let me 'noint them with the heaven's light !
 Dost thou now lave thy feet and ankles white ?
 O think how sweet to me the freshening sluice !
 Dost thou now please thy thirst with berry-juice ?
 O think how this dry palate would rejoice !
 If in soft slumber thou dost hear my voice,
 O think how I should love a bed of flowers !—
 Young goddess ! let me see my native bowers !
 Deliver me from this rapacious deep !”

Thus ending loudly, as he would o'erleap
 His destiny, alert he stood : but when
 Obstinate silence came heavily again,
 Feeling about for its old couch of space
 And airy cradle, lowly bowed his face,
 Desponding, o'er the marble floor's cold thrill.
 But 'twas not long ; for, sweeter than the rill
 To its old channel, or a swollen tide
 To margin shallows, where the leaves he spied,
 And flowers, and wreaths, and ready myrtle crowns
 Up heaping through the slab : refreshment drowns
 Itself, and strives its own delights to hide—
 Nor in one spot alone ; the floral pride
 In a long whispering birth enchanted grew
 Before his footsteps ; as when heaved anew
 Old ocean rolls a lengthened wave to the shore,
 Down whose green back the short-lived foam, all hoar,
 Bursts gradual, with a wayward indolence.

Increasing still in heart, and pleasant sense,
 Upon his fairy journey on he hastes ;

So anxious for the end, he scarcely wastes
 One moment with his hand among the sweets ;
 Onward he goes—he stops—his bosom beats
 As plainly in his ear, as the faint charm
 Of which the throbs were born. This still alarm,
 This sleepy music, forced him walk tiptoe :
 For it came more softly than the east could blow
 Arion's magic to the Atlantic isles ;
 Or than the west, made jealous by the smiles
 Of throned Apollo, could breathe back the lyre
 To seas Ionian and Tyrian.

O did he ever live, that lonely man,
 Who loved—and music slew not ? 'Tis the pest
 Of love, that fairest joys give most unrest ;
 That things of delicate and tenderest worth
 Are swallowed all, and made a seared dearth,
 By one consuming flame : it doth immerse
 And suffocate true blessings in a curse.
 Half-happy, by comparison of bliss,
 Is miserable. 'Twas even so with this
 Dew-dropping melody, in the Carian's ear ;
 First heaven, then hell, and then forgotten clear,
 Vanished in elemental passion.

And down some swart abysm he had gone,
 Had not a heavenly guide benignant led
 To where thick myrtle branches, 'gainst his head
 Brushing, awakened : then the sounds again
 Went noiseless as a passing noontide rain
 Over a bower, where little space he stood ;
 For as the sunset peeps into a wood,
 So saw he panting light, and towards it went
 Through winding alleys ; and lo, wonderment !

Upon soft verdure saw, one here, one there,
Cupids a-slumbering on their pinions fair.

After a thousand mazes overgone,
At last, with sudden step, he came upon
A chamber, myrtle-walled, embowered high,
Full of light, incense, tender minstrelsy,
And more of beautiful and strange beside :
For on a silken couch of rosy pride,
In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth
Of fondest beauty ; fonder, in fair sooth,
Than sighs could fathom, or contentment reach :
And coverlids gold-tinted like the peach,
Or ripe October's faded marigolds,
Fell sleek about him in a thousand folds—
Not hiding up an Apollonian curve
Of neck and shoulder, nor the tenting swerve
Of knee from knee, nor ankles pointing light ;
But rather, giving them to the filled sight
Officiously. Sideway his face reposed
On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed,
By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth
To slumbery pout ; just as the morning south
Disparts a dew-lipped rose. Above his head,
Four lily stalks did their white honors wed
To make a coronal ; and round him grew
All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
Together intertwined and trammelled fresh :
The vine of glossy sprout ; the ivy mesh,
Shading its Ethiop berries ; and woodbine,
Of velvet leaves and bugle-blooms divine ;
Convolvulus in streaked vases flush ;
The creeper, mellowing for an autumn blush ;
And virgin's bower, trailing airily ;

With others of the sisterhood. Hard by,
 Stood serene Cupids watching silently.
 One, kneeling to a lyre, touched the strings,
 Muffling to death the pathos with his wings ;
 And, ever and anon, uprose to look
 At the youth's slumber ; while another took
 A willow bough, distilling odorous dew,
 And shook it on his hair ; another flew
 In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
 Rained violets upon his sleeping eyes.

At these enchantments, and yet many more,
 The breathless Latmian wondered o'er and o'er ;
 Until impatient in embarrassment,
 He forthright passed, and lightly treading went
 To that same feathered lyrist, who straightway,
 Smiling, thus whispered : " Though from upper day
 Thou art a wanderer, and thy presence here
 Might seem unholy, be of happy cheer !
 For 'tis the nicest touch of human honor,
 When some ethereal and high-favoring donor
 Presents immortal bowers to mortal sense ;
 As now 'tis done to thee, Endymion. Hence
 Was I in no wise startled. So recline
 Upon these living flowers. Here is wine,
 Alive with sparkles—never, I aver,
 Since Ariadne was a vintager,
 So cool a purple : taste these juicy pears,
 Sent me by sad Vertumnus, when his fears
 Were high about Pomona : here is cream,
 Deepening to richness from a snowy gleam ;
 Sweeter than that nurse Amalthea skimmed
 For the boy Jupiter : and here, undimmed
 By any touch, a bunch of blooming plums

Ready to melt between an infant's gums :
And here is manna picked from Syrian trees,
In starlight, by the three Hesperides.
Feast on, and meanwhile I will let thee know
Of all these things around us." He did so,
Still brooding o'er the cadence of his lyre ;
And thus : " I need not any hearing tire
By telling how the sea-born goddess pined
For a mortal youth, and how she strove to bind
Him all in all unto her doating self.
Who would not be so prisoned ? but, fond elf,
He was content to let her amorous plea
Faint through his careless arms ; content to see
An unseized heaven dying at his feet ;
Content, O fool ! to make a cold retreat,
When on the pleasant grass such love, lovelorn,
Lay sorrowing ; when every tear was born
Of diverse passion ; when her lips and eyes
Were closed in sullen moisture, and quick sighs
Came vexed and pettish through her nostrils small.
Hush ! no exclaim—yet, justly might'st thou call
Curses upon his head.—I was half glad,
But my poor mistress went distract and mad,
When the boar tusked him : so away she flew
To Jove's high throne, and by her plainings drew
Immortal tear-drops down the thunderer's beard ;
Whereon, it was decreed he should be reared
Each summer-time to life. Lo ! this is he,
That same Adonis, safe in the privacy
Of this still region all his winter-sleep.
Ay, sleep ; for when our love-sick queen did weep
Over his waned corse, the tremulous shower
Healed up the wound, and, with a balmy power,
Medicined death to a lengthened drowsiness :

The which she fills with visions, and doth dress
In all this quiet luxury; and hath set
Us young immortals, without any let,
To watch his slumber through. 'Tis well-nigh passed,
Even to a moment's filling up, and fast
She scuds with summer breezes, to pant through
The first long kiss, warm firstling, to renew
Embowered sports in Cytherea's isle.
Look, how those winged listeners all this while
Stand anxious: see! behold!"—This clamant word
Broke through the careful silence; for they heard
A rustling noise of leaves, and out there fluttered
Pigeons and doves: Adonis something muttered,
The while one hand, that erst upon his thigh
Lay dormant, moved convulsed and gradually
Up to his forehead. Then there was a hum
Of sudden voices, echoing, "Come! come!
Arise! awake! Clear summer has forth walked
Unto the clover-sward, and she has talked
Full soothingly to every nested finch:
Rise, Cupids! or we'll give the blue-bell pinch
To your dimpled arms. Once more sweet life begin!"
At this, from every side they hurried in,
Rubbing their sleepy eyes with lazy wrists,
And doubling overhead their little fists
In backward yawns. But all were soon alive:
For as delicious wine doth, sparkling, dive
In nectared clouds and curls through water fair,
So from the arbor roof down swelled an air
Odorous and enlivening; making all
To laugh, and play, and sing, and loudly call
For their sweet queen: when lo! the wreathed green
Disparted, and far upward could be seen
Blue heaven, and a silver car, air-borne,

Whose silent wheels, fresh wet from clouds of morn,
 Spun off a drizzling dew,—which falling chill
 On soft Adonis' shoulders, made him still
 Nestle and turn uneasily about.
 Soon were the white doves plain, with necks stretched
 out,
 And silken traces lightened in descent;
 And soon, returning from love's banishment,
 Queen Venus leaning downward open-armed:
 Her shadow fell upon his breast, and charmed
 A tumult to his heart, and a new life
 Into his eyes. Ah, miserable strife,
 But for her comforting! unhappy sight,
 But meeting her blue orbs! Who, who can write
 Of these first minutes? The unchariest muse
 To embracements warm as theirs makes coy excuse.

O it has ruffled every spirit there,
 Saving love's self, who stands superb to share
 The general gladness: awfully he stands;
 A sovereign quell is in his waving hands;
 No sight can bear the lightning of his bow;
 His quiver is mysterious, none can know
 What themselves think of it; from forth his eyes
 There darts strange light of varied hues and dyes:
 A scowl is sometimes on his brow, but who
 Look full upon it feel anon the blue
 Of his fair eyes run liquid through their souls.
 Endymion feels it, and no more controls
 The burning prayer within him; so, bent low,
 He had begun a plaining of his woe.
 But Venus, bending forward, said: "My child,
 Favor this gentle youth; his days are wild
 With love—he—but alas! too well I see
 Thou know'st the deepness of his misery.

Ah, smile not so, my son : I tell thee true,
That when through heavy hours I used to rue
The endless sleep of this new-born Adon',
This stranger eye I pitied. For upon
A dreary morning once I fled away
Into the breezy clouds, to weep and pray
For this my love : for vexing Mars had teased
Me even to tears ; thence, when a little eased,
Down-looking, vacant, through a hazy wood,
I saw this youth as he despairing stood :
Those same dark curls blown vagrant in the wind ;
Those same full fringed lids a constant blind
Over his sullen eyes : I saw him throw
Himself on withered leaves, even as though
Death had come sudden ; for no jot he moved,
Yet muttered wildly. I could hear he loved
Some fair immortal, and that his embrace
Had zoned her through the night. There is no trace
Of this in heaven : I have marked each cheek,
And find it is the vainest thing to seek ;
And that of all things 'tis kept secretest.
Endymion ! one day thou wilt be blest :
So still obey the guiding hand that fends
Thee safely through these wonders for sweet ends.
'Tis a concealment needful in extreme ;
And if I guessed not so, the sunny beam
Thou shouldst mount up to with me. Now adieu !
Here must we leave thee."—At these words up flew
The impatient doves, up rose the floating car,
Up went the hum celestial. High afar
The Latmian saw them minish into nought ;
And, when all were clear vanished, still he caught
A vivid lightning from that dreadful bow.
When all was darkened, with Ætnean throe

The earth closed—gave a solitary moan—
And left him once again in twilight lone.

He did not rave, he did not stare aghast,
For all those visions were o'ergone and past,
And he in loneliness: he felt assured
Of happy times, when all he had endured
Would seem a feather to the mighty prize.
So, with unusual gladness, on he hies
Through caves, and palaces of mottled ore,
Gold dome, and crystal wall, and turquoise floor,
Black polished porticoes of awful shade,
And, at the last, a diamond balustrade,
Leading afar past wild magnificence,
Spiral through ruggedest loop-holes, and thence
Stretching across a void, then guiding o'er
Enormous chasms, where, all foam and roar,
Streams subterranean tease their granite beds;
Then heightened just above the silvery heads
Of a thousand fountains, so that he could dash
The waters with his spear; but at the splash,
Done heedlessly, those spouting columns rose
Sudden a poplar's height, and 'gan to inclose
His diamond path with fretwork streaming round
Alike, and dazzling cool, and with a sound,
Haply, like dolphin tumults, when sweet shells
Welcome the float of Thetis. Long he dwells
On this delight; for, every minute's space,
The streams with changed magic interlace:
Sometimes like delicatest lattices,
Covered with crystal vines; then weeping trees,
Moving about as in a gentle wind,
Which, in a wink, to watery gauze refined,
Poured into shapes of curtained canopies,

Spangled, and rich with liquid broideries
 Of flowers, peacocks, swans, and naiads fair.
 Swifter than lightning went these wonders rare ;
 And then the water, into stubborn streams
 Collecting, mimicked the wrought oaken beams,
 Pillars, and frieze, and high fantastic roof,
 Of those dusk places in times far aloof
 Cathedrals called. He bade a loath farewell
 To these founts Protean, passing gulf, and dell,
 And torrent, and ten thousand jutting shapes,
 Half seen through deepest gloom, and grisly gapes,
 Blackening on every side, and overhead
 A vaulted dome like heaven's far bespread
 With starlight gems : ay, all so huge and strange,
 The solitary felt a hurried change
 Working within him into something dreary,—
 Vexed like a morning eagle, lost and weary,
 And purblind amid foggy midnight wolds.
 But he revives at once : for who beholds
 New sudden things, nor casts his mental slough ?
 Forth from a rugged arch, in the dusk below,
 Came mother Cybele ! alone—alone—
 In sombre chariot ; dark foldings thrown
 About her majesty, and front death-pale,
 With turrets crowned. Four maned lions hale
 The sluggish wheels ; solemn their toothed maws,
 Their surly eyes brow-hidden, heavy paws
 Uplifted drowsily, and nervy tails
 Cowering their tawny brushes. Silent sails
 This shadowy queen athwart, and faints away
 In another gloomy arch.

Wherefore delay,
 Young traveller, in such a mournful place ?

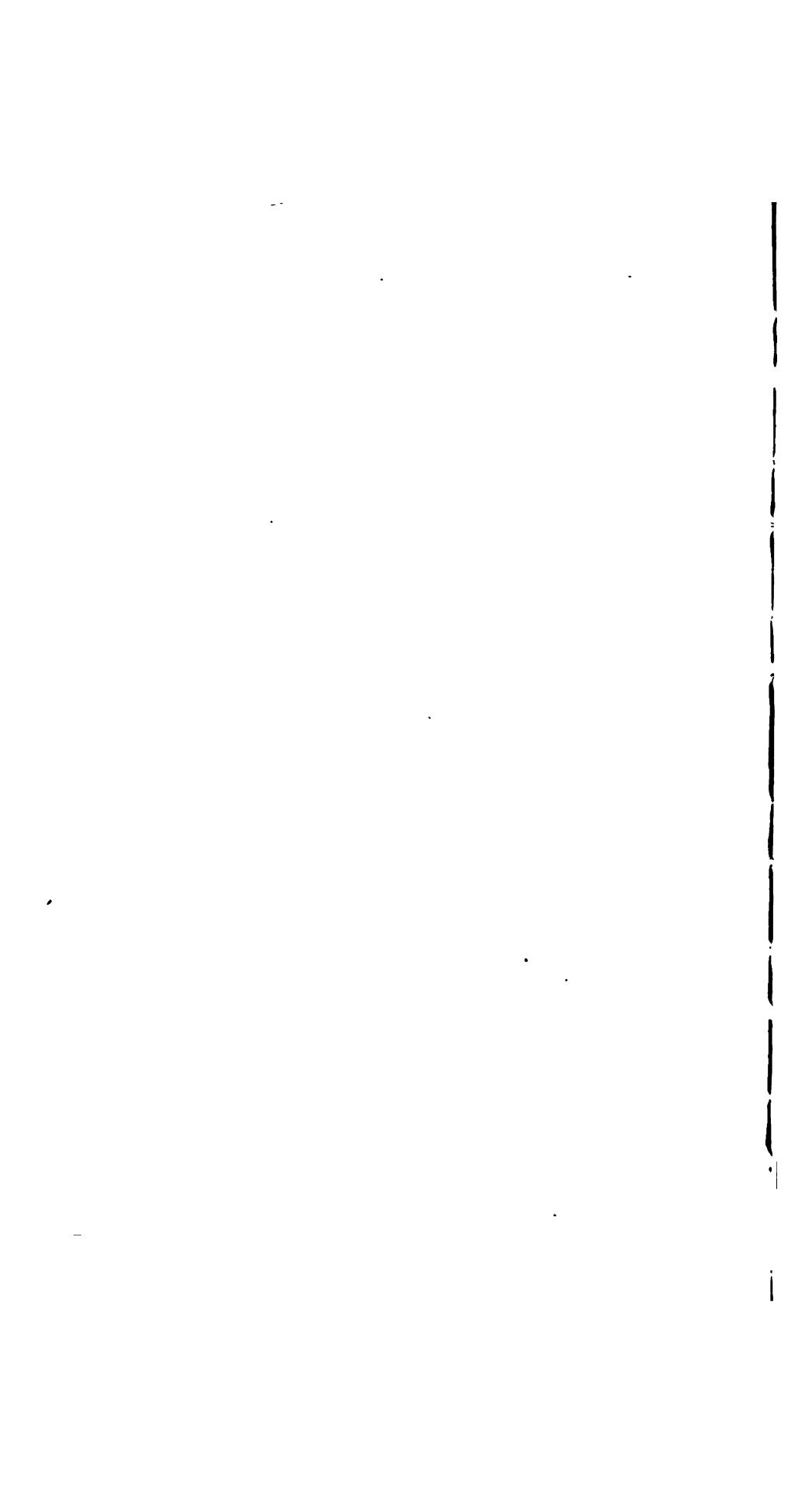
Art thou wayworn, or canst not further trace
The diamond path? And does it indeed end
Abrupt in middle air? Yet earthward bend
Thy forehead, and to Jupiter cloud-borne
Call ardently! He was indeed wayworn;
Abrupt, in middle air, his way was lost;
To cloud-born Jove he bowed, and there crost
Towards him a large eagle, 'twixt whose wings,
Without one impious word, himself he flings,
Committed to the darkness and the gloom:
Down, down, uncertain to what pleasant doom,
Swift as a fathoming plummet down he fell
Through unknown things; till exhaled asphodel,
And rose, with spicy fannings interbreathed,
Came swelling forth where little caves were wreathed
So thick with leaves and mosses, that they seemed
Large honeycombs of green, and freshly teemed
With airs delicious. In the greenest nook
The eagle landed him, and farewell took.

It was a jasmine bower, all bestrown
With golden moss. His every sense had grown
Ethereal for pleasure; 'bove his head
Flew a delight half-graspable; his tread
Was Hesperean; to his capable ears
Silence was music from the holy spheres;
A dewy luxury was in his eyes;
The little flowers felt his pleasant sighs
And stirred them faintly. Verdant cave and cell
He wandered through, oft wondering at such swell
Of sudden exaltation: but, "Alas!"
Said he, "will all this gush of feeling pass
Away in solitude? And must they wane,
Like melodies upon a sandy plain,

Without an echo? Then shall I be left
 So sad, so melancholy, so bereft!
 Yet still I feel immortal! O my love,
 My breath of life, where art thou? High above,
 Dancing before the morning gates of heaven?
 Or keeping watch among those starry seven,
 Old Atlas' children? Art a maid of the waters,
 One of shell-winding Triton's bright-haired daughters?
 Or art, impossible! a nymph of Dian's,
 Weaving a coronal of tender scions
 For very idleness? Where'er thou art,
 Methinks it now is at my will to start
 Into thine arms; to scare Aurora's train,
 And snatch thee from the morning; o'er the main
 To scud like a wild bird, and take thee off
 From thy sea-foamy cradle; or to doff
 Thy shepherd vest, and woo thee 'mid fresh leaves.
 No, no, too eagerly my soul deceives
 Its powerless self: I know this cannot be.
 O let me then by some sweet dreaming flee
 To her entrancements: hither sleep awhile!
 Hither most gentle sleep! and soothing foil
 For some few hours the coming solitude."

Thus spake he, and that moment felt endued
 With power to dream deliciously: so wound
 Through a dim passage, searching till he found
 The smoothest mossy bed and deepest, where
 He threw himself, and just into the air
 Stretching his indolent arms, he took, O bliss!
 A naked waist: "Fair Cupid, whence is this?"
 A well-known voice sighed, "Sweetest, here am I!"
 At which soft ravishment, with doting cry
 They trembled to each other.—Helicon!







*"to scare aurora's train,
And snatch thee from the morning."*

1
PUEBLO COUNTY
ADVISORY BOARD
PUEBLO, COLORADO



O fountained hill ! Old Homer's Helicon !
 That thou wouldst spout a little streamlet o'er
 These sorry pages : then the verse would soar
 And sing above this gentle pair, like lark
 Over his nested young : but all is dark
 Around thine aged top, and thy clear fount
 Exhales in mists to heaven. Ay, the count
 Of mighty Poets is made up : the scroll
 Is folded by the Muses ; the bright roll
 Is in Apollo's hand : our dazed eyes
 Have seen a new tinge in the western skies :
 The world has done its duty. Yet, oh yet,
 Although the sun of poesy is set,
 These lovers did embrace, and we must weep
 That there is no old power left to steep
 A quill immortal in their joyous tears.
 Long time in silence did their anxious fears
 Question that thus it was ; long time they lay
 Fondling and kissing every doubt away ;
 Long time ere soft caressing sobs began
 To mellow into words, and then there ran
 Two bubbling springs of talk from their sweet lips.
 "O known Unknown ! from whom my being sips
 Such darling essence, wherefore may I not
 Be ever in these arms ? in this sweet spot
 Pillow my chin for ever ? ever press
 These toying hands and kiss their smooth excess ?
 Why not forever and forever feel
 That breath about my eyes ? Ah, thou wilt steal
 Away from me again, indeed, indeed—
 Thou wilt be gone away, and wilt not heed
 My lonely madness. Speak, my kindest fair !
 Is—is it to be so ? No ! Who will dare

To pluck thee from me? And, of thine own will,
Full well I feel thou wouldst not leave me. Still
Let me entwine thee surer, surer—now
How can we part? Elysium! Who art thou?
Who, that thou canst not be forever here,
Or lift me with thee to some starry sphere?
Enchantress! tell me by this soft embrace,
By the most soft complexion of thy face,
Those lips, O slippery blisses! twinkling eyes,
And by these tenderest, milky sovereignties—
These tenderest, and by the nectar-wine,
The passion”——“Oh loved Ida the divine!
Endymion! dearest! Ah, unhappy me!
His soul will 'scape us—O felicity!
How he does love me! His poor temples beat
To the very tune of love—how sweet, sweet, sweet!
Revive, dear youth, or I shall faint and die;
Revive, or these soft hours will hurry by
In tranced dulness; speak, and let that spell
Affright this lethargy! I cannot quell
Its heavy pressure, and will press at least
My lips to thine, that they may richly feast
Until we taste the life of love again.
What! dost thou move? dost kiss? O bliss; O pain!
I love thee, youth, more than I can conceive;
And so long absence from thee doth bereave
My soul of any rest: yet must I hence:
Yet, can I not to starry eminence
Uplift thee; nor for very shame can own
Myself to thee. Ah, dearest! do not groan,
Or thou wilt force me from this secrecy,
And I must blush in heaven. O that I
Had done it already! that the dreadful smiles
At my lost brightness, my impassioned wiles,

Had waned from Olympus' solemn height,
And from all serious Gods ; that our delight
Was quite forgotten, save of us alone !
And wherefore so ashamed ? 'Tis but to atone
For endless pleasure, by some coward blushes :
Yet must I be a coward ! Horror rushes
Too palpable before me—the sad look
Of Jove—Minerva's start—no bosom shook
With awe of purity—no Cupid pinion
In reverence veiled—my crystalline dominion
Half lost, and all old hymns made nullity !
But what is this to love ? Oh ! I could fly
With thee into the ken of heavenly powers,
So thou wouldst thus, for many sequent hours,
Press me so sweetly. Now I swear at once
That I am wise, that Pallas is a dunce—
Perhaps her love like mine is but unknown—
Oh ! I do think that I have been alone
In chastity ! yes, Pallas has been sighing,
While every eye saw me my hair uptying
With fingers cool as aspen leaves. Sweet love !
I was as vague as solitary dove,
Nor knew that nests were built. Now a soft kiss—
Ay, by that kiss, I vow an endless bliss,
An immortality of passion's thine :
Ere long I will exalt thee to the shine
Of heaven ambrosial ; and we will shade
Ourselves whole summers by a river glade ;
And I will tell thee stories of the sky,
And breathe thee whispers of its minstrelsy.
My happy love will overwing all bounds !
O let me melt into thee ! let the sounds
Of our close voices marry at their birth ;
Let us entwine hoveringly ! O dearth

Of human words! roughness of mortal speech!
 Lisplings empyrean will I sometimes teach
 Thine honeyed tongue—lute-breathings which I gasp
 To have thee understand, now while I clasp
 Thee thus, and weep for fondness—I am pained,
 Endymion: woe! woe! is grief contained
 In the very deeps of pleasure, my sole life?"—
 Hereat, with many sobs, her gentle strife
 Melted into a languor. He returned
 Entranced vows and tears.

Ye who have yearned
 With too much passion, will here stay and pity,
 For the mere sake of truth; as 'tis a ditty
 Not of these days, but long ago 'twas told
 By a cavern wind unto a forest old;
 And then the forest told it in a dream
 To a sleeping lake, whose cool and level gleam
 A poet caught as he was journeying
 To Phœbus' shrine; and in it he did fling
 His weary limbs, bathing an hour's space,
 And after, straight in that inspired place
 He sang the story up into the air,
 Giving it universal freedom. There
 Has it been ever sounding for those ears
 Whose tips are glowing hot. The legend cheers
 Yon sentinel stars; and he who listens to it
 Must surely be self-doomed or he will rue it;
 For quenchless burnings come upon the heart,
 Made fiercer by a fear lest any part
 Should be engulfed in the eddying wind.
 As much as here is penned doth always find
 A resting-place, thus much comes clear and plain;
 Anon the strange voice is upon the wane—

And 'tis but echoed from departing sound,
That the fair visitant at last unwound
Her gentle limbs, and left the youth asleep.—
Thus the tradition of the gusty deep.

Now turn we to our former chroniclers.—
Endymion awoke, that grief of hers
Sweet paining on his ear : he sickly guessed
How lone he was once more, and sadly pressed
His empty arms together, hung his head,
And most forlorn upon that widowed bed
Sat silently. Love's madness he had known :
Often with more than tortured lion's groan
Moanings had burst from him ; but now that rage
Had passed away : no longer did he wage
A rough-voiced war against the dooming stars.
No, he had felt too much for such harsh jars :
The lyre of his soul Æolian tuned
Forgot all violence, and but communed
With melancholy thought : O he had swooned
Drunken from pleasure's nipple ! and his love
Henceforth was dove-like.—Loth was he to move
From the imprinted couch, and when he did,
'Twas with slow, languid paces, and face hid
In muffling hands. So tempered, out he strayed
Half seeing visions that might have dismayed
Alecto's serpents ; ravishments more keen
Than Hermes' pipe, when anxious he did lean
Over eclipsing eyes : and at the last
It was a sounding grotto, vaulted, vast,
O'erstudded with a thousand, thousand pearls,
And crimson-mouthed shells with stubborn curls,
Of every shape and size, even to the bulk
In which whales harbor close, to brood and sulk

Against an endless storm. Moreover too,
 Fish-semblances, of green and azure hue,
 Ready to snort their streams. In this cool wonder
 Endymion sat down, and 'gan to ponder
 On all his life: his youth, up to the day
 When 'mid acclaim, and feasts, and garlands gay,
 He stepped upon his shepherd throne: the look
 Of his white palace in wild forest nook,
 And all the revels he had lorded there:
 Each tender maiden whom he once thought fair,
 With every friend and fellow-woodlander—
 Passed like a dream before him. Then the spur
 Of the old bards to mighty deeds: his plans
 To nurse the golden age 'mong shepherd clans:
 That wondrous night: the great Pan-festival:
 His sister's sorrow; and his wanderings all,
 Until into the earth's deep maw he rushed:
 Then all its buried magic, till it flushed
 High with excessive love. "And now," thought he,
 "How long must I remain in jeopardy
 Of blank amazements that amaze no more?
 Now I have tasted her sweet soul to the core,
 All other depths are shallow: essences,
 Once spiritual, are like muddy lees,
 Meant but to fertilize my earthly root,
 And make my branches lift a golden fruit
 Into the bloom of heaven: other light,
 Though it be quick and sharp enough to blight
 The Olympian eagle's vision, is dark,
 Dark as the parentage of chaos. Hark!
 My silent thoughts are echoing from these shells;
 Or they are but the ghosts, the dying swells
 Of noises far away?—list!"—Hereupon
 He kept an anxious ear. The humming tone

Came louder, and behold, there as he lay,
On either side outgushed, with misty spray,
A copious spring; and both together dashed
Swift, mad, fantastic round the rocks, and lashed
Among the conchs and shells of the lofty grot,
Leaving a trickling dew. At last they shot
Down from the ceiling's height, pouring a noise
As of some breathless racers whose hopes poise
Upon the last few steps, and with spent force
Along the ground they took a winding course.
Endymion followed—for it seemed that one
Ever pursued, the other strove to shun—
Followed their languid mazes, till well-nigh
He had left thinking of the mystery,—
And was now rapt in tender hoverings
Over the vanished bliss. Ah! what is it sings
His dream away? What melodies are these?
They sound as through the whispering of trees,
Not native in such barren vaults. Give ear!

“O Arethusa, peerless nymph! why fear
Such tenderness as mine? Great Dian, why,
Why didst thou hear her prayer? O that I
Were rippling round her dainty fairness now,
Circling about her waist, and striving how
To entice her to a dive! then stealing in
Between her luscious lips and eyelids thin.
O that her shining hair was in the sun,
And I distilling from it thence to run
In amorous rilletts down her shrinking form!
To linger on her lily shoulders, warm
Between her kissing breasts, and every charm
Touch raptured!—See how painfully I flow:
Fair maid, be pitiful to my great woe.

Stay, stay thy weary course, and let me lead,
 A happy wooer, to the flowery mead
 Where all that beauty snared me."—"Cruel god,
 Desist! or my offended mistress' nod
 Will stagnate all thy fountains:—tease me not
 With siren words—Ah, have I really got
 Such power to madden thee? And is it true—
 Away, away, or I shall dearly rue
 My very thoughts: in mercy then away,
 Kindest Alpheus, for should I obey
 My own dear will, 'twould be a deadly bane."—
 "O, Oread-Queen! would that thou hadst a pain
 Like this of mine, then would I fearless turn
 And be a criminal."—"Alas, I burn,
 I shudder—gentle river, get thee hence.
 Alpheus! thou enchanter! every sense
 Of mine was once made perfect in these woods.
 Fresh breezes, bowery lawns, and innocent floods,
 Ripe fruits, and lonely couch, contentment gave:
 But ever since I heedlessly did lave
 In thy deceitful stream, a panting glow
 Grew strong within me: wherefore serve me so,
 And call it love? Alas! 'twas cruelty.
 Not once more did I close my happy eyes
 Amid the thrush's song. Away! avaunt!
 O 'twas a cruel thing."—"Now thou dost taunt
 So softly, Arethusa, that I think
 If thou wast playing on my shady brink,
 Thou wouldst bathe once again. Innocent maid!
 Stifle thine heart no more;—nor be afraid
 Of angry powers: there are deities
 Will shade us with their wings. Those fitful sighs
 'Tis almost death to hear: O let me pour
 A dewy balm upon them!—fear no more,

Sweet Arethusa ! Dian's self must feel,
Sometimes, these very pangs. Dear maiden, steal
Blushing into my soul, and let us fly
These dreary caverns for the open sky.
I will delight thee all my winding course,
From the green sea up to my hidden source
About Arcadian forests ; and will show
The channels where my coolest waters flow
Through mossy rocks ; where 'mid exuberant green,
I roam in pleasant darkness, more unseen
Than Saturn in his exile ; where I brim
Round flowery islands, and take thence a skim
Of mealy sweets, which myriads of bees
Buzz from their honeyed wings : and thou shouldst
please

Thyself to choose the richest, where we might
Be incense-pillowed every summer night.
Doff all sad fears, thou white deliciousness,
And let us be thus comforted ; unless
Thou couldst rejoice to see my hopeless stream
Hurry distracted from Sol's temperate beam,
And pour to death along some hungry sands."—
"What can I do, Alpheus ? Dian stands
Severe before me : persecuting fate !
Unhappy Arethusa ! thou wast late
A huntress free in—" At this, sudden fell
Those two sad streams adown a fearful dell.
The Latmian listened, but he heard no more,
Save echo, faint repeating o'er and o'er
The name of Arethusa. On the verge
Of that dark gulf he wept, and said : "I urge
Thee, gentle Goddess of my pilgrimage,
By our eternal hopes, to soothe, to assuage,
If thou art powerful, these lovers' pains ;
And make them happy in some happy plains."

He turned—there was a whelming sound—he stept,
 There was a cooler light ; and so he kept
 Towards it by a sandy path, and lo !
 More suddenly than doth a moment go,
 The visions of the earth were gone and fled—
 He saw the giant sea above his head.

BOOK III.

THERE are who lord it o'er their fellow-men
 With most prevailing tinsel : who unpen
 Their baaing vanities, to browse away
 The comfortable green and juicy hay
 From human pastures ; or, O torturing fact !
 Who, through an idiot blink, will see unpacked
 Fire-branded foxes to sear up and singe
 Our gold and ripe-eared hopes. With not one tinge
 Of sanctuary splendor, not a sight
 Able to face an owl's, they still are dight
 By the blear-eyed nations in empurpled vests,
 And crowns, and turbans. With unladen breasts,
 Save of blown self-applause, they proudly mount
 To their spirit's perch, their being's high account,
 Their tiptop nothings, their dull skies, their thrones—
 Amid the fierce intoxicating tones
 Of trumpets, shoutings, and belabored drums,
 And sudden cannon. Ah ! how all this hums,
 In wakeful ears, like uproar past and gone—
 Like thunder-clouds that spake to Babylon,
 And set those old Chaldeans to their tasks.—
 Are then regalities all gilded masks ?

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No, there are throned seats unscalable
But by a patient wing, a constant spell,
Or by ethereal things that, unconfined,
Can make a ladder of the eternal wind,
And poise about in cloudy thunder-tents
To watch the abysm-birth of elements.
Ay, 'bove the withering of old-lipped Fate
A thousand Powers keep religious state,
In water, fiery realm, and airy bourne ;
And, silent as a consecrated urn,
Hold sphery sessions for a season due.
Yet few of these far majesties, ah, few !
Have bared their operations to this globe—
Few, who with gorgeous pageantry enrobe
Our piece of heaven—whose benevolence
Shakes hand with our own Ceres ; every sense
Filling with spiritual sweets to plenitude,
As bees gorge full their cells. And by the feud
'Twixt Nothing and Creation, I here swear,
Eterne Apollo ! that thy Sister fair
Is of all these the gentlier-mightiest.
When thy gold breath is misting in the west,
She unobserved steals unto her throne,
And there she sits most meek and most alone ;
As if she had not pomp subservient ;
As if thine eye, high Poet ! was not bent
Towards her with the Muses in thine heart ;
As if the minist'ring stars kept not apart,
Waiting for silver-footed messages.
O Moon ! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in :
O Moon ! old boughs lisp forth a holier din
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver lip

Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,
 Couched in thy brightness, dream of fields divine :
 Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,
 Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes :
 And yet thy benediction passeth not
 One obscure hiding-place, one little spot
 Where pleasure may be sent: the nested wren
 Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,
 And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf
 Takes glimpses of thee ; thou art a relief
 To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
 Within its pearly house ;—The mighty deeps,
 The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea !
 O Moon ! far spooming Ocean bows to thee,
 And Tellus feels her forehead's cumbrous load.

Cynthia ! where art thou now ? What far abode
 Of green or silvery bower doth enshrine
 Such utmost beauty ? Alas, thou dost pine
 For one as sorrowful : thy cheek is pale
 For one whose cheek is pale : thou dost bewail
 His tears who weeps for thee ! Where dost thou sigh ?
 Ah ! surely that light peeps from Vesper's eye,
 Or, what a thing is love ! 'Tis She, but lo !
 How changed, how full of ache, how gone in woe !
 She dies at the thinnest cloud ; her loveliness
 Is wan on Neptune's blue : yet there's a stress
 Of love-spangles, just off yon cape of trees,
 Dancing upon the waves, as if to please
 The curly foam with amorous influence.
 O, not so idle ! for down glancing thence,
 She fathoms eddies, and runs wild about
 O'erwhelming water-courses ; scaring out
 The thorny sharks from hiding-holes, and fright'ning
 Their savage eyes with unaccustomed lightning.

Where will the splendor be content to reach ?
O love ! how potent hast thou been to teach
Strange journeyings ! Wherever beauty dwells,
In gulf or aerie, mountains or deep dells,
In light, in gloom, in star or blazing sun,
Thou pointest out the way, and straight 'tis won.
Amid his toil thou gavest Leander breath ;
Thou leddest Orpheus through the gleams of death ;
Thou madest Pluto bear thin element ;
And now, O winged Chieftain ! thou hast sent
A moonbeam to the deep, deep water-world,
To find Endymion.

On gold sand imperaled
With lily shells, and pebbles milky white,
Poor Cynthia greeted him, and soothed her light
Against his pallid face : he felt the charm
To breathlessness, and suddenly a warm
Of his heart's blood : 'twas very sweet ; he stayed
His wandering steps, and half-entranced laid
His head upon a tuft of straggling weeds,
To taste the gentle moon, and freshening beads,
Lashed from the crystal roof by fishes' tails.
And so he kept, until the rosy veils
Mantling the east, by Aurora's peering hand
Were lifted from the water's breast, and fanned
Into sweet air ; and sobered morning came
Meekly through billows :—when like taper-flame
Left sudden by a dallying breath of air,
He rose in silence, and once more 'gan fare
Along his fated way.

Far had he roamed,
With nothing save the hollow vast, that foamed

Above, around, and at his feet ; save things
 More dead than Morpheus' imaginings :
 Old rusted anchors, helmets, breastplates large
 Of gone sea-warriors ; brazen beaks and targe ;
 Rudders that for a hundred years had lost
 The sway of human hand : gold vase embossed
 With long-forgotten story, and wherein
 No reveller had ever dipped a chin
 But those of Saturn's vintage : mouldering scrolls,
 Writ in the tongue of heaven, by those souls
 Who first were on the earth ; and sculptures rude
 In ponderous stone, developing the mood
 Of ancient Nox ;—then skeletons of man,
 Of beast, behemoth, and leviathan,
 And elephant, and eagle, and huge jaw
 Of nameless monster. A cold leaden awe
 These secrets struck into him ; and unless
 Dian had chased away that heaviness
 He might have died : but now, with cheered feel,
 He onward kept ; wooing these thoughts to steal
 About the labyrinth in his soul of love.

“ What is there in thee, Moon ! that thou shouldst move
 My heart so potently ? When yet a child
 I oft have dried my tears when thou hast smiled.
 Thou seem'dst my sister : hand in hand we went
 From eve to morn across the firmament.
 No apples would I gather from the tree,
 Till thou hadst cooled their cheeks deliciously :
 No tumbling water ever spake romance,
 But when my eyes with thine thereon could dance :
 No woods were green enough, no bower divine,
 Until thou liftedst up thine eyelids fine :
 In sowing-time ne'er would I dibble take,
 Or drop a seed, till thou wast wide awake ;

And, in the summer-tide of blossoming,
No one but thee hath heard me blithely sing
And mesh my dewy flowers all the night.
No melody was like a passing spright
If it went not to solemnize thy reign.
Yes, in my boyhood, every joy and pain
By thee were fashioned to the self-same end ;
And as I grew in years, still didst thou blend
With all my ardors : thou wast the deep glen ;
Thou wast the mountain-top—the sage's pen—
The poet's harp—the voice of friends—the sun ;
Thou wast the river—thou wast glory won ;
Thou wast my clarion's blast—thou wast my steed—
My goblet full of wine—my topmost deed :—
Thou wast the charm of women, lovely Moon !
O what a wild and harmonized tune
My spirit struck from all the beautiful !
On some bright essence could I lean, and lull
Myself to immortality : I prest
Nature's soft pillow in a wakeful rest.
But, gentle Orb ! there came a nearer bliss—
My strange love came—Felicity's abyss !
She came, and thou didst fade, and fade away—
Yet not entirely ; no, thy starry sway
Has been an under-passion to this hour.
Now I begin to feel thine orby power
Is coming fresh upon me : O be kind !
Keep back thine influence, and do not blind
My sovereign vision.—Dearest love, forgive
That I can think away from thee and live !—
Pardon me, airy planet, that I prize
One thought beyond thine argent luxuries !
How far beyond !" At this a surprised start
Frosted the springing verdure of his heart ;

For as he lifted up his eyes to swear
How his own goddess was past all things fair,
He saw far in the concave green of the sea
An old man sitting calm and peacefully.
Upon a weeded rock this old man sat,
And his white hair was awful, and a mat
Of weeds were cold beneath his cold thin feet ;
And, ample as the largest winding-sheet,
A cloak of blue wrapped up his aged bones,
O'erwrought with symbols by the deepest groans
Of ambitious magic : every ocean-form
Was woven in with black distinctness ; storm,
And calm, and whispering, and hideous roar
Were emblemed in the woof ; with every shape
That skims, or dives, or sleeps, 'twixt cape and cape.
The gulphing whale was like a dot in the spell,
Yet look upon it, and 'twould size and swell
To its huge self ; and the minutest fish
Would pass the very hardest gazer's wish,
And show his little eye's anatomy.
Then there was pictured the regality
Of Neptune ; and the sea-nymphs round his state,
In beauteous vassalage, look up and wait.
Beside this old man lay a pearly wand,
And in his lap a book, the which he conned
So steadfastly, that the new denizen
Had time to keep him in amazed ken,
To mark these shadowings, and stand in awe.

The old man raised his hoary head and saw
The wildered stranger—seeming not to see,
His features were so lifeless. Suddenly
He woke as from a trance ; his snow-white brows
Went arching up, and like two magic ploughs

Furrowed deep wrinkles in his forehead large,
Which kept as fixedly as rocky marge,
Till round his withered lips had gone a smile.
Then up he rose, like one whose tedious toil
Had watched for years in forlorn hermitage,
Who had not from mid-life to utmost age
Eased in one accent his o'erburdened soul,
Even to the trees. He rose : he grasped his stole,
With convulsed clenches waving it abroad,
And in a voice of solemn joy, that awed
Echo into oblivion, he said :—

“Thou art the man ! Now shall I lay my head
In peace upon my watery pillow : now
Sleep will come smoothly to my weary brow.
O Jove ! I shall be young again, be young !
O shell-borne Neptune, I am pierced and stung
With new-born life ! What shall I do ? Where go,
When I have cast this serpent-skin of woe ?—
I'll swim to the sirens, and one moment listen
Their melodies, and see their long hair glisten ;
Anon upon that giant's arm I'll be,
That writhes about the roots of Sicily :
To northern seas I'll in a twinkling sail,
And mount upon the snortings of a whale
To some black cloud ; thence down I'll madly sweep
On forked lightning, to the deepest deep,
Where through some sucking pool I will be hurled
With rapture to the other side of the world !
O, I am full of gladness ! Sisters three,
I bow full-hearted to your old decree !
Yes, every god be thanked, and power benign,
For I no more shall wither, droop, and pine.

Thou art the man!" Endymion started back
 Dismayed; and like a wretch from whom the rack
 Tortures hot breath, and speech of agony,
 Muttered: "What lonely death am I to die
 In this cold region? Will he let me freeze,
 And float my brittle limbs o'er polar seas?
 Or will he touch me with his searing hand,
 And leave a black memorial on the sand?
 Or tear me piecemeal with a bony saw,
 And keep me as a chosen food to draw
 His magain fish through hated fire and flame?
 O misery of hell! resistless, tame,
 Am I to be burned up? No, I will shout,
 Until the gods through heaven's blue look out!—
 O Tartarus! but some few days agone
 Her soft arms were entwining me, and on
 Her voice I hung like fruit among green leaves;
 Her lips were all my own, and—ah, ripe sheaves
 Of happiness! ye on the stubble droop,
 But never may be garnered. I must stoop
 My head, and kiss death's foot. Love! love, farewell!
 Is there no hope from thee? This horrid spell
 Would melt at thy sweet breath.—By Dian's hind
 Feeding from her white fingers, on the wind
 I see thy streaming hair! and now, by Pan,
 I care not for this old mysterious man!"

He spake, and walking to that aged form,
 Looked high defiance. Lo! his heart 'gan warm
 With pity, for the gray-haired creature wept.
 Had he then wronged a heart where sorrow kept?
 Had he, though blindly contumelious, brought
 Rheum to kind eyes, a sting to human thought,
 Convulsion to a mouth of many years?
 He had in truth; and he was ripe for tears.

The penitent shower fell, as down he knelt
 Before that care-worn sage, who trembling felt
 About his large dark locks, and faltering spake :

“ Arise, good youth, for sacred Phœbus' sake !
 I know thine inmost bosom, and I feel
 A very brother's yearning for thee steal
 Into mine own : for why ? thou openest
 The prison-gates that have so long oppressed
 My weary watching. Though thou know'st it not,
 Thou art commissioned to this fated spot
 For great enfranchisement. O weep no more !
 I am a friend to love, to loves of yore :
 Ay, hadst thou never loved an unknown power,
 I had been grieving at this joyous hour.
 But even now, most miserable old,
 I saw thee, and my blood no longer cold
 Gave mighty pulses : in this tottering case
 Grew a new heart, which at this moment plays
 As dancingly as thine. Be not afraid,
 For thou shalt hear this secret all displayed,
 Now as we speed towards our joyous task.”

So saying, this young soul in age's mask
 Went forward with the Carian side by side :
 Resuming quickly thus ; while ocean's tide
 Hung swollen at their backs, and jewelled sands
 Took silently their foot-prints.

“ My soul stands
 Now past the midway from mortality,
 And so I can prepare without a sigh
 To tell thee briefly all my joy and pain.
 I was a fisher once, upon this main,

And my boat danced in every creek and bay ;
 Rough billows were my home by night and day,—
 The sea-gulls not more constant ; for I had
 No housing from the storm and tempests mad,
 But hollow rocks,—and they were palaces
 Of silent happiness, of slumberous ease :
 Long years of misery have told me so.
 Ay, thus it was one thousand years ago.
 One thousand years !—Is it then possible
 To look so plainly through them ? to dispel
 A thousand years with backward glance sublime ?
 To breathe away as 'twere all scummy slime
 From off a crystal pool, to see its deep,
 And one's own image from the bottom peep ?
 Yes : now I am no longer wretched thrall,
 My long captivity and moanings all
 Are but a slime, a thin-pervading scum,
 The which I breathe away, and thronging come
 Like things of yesterday my youthful pleasures.

“ I touched no lute, I sang not, trod no measures :
 I was a lonely youth on desert shores.
 My sports were lonely, 'mid continuous roars,
 And craggy isles, and seamews' plaintive cry
 Plaining discrepant between sea and sky.
 Dolphins were still my playmates ; shapes unseen
 Would let me feel their scales of gold and green,
 Nor be my desolation ; and, full oft,
 When a dread waterspout had reared aloft
 Its hungry hugeness, seeming ready ripe
 To burst with hoarsest thunderings, and wipe
 My life away like a vast sponge of fate,
 Some friendly monster, pitying my sad state,
 Has dived to its foundations, gulfed it down,
 And left me tossing safely. But the crown

Of all my life was utmost quietude :
 More did I love to lie in cavern rude,
 Keeping in wait whole days for Neptune's voice,
 And if it came at last, hark, and rejoice !
 There blushed no summer eve but I would steer
 My skiff along green shelving coasts to hear
 The shepherd's pipe come clear from aery steep,
 Mingled with ceaseless bleatings of his sheep :
 And never was a day of summer shine,
 But I beheld its birth upon the brine :
 For I would watch all night to see unfold
 Heaven's gates, and Æthon snort his morning gold
 Wide o'er the swelling streams : and constantly
 At brim of day-tide, on some grassy lea,
 My nets would be spread out, and I at rest.
 The poor folk of the sea-country I blest
 With daily boon of fish most delicate :
 They knew not whence this bounty, and elate
 Would strew sweet flowers on a sterile beach.

“ Why was I not contented ? Wherefore reach
 At things which, but for thee, O Latmian !
 Had been my dreary death ! Fool ! I began
 To feel distempered longings : to desire
 The utmost privilege that ocean's sire
 Could grant in benediction : to be free
 Of all his kingdom. Long in misery
 I wasted, ere in one extremest fit
 I plunged for life or death. To interknit
 One's senses with so dense a breathing stuff
 Might seem a work of pain ; so not enough
 Can I admire how crystal-smooth it felt,
 And buoyant round my limbs. At first I dwelt
 Whole days and days in sheer astonishment ;
 Forgetful utterly of self-intent ;

Moving but with the mighty ebb and flow.
 Then, like a new-fledged bird that first doth show
 His spreaded feathers to the morrow chill,
 I tried in fear the pinions of my will.
 'Twas freedom ! and at once I visited
 The ceaseless wonders of this ocean-bed.
 No need to tell thee of them, for I see
 That thou hast been a witness—it must be
 For these I know thou canst not feel a drouth,
 By the melancholy corners of that mouth.
 So I will in my story straightway pass
 To more immediate matter. Woe, alas !
 That love should be my bane ! Ah, Scylla fair !
 Why did poor Glaucus ever—ever dare
 To sue thee to his heart ? Kind stranger-youth !
 I loved her to the very white of truth,
 And she would not conceive it. Timid thing !
 She fled me swift as sea-bird on the wing,
 Round every isle, and point, and promontory,
 From where large Hercules wound up his story
 Far as Egyptian Nile. My passion grew
 The more, the more I saw her dainty hue
 Glean delicately through the azure clear :
 Until 'twas too fierce agony to bear ;
 And in that agony, across my grief
 It flashed, that Circe might find some relief—
 Cruel enchantress ! So above the water
 I reared my head, and looked for Phœbus' daughter.
 Ææa's isle was wondering at the moon :—
 It seemed to whirl around me, and a swoon
 Left me dead-drifting to that fatal power.

“When I awoke, 'twas in a twilight bower ;
 Just when the light of morn, with hum of bees,
 Stole through its verdurous matting of fresh trees.

How sweet, and sweeter! for I heard a lyre,
 And over it a sighing voice expire.
 It ceased—I caught light footsteps; and anon
 The fairest face that morn e'er looked upon
 Pushed through a screen of roses. Starry Jove!
 With tears, and smiles, and honey-words she wove
 A net whose thralldom was more bliss than all
 The range of flowered Elysium. Thus did fall
 The dew of her rich speech: 'Ah! art awake?
 Oh let me hear thee speak, for Cupid's sake!
 I am so oppressed with joy! Why, I have shed
 An urn of tears, as though thou wert cold dead;
 And now I find thee living, I will pour
 From these devoted eyes their silver store,
 Until exhausted of the latest drop,
 So it will pleasure thee, and force thee stop
 Here, that I too may live: but if beyond
 Such cool and sorrowful offerings, thou art fond
 Of soothing warmth, of dalliance supreme;
 If thou art ripe to taste a long love-dream;
 If smiles, if dimples, tongues for ardor mute,
 Hang in thy vision like a tempting fruit,
 O let me pluck it for thee!' Thus she linked
 Her charming syllables, till indistinct
 Their music came to my o'er-sweetened soul;
 And then she hovered over me, and stole
 So near, that if no nearer it had been
 This furrowed visage thou hadst never seen.

"Young man of Latmos! thus particular
 Am I, that thou mayest plainly see how far
 This fierce temptation went: and thou may'st not
 Exclaim, How, then, was Scylla quite forgot?

“ Who could resist ? Who in this universe ?
 She did so breathe ambrosia ; so immerse
 My fine existence in a golden clime.
 She took me like a child of suckling time,
 And cradled me in roses. Thus condemned,
 The current of my former life was stemmed,
 And to this arbitrary queen of sense
 I bowed a tranced vassal : nor would thence
 Have moved, even though Amphion’s harp had wooed
 Me back to Scylla o’er the billows rude.
 For as Apollo each eve doth devise
 A new apparelling for western skies ;
 So every eve, nay, every spendthrift hour
 Shed balmy consciousness within that bower.
 And I was free of haunts umbrageous ;
 Could wander in the mazy forest-house
 Of squirrels, foxes shy, and antlered deer,
 And birds from coverts innermost and drear
 Warbling for very joy mellifluous sorrow—
 To me new-born delights !

“ Now let me borrow,
 For moments few, a temperament as stern
 As Pluto’s sceptre, that my words not burn
 These uttering lips, while I in calm speech tell
 How specious heaven was changed to real hell.

“ One morn she left me sleeping : half awake
 I sought for her smooth arms and lips, to slake
 My greedy thirst with nectarous camel-draughts ;
 But she was gone. Whereat the barbed shafts
 Of disappointment stuck in me so sore,
 That out I ran and searched the forest o’er.
 Wandering about in pine and cedar gloom
 Damp awe assailed me, for there ’gan to boom

A sound of moan, an agony of sound,
Sepulchral from the distance all around.
Then came a conquering earth-thunder, and rumbled
That fierce complain to silence : while I stumbled
Down a precipitous path, as if impelled.
I came to a dark valley.—Groanings swelled
Poisonous about my ears, and louder grew,
The nearer I approached a flame's gaunt blue,
That glared before me through a thorny brake.
This fire, like the eye of gordian snake,
Bewitched me towards ; and I soon was near
A sight too fearful for the feel of fear :
In thicket hid I cursed the haggard scene—
The banquet of my arms, my arbor queen,
Seated upon an uptorn forest root ;
And all around her shapes, wizard and brute,
Laughing, and wailing, grovelling, serpentine,
Showing tooth, tusk, and venom-bag, and sting.
O such deformities ! old Charon's self,
Should he give up awhile his penny pelf,
And take a dream 'mong rushes Stygian,
It could not be so fantasied. Fierce, wan,
And tyrannizing was the lady's look,
As over them a gnarled staff she shook.
Of-times upon the sudden she laughed out,
And from a basket emptied to the rout
Clusters of grapes, the which they ravened quick
And roared for more ; with many a hungry lick
About their shaggy jaws. Avenging, slow,
Anon she took a branch of mistletoe,
And emptied on't a black dull-gurgling phial :
Groaned one and all, as if some piercing trial
Was sharpening for their pitiable bones.
She lifted up the charm : appealing groans

From their poor breasts went suing to her ear
In vain ; remorseless as an infant's bier
She whisked against their eyes the sooty oil.
Whereat was heard a noise of painful toil,
Increasing gradual to a tempest rage,
Shrieks, yells, and groans of torture-pilgrimage ;
Until their grieved bodies 'gan to bloat
And puff from the tail's end to stifled throat :
Then was appalling silence : then a sight
More wildering than all that hoarse affright ;
For the whole herd, as by a whirlwind writhen,
Went through the dismal air like one huge Python
Antagonizing Boreas,—and so vanished,
Yet there was not a breath of wind : she banished
These phantoms with a nod. Lo ! from the dark
Came waggish fauns, and nymphs, and satyrs stark,
With dancing and loud revelry,—and went
Swifter than centaurs after rapine bent.—
Sighing an elephant appeared and bowed
Before the fierce witch, speaking thus aloud
In human accent : ' Potent goddess ! chief
Of pains resistless ! make my being brief,
Or let me from this heavy prison fly :
Or give me to the air, or let me die !
I sue not for my happy crown again ;
I sue not for my phalanx on the plain ;
I sue not for my lone, my widowed wife :
I sue not for my ruddy drops of life,
My children fair, my lovely girls and boys !
I will forget them ; I will pass these joys ;
Ask nought so heavenward, so too—too high :
Only I pray, as fairest boon, to die,
Or be delivered from this cumbrous flesh,
From this gross, detestable, filthy mesh,

And merely given to the cold bleak air.
Have mercy, Goddess ! Circe, feel my prayer !'

“ That curst magician’s name fell icy numb
Upon my wild conjecturing : truth had come
Naked and sabre-like against my heart.
I saw a fury whetting a death-dart ;
And my slain spirit, overwrought with fright,
Fainted away in that dark lair of night.
Think, my deliverer, how desolate
My waking must have been ! disgust and hate,
And terrors manifold divided me
A spoil amongst them. I prepared to flee
Into the dungeon core of that wild wood :
I fled three days—when lo ! before me stood
Glaring the angry witch. O Dis, even now,
A clammy dew is beading on my brow,
At mere remembering her pale laugh, and curse.
‘ Ha ! ha ! Sir Dainty ! there must be a nurse
Made of rose-leaves and thistle-down, express,
To cradle thee, my sweet, and lull thee : yes,
I am too flinty-hard for thy nice touch :
My tenderest squeeze is but a giant’s clutch.
So, fairy-thing, it shall have lullabies
Unheard of yet ; and it shall still its cries
Upon some breast more lily-feminine.
Oh, no—it shall not pine, and pine, and pine,
More than one pretty, trifling thousand years ;
And then ’twere pity, but fate’s gentle shears
Cut short its immortality. Sea-flirt !
Young dove of the waters ! truly I’ll not hurt
One hair of thine : see how I weep and sigh,
That our heart-broken parting is so nigh.
And must we part ? Ah, yes, it must be so.
Yet ere thou leavest me in utter woe,

Let me sob over thee my last adieus,
 And speak a blessing : Mark me ! thou hast thews
 Immortal, for thou art of heavenly race :
 But such a love is mine, that here I chase
 Eternally away from thee all bloom
 Of youth, and destine thee towards a tomb.
 Hence shalt thou quickly to the watery vast ;
 And there, ere many days be overpast,
 Disabled age shall seize thee ; and even then
 Thou shalt not go the way of aged men ;
 But live and wither, cripple and still breathe
 Ten hundred years : which gone, I then bequeath
 Thy fragile bones to unknown burial.
 Adieu, sweet love, adieu !—As shot stars fall,
 She fled ere I could groan for mercy. Stung
 And poisoned was my spirit : despair sung
 A war-song of defiance 'gainst all hell.
 A hand was at my shoulder to compel
 My sullen steps ; another 'fore my eyes
 Moved on with pointed finger. In this guise
 Enforced, at the last by ocean's foam
 I found me ; by my fresh, my native home,
 Its tempering coolness, to my life akin,
 Came salutary as I waded in ;
 And, with a blind voluptuous rage, I gave
 Battle to the swollen billow-ridge, and drave
 Large froth before me, while there yet remained
 Hale strength, nor from my bones all marrow drained.

“ Young lover, I must weep—such hellish spite
 With dry cheek who can tell ? While thus my might
 Proving upon this element ; dismayed,
 Upon a dead thing's face my hand I laid ;
 I looked—'twas Scylla ! Cursed, cursed Circe !
 O vulture-witch, hast never heard of mercy !

Could not thy harshest vengeance be content,
 But thou must nip this tender innocent
 Because I loved her?—Cold, O cold indeed
 Were her fair limbs, and like a common weed
 The sea-swell took her hair. Dead as she was
 I clung about her waist, nor ceased to pass
 Fleet as an arrow through unfathomed brine,
 Until there shone a fabric crystalline,
 Ribbed and inlaid with coral, pebble, and pearl.
 Headlong I darted : at one eager swirl
 Gained its bright portal, entered, and behold !
 'Twas vast, and desolate, and icy-cold ;
 And all around—But wherefore this to thee
 Who in few minutes more thyself shalt see ?—
 I left poor Scylla in a niche and fled.
 My fevered parchings up, my scathing dread
 Met palsy half way : soon these limbs became
 Gaunt, withered, sapless, feeble, cramped, and lame.

“ Now let me pass a cruel, cruel space,
 Without one hope, without one faintest trace
 Of mitigation, or redeeming bubble
 Of colored phantasy ; for I fear 'twould trouble
 Thy brain to loss of reason : and next tell
 How a restoring chance came down to quell
 One half of the witch in me.

“ On a day,
 Sitting upon a rock above the spray,
 I saw grow up from the horizon's brink
 A gallant vessel : soon she seemed to sink
 Away from me again, as though her course
 Had been resumed in spite of hindering force—
 So vanished : and not long, before arose
 Dark clouds, and muttering of winds morose.

Old Æolus would stife his mad spleen,
 But could not, therefore, all the billows green
 Tossed up the silver spume against the clouds.
 The tempest came : I saw that vessel's shrouds
 In perilous bustle ; while upon the deck
 Stood trembling creatures— I beheld the wreck ;
 The final gulping ; the poor struggling souls ;
 I heard their cries amid loud thunder-rolls.
 O they had all been saved but crazed eld
 Annulled my vigorous cravings : and thus quelled
 And curbed, think on't, O Latmian ! did I sit
 Writhing with pity, and a cursing fit
 Against that hell-born Circe. The crew had gone,
 By one and one, to pale oblivion ;
 And I was gazing on the surges prone,
 With many a scalding tear, and many a groan,
 When at my feet emerged an old man's hand,
 Grasping this scroll, and this same slender wand.
 I knelt with pain—reached out my hand—had grasped
 These treasures—touched the knuckles—they un-
 clasped—

I caught a finger : but the downward weight
 O'erpowered me—it sank. Then 'gan abate
 The storm, and through chill aguish gloom outburst
 The comfortable sun. I was athirst
 To search the book, and in the warming air
 Parted its dripping leaves with eager care.
 Strange matters did it treat of, and drew on
 My soul page after page till well-nigh won
 Into forgetfulness ; when, stupified,
 I read these words, and read again, and tried
 My eyes against the heavens, and read again.
 O what a load of misery and pain
 Each Atlas-line bore off!—a shine of hope
 Came gold around me, cheering me to cope

Strenuous with hellish tyranny. Attend!
For thou hast brought their promise to an end.

“In the wide sea there lives a forlorn wretch,
Doomed with enfeebled carcass to outstretch
His loathed existence through ten centuries,
And then to die alone. Who can devise
A total opposition. No one. So
One million times ocean must ebb and flow,
And he oppressed. Yet he shall not die,
These things accomplished:—If he utterly
Scans all the depths of magic, and expounds
The meanings of all motions, shapes, and sounds;
If he explores all forms and substances
Straight homeward to their symbol-essences;
He shall not die. Moreover, and in chief,
He must pursue this task of joy and grief
Most piously;—all lovers tempest-tost,
And in the savage overwhelming lost,
He shall deposit side by side, until
Time’s creeping shall the dreary space fulfil:
Which done, and all these labors ripened,
A youth, by heavenly power loved and led,
Shall stand before him; whom he shall direct
How to consummate all. The youth elect
Must do the thing, or both will be destroyed.”

“Then,” cried the young Endymion, overjoyed,
“We are twin brothers in this destiny!
Say, I entreat thee, what achievement high
Is, in this restless world, for me reserved.
What! if from thee my wandering feet had swerved,
Had we both perished?”—“Look!” the sage replied,
“Dost thou not mark a gleaming through the tide,

Of divers brilliances ? 'tis the edifice
 I told thee of, where lovely Scylla lies ;
 And where I have enshrined piously
 All lovers, whom fell storms have doomed to die
 Throughout my bondage." Thus discoursing, on
 They went till unobscured the porches shone ;
 Which hurryingly they gained, and entered straight.
 Sure never since King Neptune held his state
 Was seen such wonder underneath the stars.
 Turn to some level plain where haughty Mars
 Has legioned all his battle ; and behold
 How every soldier, with firm foot, doth hold
 His even breast : see, many steeled squares,
 And rigid ranks of iron—whence who dares
 One step ? Imagine further, line by line,
 These warrior thousands on the field supine :—
 So in that crystal place, in silent rows,
 Poor lovers lay at rest from joys and woes.
 The stranger from the mountains, breathless, traced
 Such thousands of shut eyes in order placed ;
 Such ranges of white feet, and patient lips
 All ruddy,—for here death no blossom nips.
 He marked their brows and foreheads ; saw their hair
 Put sleekly on one side with nicest care ;
 And each one's gentle wrists, with reverence,
 Put cross-wise to its heart.

“Let us commence

(Whispered the guide, stuttering with joy) even now.”
 He spake, and, trembling like an aspen-bough,
 Began to tear his scroll in pieces small,
 Uttering the while some mumblings funeral.
 He tore it into pieces small as snow
 That drifts unfeathered when bleak northerns blow ;

And having done it, took his dark blue cloak
 And bound it round Endymion : then struck
 His wand against the empty air, times nine.
 "What more there is to do, young man, is thine :
 But first a little patience ; first undo
 This tangled thread, and wind it to a clue.
 Ah, gentle ! 'tis as weak as spider's skein ;
 And shouldst thou break it—What, is it done so clean ?
 A power o'ershadows thee ! Oh, brave !
 The spite of hell is tumbling to its grave.
 Here is a shell ; 'tis pearly blank to me,
 Nor marked with any sign or charactery—
 Canst thou read aught ? O read for pity's sake !
 Olympus ! we are safe ! Now, Carian, break
 This wand against yon lyre on the pedestal."

'Twas done : and straight with sudden swell and fall
 Sweet music breathed her soul away, and sighed
 A lullaby to silence.—"Youth ! now strew
 These minced leaves on me, and passing through
 Those files of dead, scatter the same around,
 And thou wilt see the issue."—'Mid the sound
 Of flutes and viols, ravishing his heart,
 Endymion from Glaucus stood apart,
 And scattered in his face some fragments light.
 How lightning-swift the change ! a youthful wight
 Smiling beneath a coral diadem,
 Out-sparkling sudden like an upturned gem,
 Appeared, and, stepping to a beauteous corse,
 Kneeled down beside it, and with tenderest force
 Pressed its cold hand, and wept—and Scylla sighed !
 Endymion, with quick hand, the charm applied—
 The nymph arose : he left them to their joy,
 And onward went upon his high employ,

Showering those powerful fragments on the dead,
 And, as he passed, each lifted up his head,
 As doth a flower at Apollo's touch.
 Death felt it to his inwards; 'twas too much :
 Death fell a-weeping in his charnel-house.
 The Latmian persevered along, and thus
 All were reanimated. There arose
 A noise of harmony, pulses and throes
 Of gladness in the air—while many, who
 Had died in mutual arms devout and true,
 Sprang to each other madly ; and the rest
 Felt a high certainty of being blest.
 They gazed upon Endymion. Enchantment
 Grew drunken, and would have its head and bent.
 Delicious symphonies, like airy flowers,
 Budded, and swelled, and, full-blown, shed full showers
 Of light, soft, unseen leaves of sounds divine.
 The two deliverers tasted a pure wine
 Of happiness, from fairy press oozed out.
 Speechless they eyed each other, and about
 The fair assembly wandered to and fro,
 Distracted with the richest overflow
 Of joy that ever poured from heaven.

——“ Away !”

Shouted the new-born god ; “ Follow, and pay
 Our piety to Neptunus supreme !” —
 Then Scylla, blushing sweetly from her dream,
 They led on first, bent to her meek surprise,
 Through portal columns of a giant size
 Into the vaulted, boundless emerald.
 Joyous all followed, as the leader called,
 Down marble steps ; pouring as easily
 As hour-glass sand—and fast, as you might see

Swallows obeying the south summer's call,
Or swans upon a gentle waterfall.

Thus went that beautiful multitude, nor far,
Ere from among some rocks of glittering spar,
Just within ken, they saw descending thick
Another multitude. Whereat more quick
Moved either host. On a wide sand they met,
And of those numbers every eye was wet ;
For each their old love found. A murmuring rose
Like what was never heard in all the throes
Of wind and waters : 'tis past human wit
To tell ; 'tis dizziness to think of it.

This mighty consummation made, the host
Moved on for many a league ; and gained and lost
Huge sea-marks ; vanward swelling in array,
And from the rear diminishing away,
Till a faint dawn surprised them. Glaucus cried,
"Behold ! behold, the palace of his bride !
God Neptune's palaces." With noise increased,
They shouldered on towards that brightening east.
At every onward step proud domes arose
In prospect, diamond gleams and golden glows
Of amber 'gainst their faces levelling,
Joyous, and many as the leaves in spring,
Still onward ; still the splendor gradual swelled.
Rich opal domes were seen, on high upheld
By jasper pillars, letting through their shafts
A blush of coral. Copious wonder-draughts
Each gazer drank ; and deeper drank more near :
For what poor mortals fragment up, as mere
As marble was there lavish, to the vast
Of one fair palace, that far, far surpassed,

Even for common bulk, those olden three,
 Memphis, and Babylon, and Nineveh.

As large, as bright, as colored as the bow
 Of Iris, when unfading it doth show
 Beyond a silvery shower, was the arch
 Through which this Paphian army took its march,
 Into the outer courts of Neptune's state:
 Whence could be seen, direct, a golden gate,
 To which the leaders sped; but not half raught
 Ere it burst open swift as fairy thought,
 And made those dazzled thousands veil their eyes
 Like callow eagles at the first sunrise.
 Soon with an eagle nativeness their gaze
 Ripe from hue-golden swoons took all the blaze,
 And then, behold! large Neptune on his throne
 Of emerald deep: yet not exalt alone:
 At his right hand stood winged Love, and on
 His left sat smiling Beauty's paragon.

Far as the mariner on highest mast
 Can see all round upon the calmed vast,
 So wide was Neptune's hall: and as the blue
 Doth vault the waters, so the waters drew
 Their doming curtains, high, magnificent,
 Awed from the throne aloof;—and when storm-rent
 Disclosed the thunder-gloomings in Jove's air;
 But soothed as now, flashed sudden everywhere,
 Noiseless, submarine cloudlets, glittering
 Death to a human eye: for there did spring
 From natural west, and east, and south, and north,
 A light as of four sunsets, blazing forth
 A golden-green zenith 'bove the Sea-God's head.
 Of lucid depth the floor, and far outspread

As breezeless lake, on which the slim canoe
Of feathered Indian darts about, as through
The delicatest air: air verily,
But for the portraiture of clouds and sky:
This palace floor breath-air,—but for the amaze
Of deep-seen wonders motionless,—and blaze
Of the dome pomp, reflected in extremes,
Globing a golden sphere.

They stood in dreams

Till Triton blew his horn. The palace rang;
The Nereids danced; the Sirens faintly sang;
And the great Sea-King bowed his dripping head.
Then Love took wing, and from his pinions shed
On all the multitude a nectarous dew.
The ooze-born Goddess beckoned and drew
Fair Scylla and her guides to conference;
And when they reached the throned eminence
She kissed the sea-nymph's cheek, who sat her down
A toying with the doves. Then, "Mighty crown
And sceptre of this kingdom!" Venus said,
"The vows were on a time to Nais paid:
Behold!"—Two copious tear-drops instant fell
From the God's large eyes; he smiled delectable,
And over Glaucus held his blessing hands.—
"Endymion! Ah! still wandering in the bands
Of love? Now this is cruel. Since the hour
I met thee in earth's bosom, all my power
Have I put forth to serve thee. What, not yet
Escaped from dull mortality's harsh net?
A little patience, youth! 'twill not be long,
Or I am skilless quite: an idle tongue,
A humid eye, and steps luxurious,
Where these are new and strange, are ominous.

Of dulcet instruments came charmingly ;
And then a hymn.

“ King of the stormy sea !
Brother of Jove, and co-inheritor
Of elements ! Eternally before
Thee the waves awful bow. Fast, stubborn rock,
At thy feared trident shrinking, doth unlock
Its deep foundations, hissing into foam.
All mountain-rivers lost, in the wide home
Of thy capacious bosom ever flow.
Thou frownest, and old Æolus thy foe
Skulks to his cavern, 'mid the gruff complaint
Of all his rebel tempests. Dark clouds faint
When, from thy diadem, a silver gleam
Slants over blue dominion. Thy bright team
Gulfs in the morning light, and scuds along
To bring thee nearer to that golden song
Apollo singeth, while his chariot
Waits at the doors of heaven. Thou art not
For scenes like this : an empire stern hast thou ;
And it hath furrowed that large front : yet now,
As newly come of heaven, dost thou sit
To blend and interknit
Subdued majesty with this glad time.
O shell-born King sublime !
We lay our hearts before thee evermore—
We sing, and we adore !

“ Breathe softly, flutes ;
Be tender of your strings, ye soothing lutes ;
Nor be the trumpet heard ! O vain, O vain !
Not flowers budding in an April rain,

Nor breath of sleeping dove, nor river's flow—
 No, nor the Æolian twang of Love's own bow,
 Can mingle music fit for the soft ear
 Of goddess Cytherea!
 Yet deign, white Queen of Beauty, thy fair eyes
 On our soul's sacrifice.

“Bright-winged child!

Who has another care when thou hast smiled?
 Unfortunates on earth, we see at last
 All death-shadows, and glooms that overcast
 Our spirits, fanned away by thy light pinions.
 O sweetest essence! sweetest of all minions!
 God of warm pulses, and dishevelled hair,
 And panting bosoms bare!
 Dear unseen light in darkness! eclipser
 Of light in light! delicious poisoner!
 Thy venomed goblet will we quaff until
 We fill—we fill!
 And by thy Mother's lips——”

Was heard no more

For clamor, when the golden palace-door
 Opened again, and from without, in shone
 A new magnificence. On oozy throne
 Smooth-moving came Oceanus the old,
 To take a latest glimpse at his sheep-fold,
 Before he went into his quiet cave
 To muse for ever—Then, a lucid wave,
 Scooped from its trembling sisters of mid-sea,
 Afloat, and pillowing up the majesty
 Of Doris, and the Ægean seer, her spouse—
 Next, on a dolphin, clad in laurel boughs,

Theban Amphion leaning on his lute :
 His fingers went across it—All were mute
 To gaze on Amphitrite, queen of pearls,
 And Thetis pearly too.—

The palace whirls
 Around giddy Endymion ; seeing he
 Was there far strayed from mortality.
 He could not bear it—shut his eyes in vain ;
 Imagination gave a dizzier pain.
 “ O I shall die ! sweet Venus, be my stay !
 Where is my lovely mistress ? Well-away !
 I die—I hear her voice—I feel my wing—”
 At Neptune’s feet he sank. A sudden ring
 Of Nereids were about him, in kind strife
 To usher back his spirit into life :
 But still he slept. At last they interwove
 Their cradling arms, and purposed to convey
 Towards a crystal bower far away.

Lo ! while slow carried through the pitying crowd,
 To his inward senses these words spake aloud ;
 Written in starlight on the dark above :
 “ Dearest Endymion ! my entire love !
 How have I dwelt in fear of fate ; ’tis done—
 Immortal bliss for me too hast thou won. .
 Arise then ! for the hen-dove shall not hatch
 Her ready eggs, before I’ll kissing snatch
 Thee into endless heaven. Awake ! awake !”

The youth at once arose : a placid lake
 Came quiet to his eyes ; and forest green,
 Cooler than all the wonder he had seen,
 Lulled with its simple song his fluttering breast.
 How happy once again in grassy nest !

BOOK IV.

MUSE of my native land ! loftiest Muse !
 O first-born on the mountains ! By the hues
 Of heaven on the spiritual air begot :
 Long didst thou sit alone in northern grot,
 While yet our England was a wolfish den ;
 Before our forests heard the talk of men ;
 Before the first of Druids was a child ;—
 Long didst thou sit amid our regions wild,
 Rapt in a deep prophetic solitude.
 There came an eastern voice of solemn mood :—
 Yet wast thou patient. Then sang forth the Nine,
 Apollo's garland :—yet didst thou divine
 Such home-bred glory, that they cried in vain,
 " Come hitler, Sister of the Island ! " Plain
 Spake fair Ausonia ; and once more she spake
 A higher summons :—still didst thou betake
 Thee to thy native hopes. O thou hast won
 A full accomplishment ! The thing is done,
 Which undone, these our latter days had risen
 On barren souls. Great Muse, thou knowest what prison
 Of flesh and bone, curbs, and confines, and frets
 Our spirits' wings : despondency besets
 Our pillows ; and the fresh to-morrow morn
 Seems to give forth its light in very scorn
 Of our dull, uninspired, snail-paced lives.
 Long have I said, how happy he who shrives

To thee! But then I thought on poets gone,
 And could not pray:—nor can I now—so on
 I moved to the end in lowliness of heart.—

“Ah, woe is me! that I should fondly part
 From my dear native land! Ah, foolish maid!
 Glad was the hour, when, with thee, myriads bade
 Adieu to Ganges and their pleasant fields!
 To one so friendless the clear freshet yields
 A bitter coolness; the ripe grape is sour:
 Yet I would have, great gods! but one short hour
 Of native air—let me but die at home.”

Endymion to heaven's airy dome
 Was offering up a hecatomb of vows,
 When these words reached him. Whereupon he bows
 His head through thorny-green entanglement
 Of underwood, and to the sound is bent,
 Anxious as hind towards her hidden fawn.

“Is no one near to help me? No fair dawn
 Of life from charitable voice? No sweet saying
 To set my dull and saddened spirit playing!
 No hand to toy with mine? No lips so sweet
 That I may worship them? No eyelids meet
 To twinkle on my bosom? No one dies
 Before me, till from these enslaving eyes
 Redemption sparkles!—I am sad and lost.”

Thou, Carian lord, hadst better have been tost
 Into a whirlpool. Vanish into air,
 Warm mountaineer! for canst thou only bear
 A woman's sigh alone and in distress?
 See not her charms! Is Phœbe passionless?

Phœbe is fairer far—O gaze no more :—
 Yet if thou wilt behold all beauty's store,
 Behold her panting in the forest grass !
 Do not those curls of glossy jet surpass
 For tenderness the arms so idly lain
 Amongst them ? Feelest not a kindred pain,
 To see such lovely eyes in swimming search
 After some warm delight, that seems to perch
 Dovelike in the dim cell lying beyond
 Their upper lids ?—Hist !

“ O for Hermes' wand,
 To touch this flower into human shape !
 That woodland Hyacinthus could escape
 From his green prison, and here kneeling down
 Call me his queen, his second life's fair crown !
 Ah me, how I could love !—My soul doth melt
 For the unhappy youth—Love ! I have felt
 So faint a kindness, such a meek surrender
 To what my own full thoughts had made too tender,
 That but for tears my life had fled away !
 Ye deaf and senseless minutes of the day,
 And thou, old forest, hold ye this for true,
 There is no lightning, no authentic dew
 But in the eye of love : there's not a sound,
 Melodious howsoever, can confound
 The heavens and earth in one to such a death
 As doth the voice of love : there's not a breath
 Will mingle kindly with the meadow air,
 Till it has panted round, and stolen a share
 Of passion from the heart.”—

Upon a bough
 He leant, wretched. He surely cannot now

Thirst for another love: O impious,
 That he can even dream upon it thus!
 Thought he, "Why am I not as are the dead,
 Since to a woe like this I have been led
 Through the dark earth, and through the wondrous sea?
 Goddess! I love thee not the less: from thee
 By Juno's smile I turn not—no, no, no—
 While the great waters are at ebb, and flow,—
 I have a triple soul! O fond pretence—
 For both, for both my love is so immense,
 I feel my heart is cut in twain for them."

And so he groaned, as one by beauty slain.
 The lady's heart beat quick, and he could see
 Her gentle bosom heave tumultuously.
 He sprang from his green covert: there she lay,
 Sweet as a musk-rose upon new-made hay;
 With all her limbs on tremble, and her eyes
 Shut softly up alive. To speak he tries:
 "Fair damsel, pity me! forgive that I
 Thus violate thy bower's sanctity!
 O pardon me, for I am full of grief—
 Grief born of thee, young angel! fairest thief!
 Who stolen hast away the wings wherewith
 I was to top the heavens. Dear maid, sith
 Thou art my executioner, and I feel
 Loving and hatred, misery and weal,
 Will in a few short hours be nothing to me,
 And all my story that much passion slew me;
 Do smile upon the evening of my days;
 And, for my tortured brain begins to craze,
 Be thou my nurse; and let me understand
 How dying I shall kiss that lily hand.—
 Dost weep for me! Then should I be content.
 Scowl on, ye fates! until the firmament

Outblackens Erebus, and the full-caverned earth
 Crumbles into itself. By the cloud-girth
 Of Jove, those tears have given me a thirst
 To meet oblivion."—As her heart would burst
 The maiden sobbed awhile, and then replied :
 " Why must such desolation betide
 As that thou speakest of? Are not these green nooks
 Empty of all misfortune? Do the brooks
 Utter a gorgon voice? Does yonder thrush,
 Schooling its half-fledged little ones to brush
 About the dewy forest, whisper tales?—
 Speak not of grief, young stranger, or cold snails
 Will slime the rose to-night. Though if thou wilt,
 Methinks 'twould be a guilt—a very guilt—
 Not to companion thee, and sigh away
 The light—the dusk—the dark—till break of day!"
 " Dear lady," said Endymion, "'tis past :
 I love thee! and my days can never last.
 That I may pass in patience still speak :
 Let me have music dying, and I seek
 No more delight—I bid adieu to all.
 Didst thou not after other climates call,
 And murmur about Indian streams?"—Then she,
 Sitting beneath the midmost forest tree,
 For pity sang this roundelay—

" O Sorrow !

Why dost borrow

The natural hue of health, from vermeil lips?—

To give maiden blushes

To the white rose bushes?

Or is it thy dewy hand the daisy tips?

" O Sorrow !

Why dost borrow

The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye?—

To give the glow-worm light?
 Or, on a moonless night,
 To tinge, on siren shores, the salt sea-spry?

“O Sorrow!
 Why dost borrow
 The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue?—
 To give at evening pale
 Unto the nightingale,
 That thou mayst listen the cold dews among?

“O Sorrow!
 Why dost borrow
 Heart's lightness from the merriment of May?
 A lover would not tread
 A cowslip on the head,
 Though he should dance from eve till peep of day—
 Nor any drooping flower
 Held sacred for thy bower,
 Wherever he may sport himself and play.

“To Sorrow,
 I bade good-morrow,
 And thought to leave her far away behind;
 But cheerly, cheerly,
 She loves me dearly;
 She is so constant to me, and so kind:
 I would deceive her,
 And so leave her,
 But ah! she is so constant and so kind.

“Beneath my palm-trees, by the river side,
 I sat a weeping: in the whole world wide
 There was no one to ask me why I wept—
 And so I kept
 Brimming the water-lily cups with tears
 Cold as my fears.

“Beneath my palm-trees, by the river side,
 I sat a weeping: what enamored bride,
 Cheated by shadowy wooer from the clouds,
 But hides and shrouds
 Beneath dark palm-trees by a river side?

“And as I sat, over the light blue hills
 There came a noise of revellers: the rills
 Into the wide stream came of purple hue—
 ’Twas Bacchus and his crew!
 The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
 From kissing cymbals made a merry din—
 ’Twas Bacchus and his kin!
 Like to a moving vintage down they came,
 Crowned with green leaves, and faces all on flame;
 All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,
 To scare thee, Melancholy!
 O then, O then, thou wast a simple name!
 And I forgot thee, as the berried holly
 By shepherds is forgotten, when in June,
 Tall chestnuts keep away the sun and moon:—
 I rushed into the folly!

“Within his car, aloft, young Bacchus stood,
 Trifling his ivy-dart, in dancing mood,
 With sidelong laughing;
 And little rills of crimson wine imbrued
 His plump white arms, and shoulders, enough white
 For Venus’ pearly bite;
 And near him rode Silenus on his ass,
 Pelted with flowers as he on did pass
 Tipsily quaffing.

“Whence came ye, merry Damsels! whence came ye,
 So many, and so many, and such glee?

Why have ye left your bowers desolate,
 Your lutes, and gentler fate?
 'We follow Bacchus! Bacchus on the wing,
 A conquering!
 Bacchus, young Bacchus! good or ill betide,
 We dance before him thorough kingdoms wide:—
 Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
 To our wild minstrelsy!'

'Whence came ye, jolly Satyrs! whence came ye,
 So many, and so many, and such glee?
 Why have ye left your forest haunts, why left
 Your nuts in oak-tree cleft?—
 'For wine, for wine we left our kernel tree;
 For wine we left our heath, and yellow brooms,
 And cold mushrooms;
 For wine we follow Bacchus through the earth;
 Great god of breathless cups and chirping mirth!
 Come hither, lady fair, and joined be
 To our mad minstrelsy!'

'Over wide streams and mountains great we went,
 And, save when Bacchus kept his ivy tent,
 Onward the tiger and the leopard pants,
 With Asian elephants:
 Onward these myriads—with song and dance,
 With zebras striped, and sleek Arabians' prance
 Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,
 Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,
 Plump infant laughers mimicking the coil
 Of seamen, and stout galley-rowers' toil:
 With toying oars and silken sails they glide,
 Nor care for wind and tide.

“ Mounted on panthers’ furs and lions’ manes,
 From rear to van they scour about the plains ;
 A three days’ journey in a moment done ;
 And always, at the rising of the sun,
 About the wilds they hunt with spear and horn,
 On spleenful unicorn.

“ I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown
 Before the vine-wreath crown !
 I saw parched Abyssinia rouse and sing
 To the silver cymbals’ ring !
 I saw the whelming vintage hotly pierce
 Old Tartary the fierce !
 The kings of Ind their jewel-sceptres vail,
 And from their treasures scatter pearly hail ;
 Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,
 And all his priesthood moans,
 Before young Bacchus’ eye-wink turning pale.
 Into these regions came I, following him,
 Sick-hearted, weary—so I took a whim
 To stray away into these forests drear,
 Alone, without a peer :
 And I have told thee all thou mayest hear.

“ Young Stranger !
 I’ve been a ranger
 In search of pleasure throughout every clime ;
 Alas ! ’tis not for me :
 Bewitched I sure must be,
 To lose in grieving all my maiden prime.

“ Come then, Sorrow,
 Sweetest Sorrow !
 Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast :

I thought to leave thee,
And deceive thee,
But now of all the world I love thee best.

“ There is not one,
No, no, not one
But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid ;
Thou art her mother,
And her brother,
Her playmate, and her wooer in the shade.”

O what a sigh she gave in finishing,
And look, quite dead to every worldly thing !
Endymion could not speak, but gazed on her ;
And listened to the wind that now did stir
About the crisped oaks full drearily,
Yet with as sweet a softness as might be
Remembered from its velvet summer song.
At last he said : “ Poor lady ! how thus long
Have I been able to endure that voice ?
Fair Melody ! kind Siren ! I’ve no choice ;
I must be thy sad servant evermore :
I cannot choose but kneel here and adore.
Alas, I must not think—by Phœbe, no !
Let me not think, soft Angel ! shall it be so ?
Say, beautifullest, shall I never think ?
O thou couldst foster me beyond the brink
Of recollection ! make my watchful care
Close up its bloodshot eyes, nor see despair !
Do gently murder half my soul, and I
Shall feel the other half so utterly !—
I’m giddy at that cheek so fair and smooth :
O let it blush so ever : let it soothe

My madness ! let it mantle rosy-warm
With the tinge of love, panting in safe alarm.
This cannot be thy hand, and yet it is ;
And this is sure thine other softling—this
Thine own fair bosom, and I am so near !
Wilt fall asleep ? O let me sip that tear !
And whisper one sweet word that I may know
This is this world—sweet dewy blossom !”—**WOE !**
WOE ! WOE TO THAT ENDYMION ! WHERE IS HE ?—
Even these words went echoing dismally
Through the wide forest—a most fearful tone,
Like one repenting in his latest moan ;
And while it died away a shade passed by,
As of a thunder-cloud. When arrows fly
Through the thick branches, poor ring-doves sleek forth
Their timid necks and tremble ; so these both
Leant to each other trembling, and sat so
Waiting for some destruction—when lo !
Foot-feathered Mercury appeared sublime
Beyond the tall tree tops ; and in less time
Than shoots the slanted hail-storm, down he dropped
Towards the ground ; but rested not, nor stopped
One moment from his home : only the sward
He with his wand light touched, and heavenward
Swifter than sight was gone—even before
The teeming earth a sudden witness bore
Of his swift magic. Diving swans appear
Above the crystal circlings white and clear ;
And catch the cheated eye in wild surprise,
How they can dive in sight and unseen rise—
So from the turf outsprang two steeds jet-black,
Each with large dark blue wings upon his back.
The youth of Caria placed the lovely dame
On one, and felt himself in spleen to tame

The other's fierceness. Through the air they flew,
 High as the eagles. Like two drops of dew
 Exhaled to Phœbus' lips, away they are gone,
 Far from the earth away—unseen, alone,
 Among cool clouds and winds, but that the free
 The buoyant life of song can floating be
 Above their heads, and follow them untired.
 Muse of my native land! am I inspired?
 This is the giddy air, and I must spread
 Wide pinions to keep here; nor do I dread
 Or height, or depth, or width, or any chance
 Precipitous: I have beneath my glance
 Those towering horses and their mournful freight.
 Could I thus sail, and see, and thus await
 Fearless for power of thought, without thine aid?
 There is a sleepy dusk, an odorous shade
 From some approaching wonder, and behold
 Those winged steeds, with snorting nostrils bold
 Snuff at its faint extreme, and seem to tire,
 Dying to embers from their native fire!

There curled a purple mist around them; soon,
 It seemed as when around the pale new moon
 Sad Zephyr droops the clouds like weeping willow:
 'Twas Sleep slow journeying with head on pillow.
 For the first time, since he came nigh dead-born
 From the old womb of night, his cave forlorn
 Had he left more forlorn; for the first time,
 He felt aloof the day and morning's prime—
 Because into his depth Cimmerian
 There came a dream, showing how a young man,
 Ere a lean bat could plump its wintry skin,
 Would at high Jove's empyreal footstool win
 An immortality, and how espouse
 Jove's daughter, and be reckoned of his house.

Now was he slumbering towards heaven's gate,
 That he might at the threshold one hour wait
 To hear the marriage melodies, and then
 Sink downward to his dusky cave again :
 His litter of smooth semiluculent mist,
 Diversely tinged with rose and amethyst,
 Puzzled those eyes that for the centre sought ;
 And scarcely for one moment could be caught
 His sluggish form reposing motionless.
 Those two on winged steeds, with all the stress
 Of vision searched for him, as one would look
 Athwart the shallows of a river nook
 To catch a glance at silver-throated eels,—
 Or from old Skiddaw's top, when fog conceals
 His rugged forehead in a mantle pale,
 With an eye-guess towards some pleasant vale,
 Descry a favorite hamlet faint and far.

These raven horses, though they fostered are
 Of earth's splenetic fire, dully drop
 Their full-veined ears, nostrils blood wide, and stop ;
 Upon the spiritless mist have they outspread
 Their ample feathers, are in slumber dead,—
 And on those pinions, level in mid-air,
 Endymion sleepeth and the lady fair.
 Slowly they sail, slowly as icy isle
 Upon a calm sea drifting : and meanwhile
 The mournful wanderer dreams. Behold ! he walks
 On heaven's pavement, brotherly he talks
 To divine powers : from his hand full fain
 Juno's proud birds are pecking pearly grain :
 He tries the nerve of Phœbus' golden bow,
 And asketh where the golden apples grow :
 Upon his arm he braces Pallas' shield,
 And strives in vain to unsettle and wield

A Jovian thunderbolt: arch Hebe brings
A full-brimmed goblet, dances lightly, sings
And tantalizes long; at last he drinks,
And lost in pleasure, at her feet he sinks,
Touching with dazzled lips her starlight hand,
He blows a bugle,—an ethereal band
Are visible above: the Seasons four,—
Green-kirtled Spring, flush Summer, golden store
In Autumn's sickle, Winter frosty hoar,
Join dance with shadowy Hours; while still the blast,
In swells unmitigated, still doth last
To sway their floating morris. "Whose is this?
Whose bugle?" he inquires: they smile—"O Dis!
Why is this mortal here? Dost thou not know
Its mistress' lips? Not thou?—'Tis Dian's: lo!
She rises crescented!" He looks, 'tis she,
His very goddess: good-bye earth, and sea,
And air, and pains, and care, and suffering;
Good-bye to all but love! Then doth he spring
Towards her, and awakes—and, strange, o'erhead,
Of those same fragrant exhalations bred,
Beheld awake his very dream: the gods
Stood smiling; merry Hebe laughs and nods;
And Phœbe bends towards him crescented.
O state perplexing! On the pinion bed,
Too well awake, he feels the panting side
Of his delicious lady. He who died
For soaring too audacious in the sun,
Where that same treacherous wax began to run,
Felt not more tongue-tied than Endymion.
His heart leapt up as to its rightful throne,
To that fair-shadowed passion pulsed its way—
Ah, what perplexity! Ah, well a-day!
So fond, so beauteous was his bed-fellow,
He could not help but kiss her: then he grew

Awhile forgetful of all beauty save
 Young Phœbe's, golden-haired; and so 'gan crave
 Forgiveness: yet he turned once more to look
 At the sweet sleeper,—all his soul was shook,—
 She pressed his hand in slumber; so once more
 He could not help but kiss her and adore.
 At this the shadow wept, melting away.
 The Latmian started up: "Bright goddess, stay!
 Search my most hidden breast! By truth's own tongue,
 I have no dædale heart; why is it wrung
 To desperation? Is there nought for me,
 Upon the bourne of bliss, but misery?"

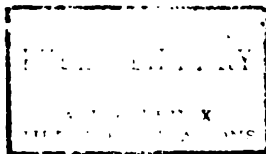
These words awoke the stranger of dark tresses:
 Her dawning love-look rapt Endymion blesses
 With 'havior soft. Sleep yawned from underneath.
 "Thou swan of Ganges, let us no more breathe
 This murky phantasm! thou contented seem'st
 Pillowed in lovely idleness, nor dream'st
 What horrors may discomfort thee and me.
 Ah, shouldst thou die from my heart-treachery!—
 Yet did she merely weep—her gentle soul
 Hath no revenge in it; as it is whole
 In tenderness, would I were whole in love!
 Can I prize thee, fair maid, all price above,
 Even when I feel as true as innocence!
 I do, I do.—What is this soul then? Whence
 Came it? It does not seem my own, and I
 Have no self-passion or identity.
 Some fearful end must be; where, where is it?
 By Nemesis! I see my spirit flit
 Alone about the dark—Forgive me, sweet!
 Shall we away?" He roused the steeds; they beat
 Their wings chivalrous into the clear air,
 Leaving old Sleep within his vapory lair.

The good-night blush of eve was waning slow,
And Vesper, risen star, began to throe
In the dusk heavens silvery, when they
Thus sprang direct towards the Galaxy.
Nor did speed hinder converse soft and strange—
Eternal oaths and vows they interchange,
In such wise, in such temper, so aloof
Up in the winds, beneath a starry roof,
So witless of their doom, that verily
'Tis well-nigh past man's search their hearts to see ;
Whether they wept, or laughed, or grieved, or toyed—
Most like with joy gone mad, with sorrow cloyed.

Full facing their swift flight, from ebon streak,
The moon put forth a little diamond peak,
No bigger than an unobserved star,
Or tiny point of fairy scimitar ;
Bright signal that she only stooped to tie
Her silver sandals, ere deliciously
She bowed into the heavens her timid head.
Slowly she rose, as though she would have fled,
While to his lady meek the Carian turned,
To mark if her dark eyes had yet discerned
This beauty in its birth—Despair ! despair !
He saw her body fading gaunt and spare
In the cold moonshine. Straight he seized her wrist ;
It melted from his grasp ; her hand he kissed,
And, horror ! kissed his own—he was alone,
Her steed a little higher soared, and then
Dropt hawk-wise to the earth.

There lies a den,
Beyond the seeming confines of the space
Made for the soul to wander in and trace

Its own existence, of remotest glooms.
Dark regions are around it, where the tombs
Of buried griefs the spirit sees, but scarce
One hour doth linger weeping, for the pierce
Of new-born woe it feels more inly smart:
And in these regions many a venom'd dart
At random flies; they are the proper home
Of every ill: the man is yet to come
Who hath not journeyed in this native hell.
But few have ever felt how calm and well
Sleep may be had in that deep den of all.
There anguish does not sting, nor pleasure pall;
Woe-hurricanes beat ever at the gate,
Yet all is still within and desolate.
Beset with painful gusts, within ye hear
No sound so loud as when on curtained bier
The death-watch tick is stifled. Enter none
Who strive therefor; on the sudden it is won
Just when the sufferer begins to burn,
Then it is free to him; and from an urn,
Still fed by melting ice, he takes a draught—
Young Semele such richness never quaffed
In her maternal longing. Happy gloom!
Dark Paradise! where pale becomes the bloom
Of health by due; where silence dreariest
Is most articulate; where hopes infest;
Where those eyes are the brightest far that keep
Their lids shut longest in a dreamless sleep.
O happy spirit-home! O wondrous soul!
“Pregnant with such a den to save the whole
In thine own depth. Hail, gentle Carian!
For, never since thy griefs and woes began,
Hast thou felt so content: a grievous feud
Hath led thee to this Cave of Quietude.





... ..





Ay, his lulled soul was there, although upborne
 With dangerous speed; and so he did not mourn
 Because he knew not whither he was going.
 So happy was he, not the aerial blowing
 Of trumpets at clear parley from the east
 Could rouse from that fine relish, that high feast.
 They stung the feathered horse; with fierce alarm
 He flapped towards the sound. Alas! no charm
 Could lift Endymion's head, or he had viewed
 A skye mask, a pinioned multitude,—
 And silvery was its passing: voices sweet
 Warbling the while as if to lull and greet
 The wanderer in his path. Thus warbled they,
 While past the vision went in bright array.

“Who, who from Dian's feast would be away?
 For all the golden bowers of the day
 Are empty left? Who, who away would be
 From Cynthia's wedding and festivity?
 Not Hesperus: lo! upon his silver wings
 He leans away for highest heaven and sings
 Snapping his lucid fingers merrily!—
 Ah, Zephyrus! art here, and Flora too?
 Ye tender bibbers of the rain and dew,
 Young playmates of the rose and daffodil,
 Be careful, ere ye enter in, to fill
 Your baskets high
 With fennel green, and balm, and golden pines,
 Savory, latter-mint, and columbines,
 Cool parsley, basil sweet, and sunny thyme;
 Yea, every flower and leaf of every clime,
 All gathered in the dewy morning: hie
 Away! fly, fly!—

Crystalline brother of the belt of heaven,
 Aquarius! to whom King Jove has given
 Two liquid pulse streams 'stead of feathered wings,
 Two fanlike fountains,—thine illuminings

For Dian play :

Dissolve the frozen purity of air ; •
 Let thy white shoulders silvery and bare
 Show cold through watery pinions ; make more bright
 The Star-Queen's crescent on her marriage night :

Haste, haste away !

Castor has tamed the planet Lion, see !

And of the Bear has Pollux mastery :

A third is in the race ! who is the third,
 Speeding away swift as the eagle bird ?

The ramping Centaur !

The Lion's mane's on end : the Bear how fierce !

The Centaur's arrow ready seems to pierce

Some enemy : far forth his bow is bent

Into the blue of heaven. He'll be shent,

Pale unrelentor,

When he shall hear the wedding lutes a playing.—

Andromeda ! sweet woman ! why delaying

So timidly among the stars : come hither !

Join this bright throng, and nimbly follow whither

They all are going.

Danae's Son, before Jove newly bowed,

Has wept for thee, calling to Jove aloud.

Thee, gentle lady, did he disenthral :

Ye shall for ever live and love, for all

Thy tears are flowing.—

By Daphne's fright, behold Apollo !"—

More

Endymion heard not : down his steed him bore,

Prone to the green head of a misty hill.

His first touch of the earth went nigh to kill.
"Alas!" said he, "were I but always borne
Through dangerous winds, had but my footsteps worn
A path in hell, forever would I bless
Horrors which nourish an uneasiness
For my own sullen conquering; to him
Who lives beyond earth's boundary, grief is dim,
Sorrow is but a shadow: now I see
The grass; I feel the solid ground—Ah, me!
It is thy voice—divinest! Where?—who? who
Left thee so quiet on this bed of dew?
Behold upon this happy earth we are:
Let us aye love each other; let us fare
On forest-fruits, and never, never go
Among the abodes of mortals here below,
Or be by phantoms duped. O destiny!
Into a labyrinth now my soul would fly,
But with thy beauty will I deaden it.
Where didst thou melt to? By thee will I sit
Forever: let our fate stop here—a kid
I on this spot will offer: Pan will bid
Us live in peace, in love and peace among
His forest wildernesses. I have clung
To nothing, loved a nothing, nothing seen
Or felt but a great dream! Oh, I have been
Presumptuous against love, against the sky,
Against all elements, against the tie
Of mortals each to each, against the blooms
Of flowers, rush of rivers, and the tombs
Of heroes gone! Against his proper glory
Has my own soul conspired: so my story

Will I to children utter, and repent.
There never lived a mortal man, who bent
His appetite beyond his natural sphere,
But starved and died. My sweetest Indian, here,
Here will I kneel, for thou redeemed hast
My life from too thin breathing: gone and past
Are cloudy phantasms. Caverns lone, farewell!
And air of visions, and the monstrous swell
Of visionary seas! No, never more
Shall airy voices cheat me to the shore
Of tangled wonder, breathless and aghast.
Adieu, my daintiest Dream! although so vast
My love is still for thee. The hour may come
When we shall meet in pure elysium.
On earth I may not love thee, and therefore
Doves will I offer up, and sweetest store
All through the teeming year: so thou wilt shine
On me, and on this damsel fair of mine,
And bless our simple lives. My Indian bliss!
My river-lily bud! one human kiss!
One sigh of real breath—one gentle squeeze,
Warm as a dove's nest among summer trees,
And warm with dew at ooze from living blood!
Whither didst melt? Ah, what of that!—all good
We'll talk about—no more of dreaming.—Now,
Where shall our dwelling be? Under the brow
Of some steep mossy hill, where ivy dun
Would hide us up, although spring leaves were none;
And where dark yew-trees, as we rustle through,
Will drop their scarlet-berry cups of dew!
O thou wouldst joy to live in such a place!
Dusk for our loves, yet light enough to grace
Those gentle limbs on mossy bed reclined:
For by one step the blue sky shouldst thou find,

And by another, in deep dell below,
See, through the trees, a little river go
All in its mid-day gold and glimmering.
Honey from out the gnarled hive I'll bring,
And apples, wan with sweetness, gather thee,—
Cresses that grow where no man may them see,
And sorrel untorn by the dew-clawed stag :
Pipes will I fashion of the syrx flag,
That thou mayst always know whither I roam,
When it shall please thee in our quiet home
To listen and think of love. Still let me speak ;
Still let me dive into the joy I seek,—
For yet the past doth prison me. The rill,
Thou haply mayst delight in, will I fill
With fairy fishes from the mountain tarn,
And thou shalt feed them from the squirrel's barn.
Its bottom will I strew with amber shells,
And pebbles blue from deep enchanted wells.
Its sides I'll plant with dew-sweet eglantine,
And honeysuckles full of clear bee-wine.
I will entice this crystal rill to trace,
Love's silver name upon the meadow's face.
I'll kneel to Vesta, for a flame of fire ;
And to god Phœbus for a golden lyre ;
To Empress Dian for a hunting-spear ;
To Vesper, for a taper silver-clear,
That I may see thy beauty through the night ;
To Flora, and a nightingale shall light
Tame on thy finger ; to the River-gods,
And they shall bring thee taper fishing-rods
Of gold, and lines of naiads' long bright tress.
Heaven shield thee for thine utter loveliness !
Thy mossy footstool shall the altar be
'Fore which I'll bend, bending dear love, to thee :

Those lips shall be my Delphos, and shall speak
 Laws to my footsteps, color to my cheek,
 Trembling or steadfastness to this same voice,
 And of three sweetest pleasurings the choice :
 And that affectionate light, those diamond things,
 Those eyes, those passions, those supreme pearl springs,
 Shall be my grief, or twinkle me to pleasure.
 Say, is not bliss within our perfect seizure ?
 Oh, that I could not doubt !”

The mountaineer

Thus strove by fancies vain and crude to clear
 His briered path to some tranquillity.
 It gave bright gladness to his lady's eye,
 And yet the tears she wept were tears of sorrow ;
 Answering thus, just as the golden morrow
 Beamed upward from the valleys of the east :
 “O that the flutter of his heart had ceased,
 Or the sweet name of love had passed away !
 Young feathered tyrant ! by a swift decay
 Wilt thou devote this body to the earth :
 And I do think that at my very birth
 I lisped thy blooming titles inwardly ;
 For at the first, first dawn and thought of thee,
 With uplift hands I blessed the stars of heaven.
 Art thou not cruel ? ever have I striven
 To think thee kind, but ah, it will not do !
 When yet a child, I heard that kisses drew
 Favor from thee, and so I kisses gave
 To the void air, bidding them find out love :
 But when I came to feel how far above
 All fancy, pride, and fickle maidenhood,
 All earthly pleasure, all imagined good,
 Was the warm tremble of a devout kiss,—
 Even then that moment, at the thought of this,

Fainting I fell into a bed of flowers,
 And languished there three days. Ye milder powers,
 Am I not cruelly wronged? Believe, believe
 Me, dear Endymion, were I to weave
 With my own fancies garlands of sweet life,
 Thou shouldst be one of all. Ah, bitter strife!
 I may not be thy love: I am forbidden—
 Indeed I am—thwarted, affrighted, chidden,
 By things I trembled at, and gorgon wrath.
 Twice hast thou asked whither I went: henceforth
 Ask me no more! I may not utter it,
 Nor may I be thy love. We might commit
 Ourselves at once to vengeance; we might die;
 We might embrace and die: voluptuous thought!
 Enlarge not to my hunger, or I'm caught
 In trammels of perverse deliciousness.
 No, no, that shall not be; thee will I bless,
 And bid a long adieu."

The Carian

No word returned: both lovelorn, silent, wan,
 Into the valleys green together went.
 Far wandering, they were perforce content
 To sit beneath a fair lone beechen tree;
 Nor at each other gazed, but heavily
 Pored on its hazel cirque of shedded leaves.

Endymion! unhappy! it nigh grieves
 Me to behold thee thus in last extreme:
 Enskied ere this, but truly that I deem
 Truth the best music in a first-born song.
 Thy lute-voiced brother will I sing ere long,
 And thou shalt aid—hast thou not aided me?
 Yes, moonlight Emperor! felicity

Has been thy need for many thousand years;
 Yet often have I, on the brink of tears,
 Mourned as if yet thou wert a forester;—
 Forgetting the old tale.

He did not stir

His eyes from the dead leaves, or one small pulse
 Of joy he might have felt. The spirit culls
 Unfaded amaranth, when wild it strays
 Through the old garden-ground of boyish days.
 A little onward ran the very stream
 By which he took his first soft poppy dream;
 And on the very bark 'gainst which he leant
 A crescent he had carved, and round it spent
 His skill in little stars. The teeming tree
 Had swollen and greened the pious charactery,
 But not ta'en out. Why, there was not a slope
 Up which he had not feared the antelope;
 And not a tree, beneath whose rooty shade
 He had not with his tamed leopards played;
 Nor could an arrow light, or javelin,
 Fly in the air where his had never been—
 And yet he knew it not.

O treachery!

Why does his lady smile, pleasing her eye
 With all his sorrowing? He sees her not.
 But who so stares on him? His sister sure!
 Peona of the woods!—Can she endure?
 Impossible—how dearly they embrace!
 His lady smiles; delight is in her face;
 It is no treachery.

“Dear brother mine!

Endymion, weep not so! Why shouldst thou pine

When all great Latmos so exalt will be?
Thank the great gods, and look not bitterly;
And speak not one pale word, and sigh no more.
Sure I will not believe thou hast such store
Of grief, to last thee to my kiss again.
Thou surely canst not bear a mind in pain,
Come hand in hand with one so beautiful.
Be happy both of you! for I will pull
The flowers of autumn for your coronals,
Pan's holy priest for young Endymion calls;
And when he is restored, thou, fairest dame,
Shalt be our queen. Now, is it not a shame
To see ye thus,—not very, very sad?
Perhaps ye are too happy to be glad:
O feel as if it were a common day;
Free-voiced as one who never was away.
No tongue shall ask, whence come ye? but ye shall
Be gods of your own rest imperial.
Not even I, for one whole month, will pry
Into the hours that have passed us by,
Since in my arbor I did sing to thee.
O Hermes! on this very night will be
A hymning up to Cynthia, queen of light;
For the soothsayers old saw yesternight
Good visions in the air,—whence will befall,
As say these sages, health perpetual
To shepherds and their flocks; and furthermore,
In Dian's face they read the gentle lore:
Therefore for her these vesper-carols are.
Our friends will all be there from nigh and far.
Many upon thy death have ditties made;
And many, even now, their foreheads shade
With cypress, on a day of sacrifice.
New singing for our maids shalt thou devise,

And pluck the sorrow from our huntsmen's brows,
Tell me, my lady-queen, how to espouse
This wayward brother to his rightful joys!
His eyes are on thee bent, as thou didst poise
His fate most goddess-like. Help me, I pray,
To lure—Endymion, dear brother, say
What ails thee?" He could bear no more, and so
Bent his soul fiercely like a spiritual bow,
And twanged it inwardly, and calmly said:
"I would have thee my only friend, sweet maid!
My only visitor! not ignorant though,
That those deceptions which for pleasure go
'Mong men, are pleasures real as real may be:
But there are higher ones I may not see,
If impiously an earthly realm I take.
Since I saw thee, I have been wide awake
Night after night, and day by day, until
Of the empyrean I have drunk my fill.
Let it content thee, Sister, seeing me
More happy than betides mortality.
A hermit young, I'll live in mossy cave,
Where thou alone shalt come to me, and lave
Thy spirit in the wonders I shall tell.
Through me the shepherd realm shall prosper well;
For to thy tongue will I all health confide.
And for my sake, let this young maid abide
With thee as a dear sister. Thou alone,
Peona, mayst return to me. I own
This may sound strangely: but when, dearest girl,
Thou seest it for my happiness, no pearl
Will trespass down those cheeks. Companion fair!
Wilt be content to dwell with her, to share
This sister's love with me?" Like one resigned
And bent by circumstances, and thereby blind

In self-commitment, thus, that meek unknown :
 " Ay, but a buzzing by my ears has flown,
 Of jubilee to Dian :—truth I heard !
 Well then, I see there is no little bird,
 Tender soever, but is Jove's own care.
 Long have I sought for rest, and unaware,
 Behold I find it ! so exalted too !
 So after my own heart ! I knew, I knew
 There was a place untenanted in it ;
 In that same void white Chastity shall sit,
 And monitor me nightly to lone slumber.
 With sanest lips I vow me to the number
 Of Dian's sisterhood ; and, kind lady,
 With thy good help, this very night shall see
 My future days to her fane consecrate."

As feels a dreamer what doth most create
 His own particular fright, so these three felt :
 Or like one who, in after ages, knelt
 To Lucifer or Baal, when he'd pine
 After a little sleep : or when in mine
 Far under-ground, a sleeper meets his friends
 Who know him not. Each diligently bends
 Towards common thoughts and things for very fear ;
 Striving their ghastly malady to cheer,
 By thinking it a thing of yes and no,
 That housewives talk of. But the spirit-blow
 Was struck, and all were dreamers. At the last
 Endymion said : " Are not our fates all cast ?
 Why stand we here ? Adieu, ye tender pair !
 Adieu !" Whereat those maidens, with wild stare,
 Walked dizzily away. Pained and hot
 His eyes went after them, until they got

Near to a cypress grove, whose deadly maw,
In one swift moment, would what then he saw
Engulf for ever. "Stay," he cried, "ah, stay!
Turn damsels! hist! one word I have to say:
Sweet Indian, I would see thee once again.
It is a thing I dote on: so I'd fain,
Peona, ye should hand in hand repair,
Into those holy groves that silent are
Behind great Dian's temple. I'll be yon,
At vesper's earliest twinkle—they are gone—
But once, once, once again—" At this he prest
His hands against his face, and then did rest
His head upon a mossy hillock green
And so remained as he a corpse had been
All the long day; save when he scanty lifted
His eyes abroad, to see how shadows shifted
With the slow move of time,—sluggish and weary
Until the poplar tops, in journey dreary,
Had reached the river's brim. Then up he rose,
And, slowly, as that very river flows,
Walked towards the temple-grove with this lament:
"Why such a golden eve? The breeze is sent
Careful and soft, that not a leaf may fall
Before the serene father of them all
Bows down his summer head below the west.
Now am I of breath, speech, and speed possest,
But at the setting I must bid adieu
To her for the last time. Night will strew
On the damp grass myriads of lingering leaves,
And with them shall I die; nor much it grieves
To die, when summer dies on the cold sward.
Why, I have been a butterfly, a lord
Of flowers, garlands, love-knots, silly posies,
Groves, meadows, melodies, and arbor-roses;

My kingdom's at its death, and just it is
That I should die with it: so in all this
We miscall grief, bale, sorrow, heart-break, woe,
What is there to plain of? By Titan's foe
I am but rightly served." So saying, he
Tripped lightly on, in sort of deathful glee;
Laughing at the clear stream and setting sun,
As though they jests had been: nor had he done
His laugh at nature's holy countenance,
Until that grove appeared, as if perchance,
And then his tongue with sober seemlihed
Gave utterance as he entered: "Ha!" he said,
"King of the butterflies; but by this gloom,
And by old Rhadamanthus' tongue of doom,
This dusk religion, pomp of solitude,
And the Promethean clay by thief endued,
By old Saturnus' forelock, by his head
Shook with eternal palsy, I did wed
Myself to things of light from infancy:
And thus to be cast out, thus lorn to die,
Is sure enough to make a mortal man
Grow impious." So he inwardly began
On things for which no wording can be found;
Deeper and deeper sinking, until drowned
Beyond the reach of music: for the choir
Of Cynthia he heard not, though rough brier
Nor muffling thicket interposed to dull
The vesper hymn, far swollen, soft and full,
Through the dark pillars of those sylvan aisles.
He saw not the two maidens, nor their smiles,
Wan as primroses gathered at midnight
By chilly-fingered Spring. Unhappy wight!
"Endymion!" said Peona, "we are here!
What wouldst thou ere we all are laid on bier?"

Then he embraced her, and his lady's hand
Pressed, saying : " Sister, I would have command,
If it were heaven's will, on our sad fate."
At which that dark-eyed stranger stood elate
And said, in a new voice, but sweet as love,
To Endymion's amaze : " By Cupid's dove,
And so thou shalt ! and by the lily truth
Of my own breast thou shalt, beloved youth !"
And as she spake, into her face there came
Light, as reflected from a silver flame :
Her long black hair swelled ampler, in display
Full golden ; in her eyes a brighter day
Dawned blue, and full of love. Ay, he beheld
Phœbe, his passion ! joyous she upheld
Her lucid bow, continuing thus : " Drear, drear
Has our delaying been ; but foolish fear
Withheld me first ; and then decrees of fate ;
And then 'twas fit that from this mortal state
Thou shouldst, my love, by some unlooked-for change
Be spiritualized. Peona, we shall range
These forests, and to thee they safe shall be
As was thy cradle ; hither shalt thou flee
To meet us many a time." Next Cynthia bright
Peona kissed, and blessed with fair good night :
Her brother kissed her too, and knelt adown
Before his goddess, in a blissful swoon.
She gave her fair hands to him, and behold,
Before three swiftest kisses he had told,
They vanished far away !—Peona went
Home through the gloomy wood in wonderment.

L A M I A.

PART I.

UPON a time, before the faery broods
Drove Nymph and Satyr from the prosperous woods,
Before King Oberon's bright diadem,
Sceptre, and mantle, clasped with dewy gem,
Frighted away the Dryads and the Fauns
From rushes green, and brakes, and cowslipped lawns,
The ever-smitten Hermes empty left
His golden throne, bent warm on amorous theft :
From high Olympus had he stolen light,
On this side of Jove's clouds, to escape the sight
Of his great summoner, and made retreat
Into a forest on the shores of Crete.
For somewhere in that sacred island dwelt
A nymph, to whom all hoofed Satyrs knelt :
At whose white feet the languid Tritons poured
Pearls, while on land they withered and adored.
Fast by the springs where she to bathe was wont,
And in those meads where sometimes she might haunt,
Were strewn rich gifts, unknown to any Muse,
Though Fancy's casket were unlocked to choose.

Ah, what a world of love was at her feet !
 So Hermes thought, and a celestial heat
 Burned from his winged heels to either ear,
 That from a whiteness, as the lily clear,
 Blushed into roses 'mid his golden hair,
 Fallen in jealous curls about his shoulders bare.
 From vale to vale, from wood to wood, he flew
 Breathing upon the flowers his passion new,
 And wound with many a river to its head,
 To find where this sweet nymph prepared her secret bed ;
 In vain ; the sweet nymph might nowhere be found,
 And so he rested, on the lonely ground,
 Pensive, and full of painful jealousies
 Of the Wood-Gods, and even the very trees.
 There as he stood, he heard a mournful voice,
 Such as once heard, in gentle heart, destroys
 All pain but pity : thus the lone voice spake :
 " When from this wreathed tomb shall I awake !
 When move in a sweet body fit for life,
 And love, and pleasure, and the ruddy strife
 Of hearts and lips ! Ah, miserable me !"
 The God, dove-footed, glided silently
 Round bush and tree, soft-brushing, in his speed,
 The taller grasses and full-flowering weed,
 Until he found a palpitating snake,
 Bright, and cirque-couchant in a dusky brake.

She was a gordian shape of dazzling hue,
 Vermilion-spotted, golden, green, and blue ;
 Striped like a zebra, freckled like a pard,
 Eyed like a peacock, and all crimson barred ;
 And full of silver moons, that, as she breathed,
 Dissolved, or brighter shone, or interwreathed
 Their lustres with the gloomier tapestries—
 So rainbow-sided, touched with miseries,

She seemed at once, some penanced lady elf,
 Some demon's mistress, or the demon's self.
 Upon her crest she wore a wannish fire
 Sprinkled with stars, like Ariadne's tiar:
 Her head was serpent, but ah, bitter-sweet!
 She had a woman's mouth with all its pearls complete;
 And for her eyes—what could such eyes do there
 But weep, and weep, that they were born so fair?
 As Proserpine still weeps for her Sicilian air.
 Her throat was serpent, but the words she spake
 Came, as through bubbling honey, for Love's sake,
 And thus; while Hermes on his pinions lay,
 Like a stooped falcon ere he takes his prey:

“Fair Hermes! crowned with feathers, fluttering light,
 I had a splendid dream of thee last night:
 I saw thee sitting, on a throne of gold,
 Among the Gods, upon Olympus old,
 The only sad one; for thou didst not hear
 The soft, lute-fingered Muses chanting clear,
 Nor even Apollo when he sang alone,
 Deaf to his throbbing throat's long, long melodious moan.
 I dreamt I saw thee, robed in purple flakes,
 Break amorous through the clouds, as morning breaks,
 And, swiftly as a bright Phœbean dart,
 Strike for the Cretan isle; and here thou art!
 Too gentle Hermes, hast thou found the maid?”
 Whereat the star of Lethe not delayed
 His rosy eloquence, and thus inquired:
 “Thou smooth-lipped serpent, surely high-inspired!
 Thou beauteous wreath, with melancholy eyes,
 Possess whatever bliss thou canst devise,
 Telling me only where my nymph is fled,—
 Where she doth breathe!” “Bright planet, thou hast
 said,”

Returned the snake, "but seal with oaths, fair God!"
"I swear," said Hermes, "by my serpent rod,
And by thine eyes, and by thy starry crown!"
Light flew his earnest words, among the blossoms blown.
Then thus again the brilliance feminine:
"Too frail of heart! for this lost nymph of thine,
Free as the air, invisibly, she strays
About these thornless wilds; her pleasant days
She tastes unseen; unseen her nimble feet
Leave traces in the grass and flowers sweet:
From weary tendrils, and bowed branches green,
She plucks the fruit unseen, she bathes unseen:
And by my power is her beauty veiled
To keep it unaffronted, unassailed
By the love-glances of unlovely eyes,
Of Satyrs, Fauns, and bleared Silenus' sighs.
Pale grew her immortality, for woe
Of all these lovers, and she grieved so
I took compassion on her, bade her steep
Her hair in weird syrops, that would keep
Her loveliness invisible, yet free
To wander as she loves, in liberty.
Thou shalt behold her, Hermes, thou alone,
If thou wilt, as thou swearest, grant my boon!"
Then, once again, the charmed God began
An oath, and through the serpent's ears it ran
Warm, tremulous, devout, psalterian.
Ravished she lifted her Circean head,
Blushed a live damask, and swift-lisping said,
"I was a woman, let me have once more
A woman's shape, and charming as before.
I love a youth of Corinth—O the bliss!
Give me my woman's form, and place me where he is.
Stoop, Hermes, let me breathe upon thy brow,
And thou shalt see thy sweet nymph even now."

The God on half-shut feathers sank serene,
She breathed upon his eyes, and swift was seen
Of both the guarded nymph near-smiling on the green.
It was no dream ; or say a dream it was,
Real are the dreams of Gods, and smoothly pass
Their pleasures in a long immortal dream.
One warm, flushed moment, hovering, it might seem
Dashed by the wood-nymph's beauty, so he burned ;
Then, lighting on the printless verdure, turned
To the swooned serpent, and with languid arm,
Delicate, put to proof the lithe Caducean charm.
So done, upon the nymph his eyes he bent
Full of adoring tears and blandishment,
And towards her stept : she, like a moon in wane,
Faded before him, cowered, nor could restrain
Her fearful sobs, self-folding like a flower
That faints into itself at evening hour :
But the God fostering her chilled hand,
She felt the warmth, her eyelids opened bland,
And, like new flowers at morning song of bees,
Bloomed, and gave up her honey to the lees.
Into the green-recessed woods they flew ;
Nor grew they pale, as mortal lovers do.

Left to herself, the serpent now began
To change ; her elfin blood in madness ran,
Her mouth foamed, and the grass, therewith besprent,
Withered at dew so sweet and virulent ;
Her eyes in torture fixed, and anguish drear,
Hot, glazed, and wide, with lid-lashes all sear,
Flashed phosphor and sharp sparks, without one cooling
tear.

The colors all inflamed throughout her train,
She writhed about, convulsed with scarlet pain :

A deep volcanian yellow took the place
 Of all her milder-mooned body's grace ;
 And, as the lava ravishes the mead,
 Spoilt all her silver mail, and golden brede :
 Made gloom of all her frecklings, streaks and bars,
 Eclipsed her crescents, and licked up her stars :
 So that, in moments few, she was undrest
 Of all her sapphires, greens, and amethyst,
 And rubious-argent : of all these bereft,
 Nothing but pain and ugliness were left.
 Still shone her crown ; that vanished, also she
 Melted and disappeared as suddenly ;
 And in the air, her new voice luting soft,
 Cried, " Lycius ! gentle Lycius !" — borne aloft
 With the bright mists about the mountains hoar
 These words dissolved : Crete's forests heard no more.

Whither fled Lamia, now a lady bright,
 A full-born beauty new and exquisite ?
 She fled into that valley they pass o'er
 Who go to Corinth from Cenchreas' shore ;
 And rested at the foot of those wild hills,
 The rugged founts of the Peræan rills,
 And of that other ridge whose barren back
 Stretches, with all its mist and cloudy rack,
 Southwestward to Cleone. There she stood
 About a young bird's flutter from a wood,
 Fair, on a sloping green of mossy tread,
 By a clear pool, wherein she passioned
 To see herself escaped from so sore ills,
 While her robes flaunted with the daffodils.

Ah, happy Lycius ! — for she was a maid
 More beautiful than ever twisted braid,

Or sighed, or blushed, or on spring-flowered lea
 Spread a green kirtle to the minstrelsy :
 A virgin purest lipped, yet in the lore
 Of love deep learned to the red heart's core :
 Not one hour old, yet of sciential brain
 To unperplex bliss from its neighbor pain ;
 Define their pettish limits, and estrange
 Their points of contact, and swift counterchange ;
 Intrigue with the specious chaos, and dispart
 Its most ambiguous atoms with sure art ;
 As though in Cupid's college she had spent
 Sweet days a lovely graduate, still unshent,
 And kept his rosy terms in idle languishment.

Why this fair creature chose so fairily
 By the wayside to linger, we shall see ;
 But first 'tis fit to tell how she could muse
 And dream, when in the serpent prison-house,
 Of all she list, strange or magnificent :
 How, ever, where she willed, her spirit went ;
 Whether to faint Elysium, or where
 Down through tress-lifting waves the Nereids fair
 Wind into Thetis' bower by many a pearly stair :
 Or where God Bacchus drains his cups divine,
 Stretched out at ease, beneath a glutinous pine ;
 Or where in Pluto's gardens palatine
 Mulciber's columns gleam in far piazzian line.
 And sometimes into cities she would send
 Her dream, with feast and rioting to blend ;
 And once, while among mortals dreaming thus,
 She saw the young Corinthian Lycius
 Charioting foremost in the envious race,
 Like a young Jove with calm uneager face,
 And fell into a swooning love of him.
 Now on the moth-time of that evening dim

He would return that way, as well she knew,
 To Corinth from the shore ; for freshly blew
 The eastern soft wind, and his galley now
 Grated the quay-stones with her brazen prow
 In port Cenchreas, from Egina isle
 Fresh anchored ; whither he had been awhile
 To sacrifice to Jove, whose temple there
 Waits with high marble doors for blood and incense
 rare.

Jove heard his vows, and bettered his desire ;
 For by some freakful chance he made retire
 From his companions, and set forth to walk,
 Perhaps grown wearied of their Corinth talk :
 Over the solitary hills he fared,
 Thoughtless, at first, but ere eve's star appeared
 His phantasy was lost, where reason fades,
 In the calmed twilight of Platonic shades.
 Lamia beheld him coming near, more near—
 Close to her passing, in indifference drear,
 His silent sandals swept the mossy green ;
 So neighbored to him, and yet so unseen
 She stood : he passed, shut up in mysteries,
 His mind wrapped like his mantle, while her eyes
 Followed his steps, and her neck regal white
 Turned—syllabing thus, “ Ah, Lycius bright !
 And will you leave me on the hills alone ?
 Lycius, look back ! and be some pity shown.”
 He did ; not with cold wonder fearingly,
 But Orpheus-like at an Eurydice ;
 For so delicious were the words she sung,
 It seemed he had loved them a whole summer long :
 And soon his eyes had drunk her beauty up,
 Leaving no drop in the bewildering cup,
 And still the cup was full,—while he, afraid
 Lest she should vanish ere his lips had paid

Due adoration, thus began to adore ;
Her soft look growing coy, she saw his chain so sure :
“Leave thee alone! Look back! Ah, Goddess, see
Whether my eyes can ever turn from thee !
For pity do not this sad heart belie—
Even as thou vanishest so I shall die.
Stay ! though a Naiad of the rivers, stay !
To thy far wishes will thy streams obey :
Stay ! though the greenest woods be thy domain,
Alone they can drink up the morning rain :
Though a descended Pleiad, will not one
Of thine harmonious sisters keep in tune
Thy spheres, and as thy silver proxy shine ?
So sweetly to these ravished ears of mine
Came thy sweet greeting, that if thou shouldst fade,
Thy memory will waste me to a shade :—
For pity do not melt !”—“If I should stay,”
Said Lamia, “ here, upon this floor of clay,
And pain my steps upon these flowers too rough,
What canst thou say or do of charm enough
To dull the nice remembrance of my home ?
Thou canst not ask me with thee here to roam
Over these hills and vales, where no joy is,—
Empty of immortality and bliss !
Thou art a scholar, Lycius, and must know
That finer spirits cannot breathe below
In human climes, and live : Alas ! poor youth,
What taste of purer air hast thou to soothe
My essence ? What serener palaces,
Where I may all my many senses please,
And by mysterious sleights a hundred thirsts appease ;
It cannot be—Adieu !” So said, she rose
Tiptoe with white arms spread. He, sick to lose

The amorous promise of her lone complain,
 Swooned murmuring of love, and pale with pain.
 The cruel lady, without any show
 Of sorrow for her tender favorite's woe,
 But rather, if her eyes could brighter be,
 With brighter eyes and slow amenity,
 Put her new lips to his, and gave afresh
 The life she had so tangled in her mesh :
 And as he from one trance was wakening
 Into another, she began to sing,
 Happy in beauty, life, and love, and everything,
 A song of love, too sweet for earthly lyres,
 While, like held breath, the stars drew in their pant-
 ing fires.

then she whispered in such trembling tone,
 As those who, safe together met alone
 For the first time through many anguished days,
 Use other speech than looks ; bidding him raise
 His drooping head, and clear his soul of doubt,
 For that she was a woman, and without
 Any more subtle fluid in her veins
 Than throbbing blood, and that the self-same pains
 Inhabited her frail-strung heart as his.
 And next she wondered how his eyes could miss
 Her face so long in Corinth, where, she said,
 She dwelt but half retired, and there had led
 Days happy as the gold coin could invent
 Without the aid of love ; yet in content
 Till she saw him, as once she passed him by,
 Where 'gainst a column he leant thoughtfully
 At Venus' temple porch, 'mid baskets heaped
 Of amorous herbs and flowers, newly reaped,
 Late on that eve, as 'twas the night before
 The Adonian feast ; whereof she saw no more,
 But wept alone those days, for why should she adore ?

Lycius from death awoke into amaze,
 To see her still, and singing so sweet lays;
 Then from amaze into delight he fell
 To hear her whisper woman's lore so well;
 And every word she spake enticed him on
 To unperplexed delight and pleasure known.
 Let the mad poets say whate'er they please
 Of the sweets of Fairies, Peris, Goddesses,
 There is not such a treat among them all,
 Haunters of cavern, lake, and waterfall,
 As a real woman, lineal indeed,
 From Pyrrha's pebbles or old Adam's seed.
 Thus gentle Lamia judged, and judged aright,
 That Lycius could not love in half a fright,
 So threw the goddess off, and won his heart
 More pleasantly by playing woman's part,
 With no more awe than what her beauty gave,
 That, while it smote, still guaranteed to save.
 Lycius to all made eloquent reply,
 Marrying to every word a twin-born sigh;
 And last, pointing to Corinth, asked her sweet,
 If 'twas too far that night for her soft feet.
 The way was short, for Lamia's eagerness
 Made, by a spell, the triple league decrease
 To a few paces; not at all surmised
 By blinded Lycius, so in her comprised
 They passed the city gates, he knew not how,
 So noiseless, and he never thought to know.

As men talk in a dream, so Corinth all,
 Throughout her palaces imperial,
 And all her populous streets and temples lewd,
 Muttered, like tempest in the distance brewed,
 To the wide-spreaded night above her towers.
 Men, women, rich and poor, in the cool hours,

Shuffled their sandals o'er the pavement white,
 Companioned or alone; while many a light
 Flared, here and there, from wealthy festivals,
 And threw their moving shadows on the walls,
 Or found them clustered in the corniced shade
 Of some arched temple door, or dusky colonnade.

Muffling his face, of greeting friends in fear,
 Her fingers he pressed hard, as one came near
 With curled gray beard, sharp eyes, and smooth bald
 crown,

Slow-stepped, and robed in philosophic gown:
 Lycius shrank closer, as they met and past,
 Into his mantle, adding wings to haste,
 While hurried Lamia trembled: "Ah," said he,
 "Why do you shudder, love, so ruefully?
 Why does your tender palm dissolve in dew?"—
 "I'm wearied," said fair Lamia: "tell me who
 Is that old man? I cannot bring to mind
 His features:—Lycius! wherefore did you blind
 Yourself from his quick eyes?" Lycius replied,
 "'Tis Apollonius sage, my trusty guide
 And good instructor; but to-night he seems
 The ghost of folly haunting my sweet dreams."

While yet he spake they had arrived before
 A pillared porch, with lofty portal door,
 Where hung a silver lamp whose phosphor glow
 Reflected in the slabbed steps below,
 Mild as a star in water; for so new
 And so unsullied was the marble hue,
 So through the crystal polish, liquid fine,
 Ran the dark veins, that none but feet divine
 Could e'er have touched there. Sounds Æolian

Breathed from the hinges, as the ample span
 Of the wide doors disclosed a place unknown
 Some time to any, but those two alone,
 And a few Persian mutes, who that same year
 Were seen about the markets: none knew where
 They could inhabit; the most curious
 Were foiled, who watched to trace them to their house:
 And but the flitter-winged verse must tell,
 For truth's sake what woe afterwards befell,
 'Twould humor many a heart to leave them thus,
 Shut from the busy world of more incredulous.

 P A R T II.

Love in a hut, with water and a crust,
 Is—Love, forgive us!—cinders, ashes, dust;
 Love in a palace is perhaps at last
 More grievous torment than a hermit's fast:—
 That is a doubtful tale from faery land,
 Hard for the non-elect to understand.
 Had Lycius lived to hand his story down,
 He might have given the moral a fresh frown,
 Or clenched it quite: but too short was their bliss
 To breed distrust and hate, that make the soft voice hiss.
 Besides, there, nightly, with terrific glare,
 Love, jealous grown of so complete a pair,
 Hovered and buzzed his wings, with fearful roar,
 Above the lintel of their chamber door,
 And down the passage cast a glow upon the floor.

For all this came a ruin: side by side
 They were enthroned, in the even tide,

Upon a couch, near to a curtaining
Whose airy texture, from a golden string,
Floated into the room, and let appear
Unveiled the summer heaven, blue and clear,
Betwixt two marble shafts:—there they reposed,
Where use had made it sweet, with eyelids closed,
Saving a tithe which love still open kept,
That they might see each other while they almost slept;
When from the slope side of a suburb hill,
Deafening the swallow's twitter, came a thrill
Of trumpets—Lycius started—the sounds fled,
But left a thought, a buzzing in his head.
For the first time, since first he harbored in
That purple-lined palace of sweet sin,
His spirit passed beyond its golden bourn
Into the noisy world almost forsworn.
The lady, ever watchful, penetrant,
Saw this with pain, so arguing a want
Of something more, more than her empery
Of joys; and she began to moan and sigh
Because he mused beyond her, knowing well
That but a moment's thought is passion's passing bell.
“Why do you sigh, fair creature?” whispered he:
“Why, do you think?” returned she, tenderly:
“You have deserted me; where am I now?
Not in your heart while care weighs on your brow:
No, no, you have dismissed me; and I go
From your breast houseless: ay, it must be so.”
He answered, bending to her open eyes,
Where he was mirrored small in paradise,—
“My silver planet, both of eve and morn!
Why will you plead yourself so sad forlorn,
While I am striving how to fill my heart
With deeper crimson, and a double smart?

How to entangle, trammel up and snare
Your soul in mine, and labyrinth you there,
Like the hid scent in an unbudded rose?
Ay, a sweet kiss—you see your mighty woes.
My thoughts! shall I unveil them? Listen then!
What mortal hath a prize, that other men
May be confounded and abashed withal,
But lets it sometimes pace abroad majestic,
And triumph, as in thee I should rejoice
Amid the hoarse alarm of Corinth's voice.
Let my foes choke, and my friends shout afar,
While through the thronged streets your bridal car
Wheels round its dazzling spokes."—The lady's cheek
Trembled; she nothing said, but, pale and meek,
Arose and knelt before him, wept a rain
Of sorrows at his words; at last with pain
Beseeching him, the while his hand she wrung,
To change his purpose. He thereat was stung,
Perverse, with stronger fancy to reclaim
Her wild and timid nature to his aim;
Besides, for all his love, in self despite,
Against his better self, he took delight
Luxurious in her sorrows, soft and new.
His passion, cruel grown, took on a hue
Fierce and sanguineous as 'twas possible
In one whose brow had no dark veins to swell.
Fine was the mitigated fury, like
Apollo's presence when in act to strike
The serpent—Ha, the serpent! certes, she
Was none. She burnt, she loved the tyranny,
And, all subdued, consented to the hour
When to the bridal he should lead his paramour.
Whispering in midnight silence, said the youth,
"Sure some sweet name thou hast, though, by my truth,

I have not asked it, ever thinking thee
 Not mortal, but of heavenly progeny,
 As still I do. Hast any mortal name,
 Fit appellation for this dazzling frame?
 Or friends or kinsfolk on the citted earth,
 To share our marriage feast and nuptial mirth?"
 "I have no friends," said Lamia, "no, not one;
 My presence in wide Corinth hardly known:
 My parents' bones are in their dusty urns
 Sepulchred, where no kindled incense burns,
 Seeing all their luckless race are dead, save me,
 And I neglect the holy rite for thee.
 Even as you list invite your many guests;
 But if, as now it seems, your vision rests
 With any pleasure on me, do not bid
 Old Apollonius—from him keep me hid."
 Lycius, perplexed at words so blind and blank,
 Made close inquiry; from whose touch she shrank,
 Feigning a sleep; and he to the dull shade
 Of deep sleep in a moment was betrayed.

It was the custom then to bring away
 The bride from home at blushing shut of day,
 Veiled, in a chariot, heralded along
 By strewn flowers, torches, and a marriage song,
 With other pageants: but this fair unknown
 Had not a friend. So being left alone
 (Lycius was gone to summon all his kin),
 And knowing surely she could never win
 His foolish heart from its mad pompousness,
 She set herself, high-thoughted, how to dress
 The misery in fit magnificence.
 She did so, but 'tis doubtful how and whence
 Came, and who were her subtle servitors.
 About the halls, and to and from the doors,

There was a noise of wings, till in short space
The glowing banquet-room shone with wide-arched
grace.

A haunting music, sole perhaps and lone
Supportress of the faery roof, made moan
Throughout, as fearful the whole charm might fade.
Fresh carved cedar, mimicking a glade
Of palm and plantain, met from either side,
High in the midst, in honor of the bride:
Two palms and then two plantains, and so on,
From either side their stems branched one to one
All down the aisled place; and beneath all
There ran a stream of lamps straight on from wall to
wall.

So canopied, lay an untasted feast
Teeming with odors. Lamia, regal drest,
Silently paced about, and as she went,
In pale contented sort of discontent,
Missioned her viewless servants to enrich
The fretted splendor of each nook and niche.
Between the tree-stems marbled plain at first,
Came jasper panels; then, anon, there burst
Forth creeping imagery of slighter trees,
And with the larger wove in small intricacies.
Approving all, she faded at self-will,
And shut the chamber up, close, hushed and still,
Complete and ready for the revels rude,
When dreadful guests would come to spoil her solitude.

The day appeared, and all the gossip rout.
O senseless Lycius! Madman! wherefore flout
The silent-blessing fate, warm cloistered hours,
And show to common eyes these secret bowers?

The herd approached ; each guest, with busy brain,
 Arriving at the portal, gazed amain,
 And entered marvelling : for they knew the street,
 Remembered it from childhood all complete
 Without a gap, yet ne'er before had seen
 That royal porch, that high-built, fair demesne ;
 So in they hurried all, mazed, curious and keen :
 Save one, who looked thereon with eye severe,
 And with calm-planted steps walked in austere ;
 'Twas Apollonius : something too he laughed,
 As though some knotty problem, that had daft
 His patient thought, had now begun to thaw,
 And solve and melt :—'twas just as he foresaw.

He met within the murmurous vestibule
 His young disciple. " 'Tis no common rule,
 Lycius," said he, " for uninvited guest
 To force himself upon you, and infest
 With an unbidden presence the bright throng
 Of younger friends ; yet must I do this wrong,
 And you forgive me." Lycius blushed and led
 The old man through the inner doors broad-spread ;
 With reconciling words and courteous mien,
 Turning into sweet milk the sophist's spleen.

Of wealthy lustre was the banquet room,
 Filled with pervading brilliance and perfume :
 Before each lucid panel ruming stood
 A censer fed with myrrh and spiced wood,
 Each by a sacred tripod held aloft,
 Whose slender feet wide-swerved upon the soft
 Wool-woofed carpets : fifty wreaths of smoke
 From fifty censers their light voyage took

To the high roof, still mimicked as they rose
Along the mirrored walls by twin-clouds odorous.
Twelve sphered tables by silk seats insphered,
High as the level of a man's breast reared
On libbard's paws, upheld the heavy gold
Of cups and goblets, and the store thrice told
Of Ceres' horn, and, in huge vessels, wine
Came from the gloomy tun with merry shine.
Thus loaded with a feast the tables stood,
Each shrining in the midst the image of a God.

When in an antechamber every guest
Had felt the cold full sponge to pleasure pressed,
By ministering slaves, upon his hands and feet,
And fragrant oils with ceremony meet
Poured on his hair, they all moved to the feast
In white robes, and themselves in order placed
Around the silken couches, wondering
Whence all this mighty cost and blaze of wealth could
spring.

Soft went the music the soft air along,
While fluent Greek a vowel'd undersong
Kept up among the guests, discoursing low
At first, for scarcely was the wine at flow ;
But when the happy vintage touched their brains,
Louder they talk, and louder come the strains
Of powerful instruments :—the gorgeous dyes,
The space, the splendor of the draperies,
The roof of awful richness, nectarous cheer,
Beautiful slaves, and Lamia's self, appear,
Now, when the wine has done its rosy deed,
And every soul from human trammels freed,

No more so strange ; for merry wine, sweet wine,
 Will make Elysian shades not too fair, too divine.
 Soon was God Bacchus at meridian height ;
 Flushed were their cheeks, and bright eyes double bright :
 Garlands of every green, and every scent
 From vales deflowered, or forest trees branch-rent,
 In baskets of bright osiered gold were brought
 High as the handles heaped, to suit the thought
 Of every guest ; that each, as he did please,
 Might fancy-fit his brows, silk-pillowed at his ease.

What wreath for Lamia ? What for Lycius ?
 What for the sage, old Apollonius ?
 Upon her aching forehead be there hung
 The leaves of willow and of adder's tongue ;
 And for the youth, quick, let us strip for him
 The thyrsus, that his watching eyes may swim
 Into forgetfulness ; and, for the sage,
 Let spear-grass and the spiteful thistle wage
 War on his temples. Do not all charms fly
 At the mere touch of cold philosophy ?
 There was an awful rainbow once in heaven :
 We know her woof, her texture ; she is given
 In the dull catalogue of common things.
 Philosophy will clip an angel's wings,
 Conquer all mysteries by rule and line,
 Empty the haunted air, and gnomed mine—
 Unweave a rainbow, as it erewhile made
 The tender-personed Lamia melt into a shade.

By her glad Lycius sitting, in chief place,
 Scarce saw in all the room another face,
 Till, checking his love-trance, a cup he took
 Full brimmed, and opposite sent forth a look

'Cross the broad table, to beseech a glance
 From his old teacher's wrinkled countenance,
 And pledge him. The bald-head philosopher
 Had fixed his eye, without a twinkle or a stir,
 Full on the alarmed beauty of the bride,
 Brow-beating her fair form, and troubling her sweet
 pride.

Lycius then pressed her hand, with devout touch,
 As pale it lay upon the rosy couch :
 'Twas icy, and the cold ran through his veins ;
 Then sudden it grew hot, and all the pains
 Of an unnatural heat shot to his heart.

"Lamia, what means this? Wherefore dost thou start?
 Know'st thou that man?" Poor Lamia answered not.

He gazed into her eyes, and not a jot
 Owned they the lovelorn piteous appeal:
 More, more he gazed: his human senses reel:
 Some hungry spell that loveliness absorbs;
 There was no recognition in those orbs.

"Lamia!" he cried—and no soft-toned reply.

The many heard, and the loud revelry
 Grew hush; the stately music no more breathes;
 The myrtle sickened in a thousand wreaths.

By faint degrees, voice, lute, and pleasure ceased;
 A deadly silence step by step increased,
 Until it seemed a horrid presence there,
 And not a man but felt the terror in his hair.

"Lamia!" he shrieked; and nothing but the shriek
 With its sad echo did the silence break.

"Begone, foul dream!" he cried, gazing again

In the bride's face, where now no azure vein
 Wandered on fair-spaced temples; no soft bloom
 Misted the cheek; no passion to illumine

The deep-recessed vision :—all was blight ;
Lamia, no longer fair, there sat a deadly white.
“ Shut, shut those juggling eyes, thou ruthless man !
Turn them aside, wretch ! or the righteous ban
Of all the Gods, whose dreadful images
Here represent their shadowy presences,
May pierce them on the sudden with the thorn
Of painful blindness ; leaving thee forlorn,
In trembling dotage to the feeblest fright
Of conscience, for their long-offended might,
For all thine impious proud-heart sophistries,
Unlawful magic, and enticing lies.
Corinthians ! look upon that gray-beard wretch !
Mark how, possessed, his lashless eyelids stretch
Around his demon eyes ! Corinthians, see !
My sweet bride withers at their potency.”
“ Fool !” said the sophist, in an undertone
Gruff with contempt ; which a death-nighing moan
From Lycius answered, as heart-struck and lost
He sank supine beside the aching ghost.
“ Fool ! fool !” repeated he, while his eyes still
Relented not, nor moved ; “ from every ill
Of life have I preserved thee to this day,
And shall I see thee made a serpent’s prey ?”
Then Lamia breathed death-breath ; the sophist’s eye,
Like a sharp spear, went through her utterly,
Keen, cruel, perçant, stinging : she, as well
As her weak hand could any meaning tell,
Motioned him to be silent ; vainly so,
He looked and looked again a level—No !
“ A serpent !” echoed he ; no sooner said,
Than with a frightful scream she vanished :
And Lycius’ arms were empty of delight,

As were his limbs of life, from that same night.
 On the high couch he lay!—his friends came round—
 Supported him—no pulse or breath they found,
 And, in its marriage robe, the heavy body wound.*

* "Philostratus, in his fourth book, *de Vita Apollonii*, hath a memorable instance in this kind, which I may not omit, of one Menippus Lycius, a young man twenty-five years of age, that, going betwixt Cenchreas and Corinth, met such a phantasm in the habit of a fair gentlewoman, which, taking him by the hand, carried him home to her house. in the suburbs of Corinth, and told him she was a Phœnician by birth, and if he would tarry with her, he should hear her sing and play, and drink such wine as never any drank, and no man should molest him; but she, being fair and lovely, would die with him, that was fair and lovely to behold. The young man, a philosopher, otherwise staid and discreet, able to moderate his passions, though not this of love, tarried with her awhile to his great content, and at last married her, to whose wedding, amongst other guests, came Apollonius; who, by some probable conjectures, found her out to be a serpent, a lamia; and that all her furniture was, like Tantalus' gold, described by Homer, no substance, but mere illusions. When she saw herself descried, she wept, and desired Apollonius to be silent, but he would not be moved, and thereupon she, plate, house, and all that was in it, vanished in an instant; many thousands took notice of this fact, for it was done in the midst of Greece."—BURTON'S *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part 3, Sect. 2, Memb. I., Subs I.

ISABELLA, OR THE POT OF BASIL.

A STORY FROM BOCCACCIO.

I.

FAIR Isabel, poor simple Isabel!
Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love's eye!
They could not in the self-same mansion dwell
Without some stir of heart, some malady;
They could not sit at meals but feel how well
It soothed each to be the other by;
They could not, sure, beneath the same roof sleep,
But to each other dream, and nightly weep.

II.

With every morn their love grew tenderer,
With every eve deeper and tenderer still;
He might not in house, field, or garden stir,
But her full shape would all his seeing fill;
And his continual voice was pleasanter
To her, than noise of trees or hidden rill;
Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,
She spoilt her half-done broidery with the same.

III.

He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch,
Before the door had given her to his eyes;

And from her chamber-window he would catch
 Her beauty farther than the falcon spies;
 And constant as her vespers would he watch,
 Because her face was turned to the same skies;
 And with sick longing all the night outwear,
 To hear her morning-step upon the stair.

IV.

A whole long month of May in this sad plight
 Made their cheeks paler by the break of June:
 "To-morrow will I bow to my delight,
 To-morrow will I ask my lady's boon."—
 "O may I never see another night,
 Lorenzo, if thy lips breathe not love's tune."—
 So spake they to their pillows; but, alas,
 Honeyless days and days did he let pass;

V.

Until sweet Isabella's untouched cheek
 Fell sick within the rose's just domain,
 Fell thin as a young mother's, who doth seek
 By every lull to cool her infant's pain:
 "How ill she is!" said he, "I may not speak,
 And yet I will, and tell my love all plain:
 If looks speak love-laws, I will drink her tears,
 And at the least 'twill startle off her cares."

VI.

So said he one fair morning, and all day,
 His heart beat awfully against his side;
 And to his heart he inwardly did pray
 For power to speak; but still the ruddy tide
 Stifled his voice, and pulsed resolve away—
 Fevered his high conceit of such a bride,

Yet brought him to the meekness of a child:
Alas! when passion is both meek and wild!

VII.

So once more he had waked and anguished
A dreary night of love and misery,
If Isabel's quick eye had not been wed
To every symbol on his forehead high;
She saw it waxing very pale and dead,
And straight all flushed: so, lisped tenderly,
"Lorenzo!"—here she ceased her timid quest,
But in her tone and look he read the rest.

VIII.

"O Isabella! I can half perceive
That I may speak my grief into thine ear;
If thou didst ever anything believe,
Believe how I love thee, believe how near
My soul is to its doom: I would not grieve
Thy hand by unwelcome pressing, would not fear
Thine eyes by gazing; but I cannot live
Another night, and not my passion shrive.

IX.

"Love! thou art leading me from wintry cold,
Lady! thou leadest me to summer clime,
And I must taste the blossoms that unfold
In its ripe warmth this gracious morning time."
So said, his erewhile timid lips grew bold,
And poesied with hers in dewy rhyme;
Great bliss was with them, and great happiness
Grew, like a lusty flower in June's caress.

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A FOR LENOX
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS







X.

Parting they seemed to tread upon the air,
Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart
Only to meet again more close, and share
The inward fragrance of each other's heart.
She, to her chamber gone, a ditty fair
Sang, of delicious love and honeyed dart;
He with light steps went up a western hill,
And bade the sun farewell, and joyed his fill.

XI.

All close they met again, before the dusk
Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
All close they met, all eves, before the dusk
Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
Close in a bower of hyacinth and musk,
Unknown of any, free from whispering tale.
Ah! better had it been for ever so,
Than idle ears should pleasure in their woe.

XII.

Were they unhappy then?—It cannot be—
Too many tears for lovers have been shed,
Too many sighs give we to them in fee,
Too much of pity after they are dead,
Too many doleful stories do we see,
Whose matter in bright gold were best be read;
Except in such a page where Theseus' spouse
Over the pathless waves towards him bows.

XIII.

But, for the general award of love,
The little sweet doth kill much bitterness;

Though Dido silent is in under-grove,
 And Isabella's was a great distress,
 Though young Lorenzo in warm Indian clove
 Was not embalmed, this truth is not the less—
 Even bees, the little almsmen of spring-bowers,
 Know there is richest juice in poison-flowers.

XIV.

With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt,
 Enriched from ancestral merchandise,
 And for them many a weary hand did swelt
 In torched mines and noisy factories,
 And many once proud-quivered loins did melt
 In blood from stinging whip ; with hollow eyes
 Many all day in dazzling river stood,
 To take the rich-ored driftings of the flood.

XV.

For them the Ceylon diver held his breath,
 And went all naked to the hungry shark ;
 For them his ears gushed blood ; for them in death
 The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark
 Lay full of darts ; for them alone did seethe
 A thousand men in troubles wide and dark :
 Half-ignorant, they turned an easy wheel,
 That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel.

XVI.

Why were they proud ? Because their marble founts
 Gushed with more pride than do a wretch's tears ?
 Why were they proud ? Because fair orange-mounts
 Were of more soft ascent than lazar stairs ?
 Why were they proud ? Because red-lined accounts
 Were richer than the songs of Grecian years ?

Why were they proud? again we ask aloud,
 Why in the name of Glory were they proud?

XVII.

Yet were these Florentines as self-retired
 In hungry pride and gainful cowardice,
 As two close Hebrews in that land inspired,
 Paled in and vineyarded from beggar-spies;
 The hawks of ship-mast forests—the untired
 And panniered mules for ducats and old lies—
 Quick cat's-paws on the generous stray-away,—
 Great wits in Spanish, Tuscan, and Malay.

XVIII.

How was it these same ledger-men could spy
 Fair Isabella in her downy nest?
 How could they find out in Lorenzo's eye
 A straying from his toil? Hot Egypt's pest
 Into their vision covetous and sly!
 How could these money-bags see east and west?
 Yet so they did—and every dealer fair
 Must see behind, as doth the hunted hare.

XIX.

O eloquent and famed Boccaccio!
 Of thee we now should ask forgiving boon,
 And of thy spicy myrtles as they blow,
 And of thy roses amorous of the moon,
 And of thy lilies, that do paler grow
 Now they can no more hear thy ghittern's tune,
 For venturing syllables that ill bescem
 The quiet glooms of such a piteous theme.

XX.

Grant thou a pardon here, and then the tale
 Shall move on soberly, as it is meet;
 There is no other crime, no mad assail,
 To make old prose in modern rhyme more sweet;
 But it is done—succeed the verse or fail—
 To honor thee, and thy gone spirit greet;
 To stead thee as a verse in English tongue,
 An echo of thee in the north-wind sung.

XXI.

These brethren having found by many signs
 What love Lorenzo for their sister had,
 And how she loved him too, each unconfines
 His bitter thoughts to other, well-nigh mad
 That he, the servant of their trade designs,
 Should in their sister's love be blithe and glad,
 When 'twas their plan to coax her by degrees
 To some high noble and his olive-trees.

XXII.

And many a jealous conference had they,
 And many times they bit their lips alone,
 Before they fixed upon a surest way
 To make the youngster for his crime atone;
 And at the last, these men of cruel clay
 Cut Mercy with a sharp knife to the bone:
 For they resolved in some forest dim
 To kill Lorenzo, and there bury him.

XXIII.

So on a pleasant morning, as he leant
 Into the sunrise, o'er the balustrade

Of the garden-terrace, towards him they bent
 Their footing through the dews; and to him said,
 "You seem there in the quiet of content,
 Lorenzo, and we are most loth to invade
 Calm speculation; but if you are wise,
 Bestride your steed while cold is in the skies.

XXIV.

"To-day we purpose, ay, this hour we mount
 To spur three leagues towards the Apennine;
 Come down, we pray thee, ere the hot sun count
 His dewy rosary on the eglantine."
 Lorenzo, courteously as he was wont,
 Bowed a fair greeting to these serpents' whine;
 And went in haste, to get in readiness,
 With belt, and spur, and bracing huntsman's dress.

XXV.

And as he to the court-yard passed along,
 Each third step did he pause, and listened oft
 If he could hear his lady's matin-song,
 Or the light whisper of her footstep soft;
 And as he thus over his passion hung,
 He heard a laugh full musical aloft;
 When, looking up, he saw her features bright
 Smile through an in-door lattice all delight.

XXVI.

"Love, Isabel!" said he, "I was in pain
 Lest I should miss to bid thee a good morrow:
 Ah! what if I should lose thee, when so fain
 I am to stifle all the heavy sorrow
 Of a poor three hours' absence? but we'll gain
 Out of the amorous dark what day doth borrow.

Good bye ! I'll soon be back."—" Good bye !" said she :
And as he went she chanted merrily.

XXVII.

So the two brothers and their murdered man
Rode past fair Florence, to where Arno's stream
Gurgles through straightened banks, and still doth fan
Itself with dancing bulrush, and the bream
Keeps head against the freshets. Sick and wan
The brothers' faces in the ford did seem,
Lorenzo's flush with love. They passed the water
Into a forest quiet for the slaughter.

XXVIII.

There was Lorenzo slain and buried in,
There in that forest did his great love cease.
Ah ! when a soul doth thus its freedom win,
It aches in loneliness—is ill at peace
As the break-covert bloodhounds of such sin :
They dipped their swords in the water, and did tease
Their horses homeward, with convulsed spur,
Each richer by his being a murderer.

XXIX.

They told their sister how, with sudden speed,
Lorenzo had ta'en ship for foreign lands,
Because of some great urgency and need
In their affairs, requiring trusty hands.
Poor girl ! put on thy stifling widow's weed,
And 'scape at once from Hope's accursed bands ;
To-day thou wilt not see him, nor to-morrow,
And the next day will be a day of sorrow.

XXX.

She weeps alone for pleasures not to be ;
Sorely she wept until the night came on,
And then, instead of love, O misery !
She brooded o'er the luxury alone :
His image in the dusk she seemed to see,
And to the silence made a gentle moan,
Spreading her perfect arms upon the air,
And on her couch low murmuring, " Where? O where?"

XXXI.

But Selfishness, Love's cousin, held not long
Its fiery vigil in her single breast ;
She fretted for the golden hour, and hung
Upon the time with feverish unrest—
Not long ; for soon into her heart a throng
Of higher occupants, a richer zest,
Came tragic ; passion not to be subdued,
And sorrow for her love in travels rude.

XXXII.

In the mid days of autumn, on their eyes
The breath of Winter comes from far away,
And the sick west continually bereaves
Of some gold tinge, and plays a roundelay
Of death among the bushes and the leaves,
To make all bare before he dares to stray
From his north cavern. So sweet Isabel
By gradual decay from beauty fell,

XXXIII.

Because Lorenzo came not. Oftentimes
She asked her brothers, with an eye all pale,

Striving to be itself, what dungeon climes
 Could keep him off so long? They spake a tale
 Time after time, to quiet her. Their crimes
 Came on them, like a smoke from Hinnom's vale;
 And every night in dreams they groaned aloud,
 To see their sister in her snowy shroud.

XXXIV.

And she had died in drowsy ignorance,
 But for a thing more deadly dark than all;
 It came like a fierce potion, drunk by chance,
 Which saves a sick man from the feathered pall
 For some few gasping moments; like a lance,
 Waking an Indian from his cloudy hall
 With cruel pierce, and bringing him again
 Sense of the gnawing fire at heart and brain.

XXXV.

It was a vision. In the drowsy gloom,
 The dull of midnight, at her couch's foot
 Lorenzo stood, and wept: the forest tomb
 Had marred his glossy hair which once could shoot
 Lustre into the sun, and put cold doom
 Upon his lips, and taken the soft lute
 From his lorn voice, and past his loamed ears
 Had made a miry channel for his tears.

XXXVI.

Strange sound it was, when the pale shadow spake;
 For there was striving, in its piteous tongue,
 To speak as when on earth it was awake,
 And Isabella on its music hung:
 Languor there was in it, and tremulous shake,
 As in a palsied Druid's harp unstrung;

And through it moaned a ghostly under-song,
Like hoarse night-gusts sepulchral briers among.

XXXVII.

Its eyes, though wild, were still all dewy bright
With love, and kept all phantom fear aloof
From the poor girl by magic of their light,
The while it did unthread the horrid woof
Of the late darkened time—the murderous spite
Of pride and avarice—the dark pine roof
In the forest—and the sodden turfed dell,
Where, without any word, from stabs he fell.

XXXVIII.

Saying moreover, “Isabel, my sweet !
Red whortle-berries droop above my head,
And a large flint-stone weighs upon my feet ;
Around me beeches and high chestnuts shed
Their leaves and prickly nuts ; a sheep-fold bleat
Comes from beyond the river to my bed :
Go, shed one tear upon my heather bloom,
And it shall comfort me within the tomb.

XXXIX.

“I am a shadow now, alas ! alas !
Upon the skirts of human nature dwelling
Alone : I chant alone the holy mass,
While little sounds of life are round me knelling,
And glossy bees at noon do fieldward pass,
And many a chapel bell the hour is telling,
Paining me through : those sounds grow strange to me
And thou art distant in Humanity.

XL.

"I know what was, I feel full well what is,
 And I should rage, if spirits could go mad ;
 Though I forget the taste of earthly bliss,
 That paleness warms my grave, as though I had
 A seraph chosen from the bright abyss
 To be my spouse : thy paleness makes me glad :
 Thy beauty grows upon me, and I feel
 A greater love through all my essence steal."

XLI.

The Spirit mourned " Adieu !"—dissolved, and left
 The atom darkness in a slow turmoil ;
 As when of healthful midnight sleep bereft,
 Thinking on rugged hours and fruitless toil,
 We put our eyes into a pillowy cleft,
 And see the spangly gloom froth up and boil :
 It made sad Isabella's eyelids ache,
 And in the dawn she started up awake ;

XLII.

" Ha ! ha !" said she, " I knew not this hard life,
 I thought the worst was simple misery ;
 I thought some Fate with pleasure or with strife
 Portioned us—happy days, or else to die ;
 But there is crime—a brother's bloody knife !
 Sweet Spirit, thou hast schooled my infancy :
 I'll visit thee for this, and kiss thine eyes,
 And greet thee morn and even in the skies."

XLIII.

When the full morning came, she had devised
 How she might secret to the forest hie ;

How she might find the clay, so dearly prized,
 And sing to it one latest lullaby ;
 How her short absence might be unsurmised,
 While she the inmost of the dream would try.
 Resolved, she took with her an aged nurse,
 And went into that dismal forest-hearse.

XLIV.

See, as they creep along the river side,
 How she doth whisper to that aged dame,
 And, after looking round the champaign wide,
 Shows her a knife.—“What feverous hectic flame
 Burns in thee, child?—what good can thee betide,
 That thou shouldst smile again?”—The evening came,
 And they had found Lorenzo's earthy bed ;
 The flint was there, the berries at his head.

XLV.

Who hath not loitered in a green churchyard,
 And let his spirit, like a demon mole,
 Work through the clayey soil and gravel hard,
 To see skull, coffined bones, and funeral stole ;
 Pitying each form that hungry Death hath marred,
 And filling it once more with human soul ?
 Ah ! this is holiday to what was felt
 When Isabella by Lorenzo knelt.

XLVI.

She gazed into the fresh-thrown mould, as though
 One glance did fully all its secrets tell ;
 Clearly she saw, as other eyes would know,
 Pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well ;
 Upon the murderous spot she seemed to grow,
 Like to a native lily of the dell :

Then with her knife all sudden she began
To dig more fervently than misers can.

XLVII.

Soon she turned up a soiled glove, whereon
Her silk had played in purple phantasies ;
She kissed it with a lip more chill than stone,
And put it in her bosom, where it dries,
And freezes utterly unto the bone
Those dainties made to still an infant's cries :
Then 'gan she work again ; nor stayed her care,
But to throw back at times her veiling hair.

XLVIII.

That old nurse stood beside her wondering,
Until her heart felt pity to the core
At sight of such a dismal laboring,
And so she kneeled, with her locks all hoar,
And put her lean hands to the horrid thing :
Three hours they labored at this travail sore ;
At last they felt the kernel of the grave,
And Isabella did not stamp and rave.

XLIX.

Ah ! wherefore all this wormy circumstance ?
Why linger at the yawning tomb so long ?
O for the gentleness of old Romance,
The simple plaining of a minstrel's song !
Fair reader, at the old tale take a glance,
For here, in truth, it doth not well belong
To speak :—O turn thee to the very tale,
And taste the music of that vision pale.

L.

With duller steel than the Perséan sword,
They cut away no formless monster's head,
But one, whose gentleness did well accord
With death, as life. The ancient harps have said,
Love never dies, but lives, immortal Lord :
If Love impersonate was ever dead,
Pale Isabella kissed it, and low moaned.
'Twas love ; cold,—dead indeed, but not dethroned.

LI.

In anxious secrecy they took it home,
And then the prize was all for Isabel :
She calmed its wild hair with a golden comb,
And all around each eye's sepulchral cell
Pointed each fringed lash ; the smeared loam
With tears, as chilly as a dripping well,
She drenched away : and still she combed and kept
Sighing all day—and still she kissed and wept.

LII.

Then in a silken scarf,—sweet with the dews
Of precious flowers plucked in Araby,
And divine liquids come with odorous ooze
Through the cold serpent-pipe refreshfully,—
She wrapped it up ; and for its tomb did choose
A garden-pot, wherein she laid it by,
And covered it with mould, and o'er it set
Sweet Basil, which her tears kept ever wet.

LIII.

And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees,

And she forgot the dells where waters run,
 And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze ;
 She had no knowledge when the day was done,
 And the new morn she saw not: but in peace
 Hung over her sweet Basil evermore,
 And moistened it with tears unto the core.

LIV.

And so she ever fed it with thin tears,
 Whence thick, and green, and beautiful it grew,
 So that it smelt more balmy than its peers
 Of Basil-tufts in Florence ; for it drew
 Nurture besides, and life, from human fears,
 From the fast mouldering head there shut from view :
 So that the jewel, safely casketed,
 Came forth, and in perfumed leaflets spread.

LV.

O Melancholy, linger here awhile !
 O Music, Music, breathe despondingly !
 O Echo, Echo, from some sombre isle,
 Unknown, Lethean, sigh to us—O sigh !
 Spirits in grief, lift up your heads, and smile ;
 Lift up your heads, sweet spirits, heavily,
 And make a pale light in your cypress glooms,
 Tinting with silver wan your marble tombs.

LVI.

Moan hither, all ye syllables of woe,
 From the deep throat of sad Melpomene !
 Through bronzed lyre in tragic order go,
 And touch the strings into a mystery ;
 Sound mournfully upon the winds and low ;
 For simple Isabel is soon to be

Among the dead : she withers, like a palm
Cut by an Indian for its juicy balm.

LVII.

O leave the palm to wither by itself;
Let not quick Winter chill its dying hour!—
It may not be—those Baâlites of pelf,
Her brethren, noted the continual shower
From her dead eyes; and many a curious elf,
Among her kindred, wondered that such dower
Of youth and beauty should be thrown aside
By one marked out to be a noble's bride.

LVIII.

And, furthermore, her brethren wondered much
Why she sat drooping by the Basil green,
And why it flourished, as by magic touch;
Greatly they wondered what the thing might mean:
They could not surely give belief, that such
A very nothing would have power to wean
Her from her own fair youth, and pleasures gay,
And even remembrance of her love's delay.

LIX.

Therefore they watched a time when they might sift
This hidden whim; and long they watched in vain;
For seldom did she go to chapel-shrift,
And seldom felt she any hunger-pain:
And when she left, she hurried back, as swift
As bird on wing to breast its eggs again:
And, patient as a hen-bird, sat her there
Beside her Basil, weeping through her hair.

LX.

Yet they contrived to steal the Basil-pot,
 And to examine it in secret place:
 The thing was vile with green and livid spot,
 And yet they knew it was Lorenzo's face:
 The guerdon of their murder they had got,
 And so left Florence in a moment's space,
 Never to turn again.—Away they went,
 With blood upon their heads, to banishment.

LXI.

O Melancholy, turn thine eyes away!
 O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
 O Echo, Echo, on some other day,
 From isles Lethean, sigh to us—O sigh!
 Spirits of grief, sing not your "Well-a-way!"
 For Isabel, sweet Isabel, will die;
 Will die a death too lone and incomplete,
 Now they have ta'en away her Basil sweet.

LXII.

Piteous she looked on dead and senseless things,
 Asking for her lost Basil amorously:
 And with melodious chuckle in the strings
 Of her lorn voice, she oftentimes would cry
 After the Pilgrim in his wanderings,
 To ask him where her Basil was; and why
 'Twas hid from her: "For cruel 'tis," said she,
 "To steal my Basil-pot away from me."

LXIII.

And so she pined, and so she died forlorn,
 Imploring for her Basil to the last.

No heart was there in Florence but did mourn
In pity of her love, so overcast.
And a sad ditty of this story borne
From mouth to mouth through all the country passed:
Still is the burden sung—"O cruelty,
To steal my Basil-pot away from me!"

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES.

I.

ST. AGNES' EVE—Ah, bitter chill it was !
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold ;
The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass ;
And silent was the flock in woolly fold :
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

II.

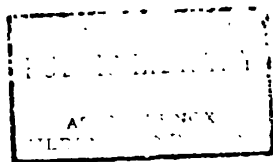
His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man ;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees :
The sculptured dead, on each side seem to freeze,
Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails :
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
He passeth by ; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.







The Eve of St. Agnes



III.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor ;
But no—already had his death-bell rung ;
The joys of all his life were said and sung :
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve :
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinner's sake to grieve.

IV.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft ;
And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide :
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests :
The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,
Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their
breasts.

V.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain, new-stuffed, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,
On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

VI.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honeyed middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

VII.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retired; not cooled by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was elsewhere;
She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

VIII.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallowed hour was near at hand: she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort
Of whisperers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwinked with faery fancy; all amorn,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

IX.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,
Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen ;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things
have been.

X.

He ventures in : let no buzzed whisper tell :
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's feverous citadel :
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage : not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldam, weak in body and in soul.

XI.

Ah, happy chance ! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland :
He startled her ; but soon she knew his face,
And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro ! hie thee from this place ;
They are all here to-night, the whole bloodthirsty race !

XII.

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
 He had a fever late, and in the fit
 He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:
 Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
 More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! flit!
 Flit like a ghost away."—"Ah, Gossip dear,
 We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
 And tell me how"—"Good saints! not here, not here;
 Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

XIII.

He followed through a lowly arched way,
 Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;
 And as she muttered "Well-a—well-a-day!"
 He found him in a little moonlight room,
 Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.
 "Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
 "O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
 Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
 When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

XIV.

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
 Yet men will murder upon holy days:
 Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
 And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
 To venture so: it fills me with amaze
 To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
 God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays
 This very night: good angels her deceive!
 But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

XV.

Feebly she laughed in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

XVI.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldam start:
"A cruel man and impious thou art:
Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep and dream
Alone with her good angels, far apart
From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I deem
Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

XVII.

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace
When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face;
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,
And beard them, though they be more fanged than
wolves and bears."

XVIII.

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
 A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
 Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
 Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
 Were never missed." Thus plaining, doth she bring
 A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
 So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,
 That Angela gives promise she will do
 Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

XIX.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
 Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
 Him in a closet, of such privacy
 That he might see her beauty unespied,
 And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
 While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,
 And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.
 Never on such a night have lovers met,
 Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

XX.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame:
 "All cates and dainties shall be stored there
 Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame
 Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
 For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
 On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
 Wait here, my child, with patience kneel in prayer
 The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
 Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

XXI.

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly passed ;
The Dame returned, and whispered in his ear
To follow her ; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed, and chaste ;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

XXII.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware :
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turned, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,
Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed ;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove frayed and
fled.

XXIII.

Out went the taper as she hurried in :
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died :
She closed the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide :
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide !
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side ;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart stifled, in her dell.

XXIV.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
 All garlanded with carven imageries
 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and
 kings.

XXV.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
 As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
 She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
 Save wings, for heaven: Porphyro grew faint:
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

XXVI.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
 Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;
 Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
 Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

XXVII.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
 Until the popped warmth of sleep oppressed
 Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away ;
 Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day ;
 Blissfully havened both from joy and pain ;
 Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray ;
 Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

XXVIII.

Stolen to this paradise, and so entranced,
 Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,
 And listened to her breathing, if it chanced
 To wake into a slumberous tenderness :
 Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
 And breathed himself ; then from the closet crept,
 Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness
 And over the hushed carpet, silent, stept,
 And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo !—how fast she
 slept.

XXIX.

Then by the bedside, where the faded moon
 Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
 A table, and, half anguished, threw thereon
 A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet :—
 O for some drowsy Morphean amulet !
 The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
 The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
 Affray his ears, though but in dying tone :—
 The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

XXX.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
 In blanched linen, smooth, and lavendered,
 While he from forth the closet brought a heap
 Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
 With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
 And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
 Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
 From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
 From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

XXXI.

These delicacies he heaped with glowing hand
 On golden dishes and in baskets bright
 Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand
 In the retired quiet of the night,
 Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
 “And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
 Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
 Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes’ sake
 Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache.”

XXXII.

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
 Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
 By the dusk curtains:—’twas a midnight charm
 Impossible to melt as iced stream:
 The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
 Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
 It seemed he never, never could redeem
 From such a steadfast spell his lady’s eyes;
 So mused awhile, entailed in woofed phantasies.

XXXIII.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence called “La belle dame sans mercy :”
Close to her ear touching the melody ;—
Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan :
He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly
Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone :
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

XXXIV.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep :
There was a painful change, that night expelled
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep.
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh ;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep ;
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

XXXV.

“ Ah, Porphyro !” said she, “ but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tuneable with every sweetest vow ;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear :
How changed thou art ! how pallid, chill, and drear !
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear !
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go.”

XXXVI.

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far
 At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
 Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star
 Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
 Into her dream he melted, as the rose
 Blendeth its odor with the violet,—
 Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
 Like Love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
 Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

XXXVII.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
 "This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"
 'Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave and beat:
 "No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
 Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—
 Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
 I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
 Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;—
 A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."

XXXVIII.

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
 Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
 Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil dyed?
 Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
 After so many hours of toil and quest.
 A famished pilgrim,—saved by miracle.
 Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest
 Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
 To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel."

XXXIX.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from faery land,
 Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
 Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—
 The bloated wassailers will never heed:—
 Let us away, my love, with happy speed:
 There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
 Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead:
 Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
 For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

XL.

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,
 For there were sleeping dragons all around,
 At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
 Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found,
 In all the house was heard no human sound.
 A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each door;
 The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
 Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
 And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

XLI.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall!
 Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
 Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
 With a huge empty flagon by his side:
 The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
 But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
 By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide:—
 The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;
 The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

XLII.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

HYPERION.

BOOK I.

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale
Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
Still as the silence round about his lair;
Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud. No stir of air was there,
Not so much life as on a summer's day
Robs not one light seed from the feathered grass,
But where the dead leaf fell, there did it rest.
A stream went voiceless by, still deadened more
By reason of his fallen divinity
Spreading a shade: the Naiad 'mid her reeds
Pressed her cold finger closer to her lips.

Along the margin-sand large footmarks went,
No further than to where his feet had strayed,
And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead.
Unscathed; and his realmless eyes were closed;
While his bowed head seemed listening to the Earth,
His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.

It seemed no force could wake him from his place ;
But there came one, who with a kindred hand
Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low
With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
She was a Goddess of the infant world ;
By her in stature the tall Amazon
Had stood a pigmy's height : she would have ta'en
Achilles by the hair and bent his neck ;
Or with a finger stayed Ixion's wheel.
Her face was large as that of Memphian sphinx,
Pedestalled haply in a palace court,
When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
But oh ! how unlike marble was that face :
How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
There was a listening fear in her regard,
As if calamity had but begun ;
As if the vanward clouds of evil days
Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
Was with its stored thunder laboring up.
One hand she pressed upon that aching spot
Where beats the human heart, as if just there,
Though an immortal, she felt cruel pain :
The other upon Saturn's bended neck
She laid, and to the level of his ear
Leaning with parted lips, some words she spake
In solemn tenor and deep organ tone :
Some mourning words, which in our feeble tongue
Would come in these like accents ; O how frail
To that large utterance of the early Gods !
" Saturn, look up !—though wherefore, poor old King ?
I have no comfort for thee, no not one :
I cannot say, ' O wherefore sleepest thou ?'
For heaven is parted from thee, and the earth

Knows thee not, thus afflicted, for a God ;
And ocean, too, with all its solemn noise,
Has from thy sceptre passed ; and all the air
Is emptied of thine hoary majesty.
Thy thunder, conscious of the new command,
Rumbles reluctant o'er our fallen house ;
And thy sharp lightning in unpractised hands
Scorches and burns our once serene domain.
O aching time ! O moments big as years !
All as ye pass swell out the monstrous truth,
And press it so upon our weary griefs
That unbelief has not a space to breathe.
Saturn, sleep on :—O thoughtless, why did I
Thus violate thy slumbrous solitude ?
Why should I ope thy melancholy eyes ?
Saturn, sleep on ! while at thy feet I weep."

As when, upon a tranced summer-night,
Those green-robed senators of mighty woods,
Tall oaks, branch-charmed by the earnest stars,
Dream, and so dream all night without a stir,
Save from one gradual solitary gust
Which comes upon the silence, and dies off,
As if the ebbing air had but one wave :
So came these words and went ; the while in tears
She touched her fair large forehead to the ground,
Just where her falling hair might be outspread
A soft and silken mat for Saturn's feet.
One moon, with alteration slow, had shed
Her silver seasons four upon the night,
And still these two were postured motionless,
Like natural sculpture in cathedral cavern ;
The frozen God still couchant on the earth,
And the sad Goddess weeping at his feet :

Until at length old Saturn lifted up
 His faded eyes, and saw his kingdom gone,
 And all the gloom and sorrow of the place,
 And that fair kneeling Goddess; and then spake
 As with a palsied tongue, and while his beard
 Shook horrid with such aspen-malady:
 "O tender spouse of gold Hyperion,
 Thea, I feel thee ere I see thy face;
 Look up, and let me see our doom in it;
 Look up, and tell me if this feeble shape
 Is Saturn's; tell me, if thou hear'st the voice
 Of Saturn; tell me, if this wrinkling brow,
 Naked and bare of its great diadem,
 Peers like the front of Saturn. Who had power
 To make me desolate? whence came the strength?
 How was it nurtured to such bursting forth,
 While Fate seemed strangled in my nervous grasp?
 But it is so; and I am smothered up,
 And buried from all godlike exercise
 Of influence benign on planets pale,
 Of admonitions to the winds and seas,
 Of peaceful sway above man's harvesting,
 And all those acts which Deity supreme
 Doth ease its heart of love in. I am gone
 Away from my own bosom: I have left
 My strong identity, my real self,
 Somewhere between the throne, and where I sit
 Here on this spot of earth. Search, Thea, search!
 Open thine eyes eterne, and sphere them round
 Upon all space: space starred, and lorn of light:
 Space regioned with life-air, and barren void;
 Spaces of fire, and all the yawn of hell.
 Search, Thea, search! and tell me if thou seest
 A certain shape or shadow, making way

With wings or chariot fierce to repossess
 A heaven he lost erewhile : it must—it must
 Be of ripe progress—Saturn must be king.
 Yes, there must be a golden victory ;
 There must be Gods thrown down, and trumpets blown
 Of triumph calm, and hymns of festival
 Upon the gold clouds metropolitan,
 Voices of soft procaim, and silver stir
 Of strings in hollow shells ; and there shall be
 Beautiful things made new, for the surprise
 Of the sky children ; I will give command :
 Thea ! Thea ! Thea ! where is Saturn ?”

This passion lifted him upon his feet,
 And made his hands to struggle in the air,
 His Druid locks to shake and ooze with sweat,
 His eyes to fever out, his voice to cease.
 He stood, and heard not Thea’s sobbing deep ;
 A little time, and then again he snatched
 Utterance thus :—“ But cannot I create ?
 Cannot I form ? cannot I fashion forth
 Another world, another universe,
 To overbear and crumble this to nought ?
 Where is another chaos ? Where ?” That word
 Found way unto Olympus, and made quake
 The rebel three. Thea was startled up,
 And in her bearing was a sort of hope,
 As thus she quick-voiced spake, yet full of awe.

“ This cheers our fallen house : come to our friends,
 O Saturn ! come away, and give them heart ;
 I know the covert, for thence came I hither.”
 Thus brief ; then with beseeching eyes she went
 With backward footing through the shade a space :

He followed, and she turned to lead the way
Through aged boughs, that yielded like the mist
Which eagles cleave, upmounting from their nest.

Meanwhile in other realms big tears were shed,
More sorrow like to this, and such like woe,
Too huge for mortal tongue or pen of scribe :
The Titans fierce, self-hid, or prison-bound,
Groaned for the old allegiance once more,
And listened in sharp pain for Saturn's voice.
But one of the whole mammoth-brood still kept
His sovereignty, and rule, and majesty ;
Blazing Hyperion on his orb'd fire
Still sat, still snuffed the incense, teeming up
From man to the sun's God, yet unsecure :
For as among us mortals omens drear
Fright and perplex, so also shuddered he,
Not at dog's howl, or gloom-bird's hated screech,
Or the familiar visiting of one
Upon the first toll of his passing-bell,
Or prophesyings of the midnight lamp ;
But horrors, portioned to a giant nerve,
Oft made Hyperion ache. His palace bright,
Bastioned with pyramids of glowing gold,
And touched with shade of bronzed obelisks,
Glared a blood-red through all its thousand courts,
Arches, and domes, and fiery galleries ;
And all its curtains of Aurorian clouds
Flushed angerly : while sometimes eagles' wings,
Unseen before by Gods or wondering men,
Darkened the place ; and neighing steeds were heard,
Not heard before by Gods or wondering men.
Also, when he would taste the spicy wreaths
Of incense, breathed aloft from sacred hills,

Instead of sweets, his ample palate took
Savor of poisonous brass and metal sick :
And so, when harbored in the sleepy west,
After the full completion of fair day,
For rest divine upon exalted couch,
And slumber in the arms of melody,
He paced away the pleasant hours of ease
With stride colossal, on from hall to hall ;
While far within each aisle and deep recess,
His winged minions in close clusters stood,
Amazed and full of fear ; like anxious men
Who on wide plains gather in panting troops,
When earthquakes jar their battlements and towers.
Even now, while Saturn, roused from icy trance,
Went step for step with Thea through the woods,
Hyperion, leaving twilight in the rear,
Came slope upon the threshold of the west ;
Then, as was wont, his palace-door flew ope
In smoothed silence, save what solemn tubes,
Blown by the serious Zephyrs, gave of sweet
And wandering sounds, slow-breathed melodies ;
And like a rose in vermeil tint and shape,
In fragrance soft, and coolness to the eye,
That inlet to severe magnificence
Stood full blown, for the God to enter in.

He entered, but he entered full of wrath ;
His flaming robes streamed out beyond his heels,
And gave a roar, as if of earthly fire,
That scared away the meek ethereal Hours
And made their dove-wings tremble. On he flared,
From stately nave to nave, from vault to vault,
Through bowers of fragrant and enwreathed light,
And diamond-paved lustrous long arcades,

Until he reached the great main cupola ;
There standing fierce beneath, he stampt his foot,
And from the basements deep to the high towers
Jarred his own golden region ; and before
The quavering thunder thereupon had ceased,
His voice leapt out, despite of godlike curb,
To this result : “ O dreams of day and night !
O monstrous forms ! O effigies of pain !
O spectres busy in a cold, cold gloom !
O lank-eared Phantoms of black-weeded pools !
Why do I know ye ? why have I seen ye ? why
Is my eternal essence thus distraught
To see and to behold these horrors new ?
Saturn is fallen, am I too to fall ?
Am I to leave this haven of my rest,
This cradle of my glory, this soft clime,
This calm luxuriance of blissful light,
These crystalline pavilions, and pure fanes,
Of all my lucent empire ? It is left
Deserted, void, nor any haunt of mine.
The blaze, the splendor, and the symmetry,
I cannot see—but darkness, death and darkness.
Even here, into my centre of repose,
The shady visions come to domineer,
Insult, and blind, and stifle up my pomp—
Fall !—No, by Tellus and her briny robes !
Over the fiery frontier of my realms
I will advance a terrible right arm
Shall scare that infant thunderer, rebel Jove,
And bid old Saturn take his throne again.”
He spake, and ceased, the while a heavier threat
Held struggle with his throat, but came not forth ;
For as in theatres of crowded men
Hubbub increases more they call out “ Hush !”

So at Hyperion's words the Phantoms pale
Bestirred themselves, thrice horrible and cold ;
And from the mirrored level where he stood
A mist arose, as from a scummy marsh.
At this, through all his bulk an agony
Crept gradual, from the feet unto the crown,
Like a lithe serpent vast and muscular
Making slow way, with head and neck convulsed
From overstrained might. Released, he fled
To the eastern gates, and full six dewy hours
Before the dawn in season due should blush,
He breathed fierce breath against the sleepy portals,
Cleared them of heavy vapors, burst them wide
Suddenly on the ocean's chilly streams.
The planet orb of fire, whereon he rode
Each day from east to west the heavens through,
Spun round in sable curtaining of clouds ;
Not therefore veiled quite, blindfold, and hid,
But ever and anon the glancing spheres,
Circles, and arcs, and broad-belting colure,
Glowed through, and wrought upon the muffling dark
Sweet-shaped lightnings from the nadir deep
Up to the zenith—hieroglyphics old,
Which sages and keen-eyed astrologers
Then living on the earth, with laboring thought
Won from the gaze of many centuries :
Now lost, save what we find on remnants huge
Of stone, or marble swart ; their import gone,
Their wisdom long since fled. Two wings this orb
Possessed for glory, two fair argent wings,
Ever exalted at the God's approach :
And now, from forth the gloom their plumes immense
Rose, one by one, till all outspreaded were ;
While still the dazzling globe maintained eclipse,

Awaiting for Hyperion's command.
 Fain would he have commanded, fain took throne
 And bid the day begin, if but for change.
 He might not:—No, though a primeval God:
 The sacred seasons might not be disturbed.
 Therefore the operations of the dawn
 Stayed in their birth, even as here 'tis told.
 Those silver wings expanded sisterly,
 Eager to sail their orb; the porches wide
 Opened upon the dusk demesnes of night;
 And the bright Titan, phrenzied with new woes,
 Unused to bend, by hard compulsion bent
 His spirit to the sorrow of the time;
 And all along a dismal rack of clouds,
 Upon the boundaries of day and night,
 He stretched himself in grief and radiance faint.
 There as he lay, the Heaven with its stars
 Looked down on him with pity, and the voice
 Of Cœlus, from the universal space,
 Thus whispered low and solemn in his ear:
 "O brightest of my children dear, earth-born
 And sky-engendered, Son of Mysteries!
 All unrevealed even to the powers
 Which met at thy creating! at whose joys
 And palpitations sweet, and pleasures soft,
 I, Cœlus, wonder how they came and whence;
 And at the fruits thereof what shapes they be,
 Distinct, and visible; symbols divine,
 Manifestations of that beauteous life
 Diffused unseen throughout eternal space;
 Of these new-formed art thou, oh brightest child!
 Of these, thy brethren and the Goddesses!
 There is sad feud among ye, and rebellion
 Of son against his sire. I saw him fall,

I saw my firstborn tumbled from his throne !
To me his arms were spread, to me his voice
Found way from forth the thunders round his head !
Pale wox I, and in vapors hid my face.
Art thou, too, near such doom ? vague fear there is :
For I have seen my sons most unlike Gods.
Divine ye were created, and divine
In sad demeanor, solemn, undisturbed,
Unruffled, like high Gods, ye lived and ruled :
Now I behold in you fear, hope, and wrath ;
Actions of rage and passion ; even as
I see them, on the mortal world beneath,
In men who die.—This is the grief, O son !
Sad sign of ruin, sudden dismay, and fall !
Yet do thou strive ; as thou art capable,
As thou canst move about, an evident God,
And canst oppose to each malignant hour
Ethereal presence :—I am but a voice ;
My life is but the life of winds and tides,—
No more than winds and tides can I avail :—
But thou canst.—Be thou therefore in the van
Of circumstance ; yea, seize the arrow's barb
Before the tense string murmur.—To the earth !
For there thou wilt find Saturn, and his woes.
Meantime I will keep watch on thy bright sun,
And of thy seasons be a careful nurse.”—
Ere half this region-whisper had come down
Hyperion arose, and on the stars
Lifted his curved lids, and kept them wide
Until it ceased ; and still he kept them wide :
And still they were the same bright, patient stars.
Then with a slow incline of his broad breast,
Like to a diver in the pearly seas,
Forward he stooped over the airy shore,
And plunged all noiseless into the deep night.

BOOK II.

Just at the self-same beat of Time's wide wings,
Hyperion slid into the rustled air,
And Saturn gained with Thea that sad place
Where Cybele and the bruised Titans mourned.
It was a den where no insulting light
Could glimmer on their tears; where their own groans
They felt, but heard not, for the solid roar
Of thunderous waterfalls and torrents hoarse,
Pouring a constant bulk, uncertain where.
Crag jutting forth to crag, and rocks that seemed
Ever as if just rising from a sleep,
Forehead to forehead held their monstrous horns;
And thus in thousand hugest phantasies
Made a fit roofing to this nest of woe.
Instead of thrones, hard flint they sat upon,
Couches of rugged stone, and slaty ridge
Stubborned with iron. All were not assembled:
Some chained in torture, and some wandering.
Cœus, and Gyges, and Briareüs,
Typhon, and Dolor, and Porphyriion,
With many more, the brawniest in assault,
Were pent in regions of laborious breath;
Dungeoned in opaque element to keep
Their clenched teeth still clenched, and all their limbs
Locked up like veins of metal, cramped and screwed;
Without a motion, save of their big hearts
Heaving in pain, and horribly convulsed
With sanguine, feverous, boiling gurge of pulse.
Mnemosyne was straying in the world;

Far from her moon had Phœbe wandered ;
And many else were free to roam abroad,
But for the main, here found they covert drear.
Scarce images of life, one here, one there,
Lay vast and edgeways ; like a dismal cirque
Of Druid stones, upon a forlorn moor,
When the chill rain begins at shut of eve,
In dull November, and their chancel vault,
The heaven itself, is blinded throughout night.
Each one kept shroud, nor to his neighbor gave
Or word, or look, or action of despair.
Creüs was one ; his ponderous iron mace
Lay by him, and a shattered rib of rock
Told of his rage, ere he thus sank and pined.
Iapetus another ; in his grasp,
A serpent's plashy neck ; its barbed tongue
Squeezed from the gorge, and all its uncurled length
Dead ; and because the creature could not spit
Its poison in the eyes of conquering Jove.
Next Cottus : prone he lay, chin uppermost,
As though in pain ; for still upon the flint
He ground severe his skull, with open mouth
And eyes at horrid working. Nearest him
Asia, born of most enormous Caf,
Who cost her mother Tellus keener pangs,
Though feminine, than any of her sons :
More thought than woe was in her dusky face,
For she was prophesying of her glory ;
And in her wide imagination stood
Palm-shaded temples, and high rival fanes,
By Oxus or in Ganges' sacred isles.
Even as Hope upon her anchor leans,
So leant she, not so fair, upon a tusk
Shed from the broadest of her elephants.

Above her, on a crag's uneasy shelve,
Upon his elbow raised, all prostrate else,
Shadowed Enceladus; once tame and mild
As grazing ox unworried in the meads;
Now tiger-passioned, lion-thoughted, wroth,
He meditated, plotted, and even now
Was hurling mountains in that second war,
Not long delayed, that scared the younger Gods
To hide themselves in forms of beast and bird.
Not far hence Atlas; and beside him prone
Phorcus, the sire of Gorgons. Neighbored close
Oceanus, and Tethys, in whose lap
Sobbed Clymene among her tangled hair.
In midst of all lay Themis, at the feet
Of Ops the queen all clouded round from sight;
No shape distinguishable, more than when
Thick night confounds the pine-tops with the clouds:
And many else whose names may not be told.
For when the muse's wings are air-ward spread,
Who shall delay her flight? And she must chant
Of Saturn, and his guide, who now had climbed
With damp and slippery footing from a depth
More horrid still. Above a sombre cliff
Their heads appeared, and up their stature grew
Till on the level height their steps found ease:
Then Thea spread abroad her trembling arms
Upon the precincts of this nest of pain,
And sidelong fixed her eye on Saturn's face:
There saw she direst strife; the supreme God
At war with all the frailty of grief,
Of rage, of fear, anxiety, revenge,
Remorse, spleen, hope, but most of all despair.
Against these plagues he strove in vain: for Fate
Had poured a mortal oil upon his head,

A disanointing poison : so that Thea,
 Affrighted, kept her still, and let him pass
 First onwards in, among the fallen tribe.

As with us mortal men, the laden heart
 Is persecuted more, and fevered more,
 When it is nighing to the mournful house
 Where other hearts are sick of the same bruise ;
 So Saturn, as he walked into the midst,
 Felt faint, and would have sunk among the rest,
 But that he met Enceladus's eye,
 Whose mightiness, and awe of him, at once
 Came like an inspiration ; and he shouted,
 "Titans, behold your God !" at which some groaned ;
 Some started on their feet ; some also shouted ;
 Some wept, some wailed—all bowed with reverence ;
 And Ops, uplifting her black folded veil,
 Showed her pale cheeks, and all her forehead wan,
 Her eyebrows thin and jet, and hollow eyes.
 There is a roaring in the bleak-grown pines
 When Winter lifts his voice ; there is a noise
 Among immortals when a God gives sign,
 With hushing finger, how he means to load
 His tongue with the full weight of utterless thought,
 With thunder, and with music, and with pomp ;
 Such noise is like the roar of bleak-grown pines ;
 Which, when it ceases in this mountained world,
 No other sound succeeds ; but ceasing here,
 Among these fallen, Saturn's voice therefrom
 Grew up like organ, that begins anew
 Its strain, when other harmonies stopt short,
 Leave the dinned air vibrating silverly.
 Thus grew it up :—"Not in my own sad breast,
 Which is its own great judge and searcher out,

Can I find reason why ye should be thus :
Not in the legends of the first of days,
Studied from that old spirit-leaved book
Which starry Uranus with finger bright
Saved from the shores of darkness, when the waves
Low-ebbed still hid it up in shallow gloom ;
And the which book ye know I ever kept
For my firm-based footstool :—Ah, infirm !
Not there, nor in sign, symbol, or portent
Of element, earth, water, air, and fire,—
At war, at peace, or inter-quarrelling
One against one, or two, or three, or all,
Each several one against the other three,
As fire with air loud warring when rain-floods
Drown both, and press them both against earth's face,
Where, finding sulphur, a quadruple wrath
Unhinges the poor world ;—not in that strife,
Wherefrom I take strange lore, and read it deep,
Can I find reason why ye should be thus :
No, nowhere can unriddle, though I search,
And pore on Nature's universal scroll
Even to swooning, why ye, Divinities,
The first-born of all shaped and palpable Gods,
Should cower beneath what, in comparison,
Is untremendous might. Yet ye are here,
O'erwhelmed, and spurned, and battered, ye are here !
O Titans, shall I say ' Arise ! '—Ye groan :
Shall I say ' Crouch ! '—Ye groan. What can I then ?
O Heaven wide ! O unseen parent dear !
What can I ? Tell me, all ye brethren Gods,
How we can war, how engine our great wrath !
O speak your counsel now, for Saturn's ear
Is all a-hungered. Thou, Oceanus,
Ponderest high and deep ; and in thy face

I see, astonished, that severe content
Which comes of thought and musing : give us help !”

So ended Saturn ; and the God of the Sea,
Sophist and sage, from no Athenian grove,
But cogitation in his watery shades,
Arose, with locks not oozy, and began,
In murmurs, which his first endeavoring tongue
Caught infant-like from the far-foamed sands.
“ O ye, whom wrath consumes ! who, passion-stung,
Writhe at defeat, and nurse your agonies !
Shut up your senses, stifle up your ears,
My voice is not a bellows unto ire.
Yet listen, ye who will, whilst I bring proof
How ye, perforce, must be content to stoop :
And in the proof much comfort will I give,
If ye will take that comfort in its truth.
We fall by course of Nature’s law, not force
Of thunder, or of Jove. Great Saturn, thou
Hast sifted well the atom-universe ;
But for this reason, that thou art the King,
And only blind from sheer supremacy,
One avenue was shaded from thine eyes,
Through which I wandered to eternal truth.
And first, as thou wast not the first of powers,
So art thou not the last ; it cannot be.
Thou art not the beginning nor the end.
From chaos and parental darkness came
Light, the first fruits of that intestine broil,
That sullen ferment, which for wondrous ends
Was ripening in itself. The ripe hour came,
And with it light, and light engendering
Upon its own producer, forthwith touched
The whole enormous matter into life.

Upon that very hour, our parentage,
The Heavens and the Earth, were manifest:
Then thou first-born, and we the giant race,
Found ourselves ruling new and beauteous realms.
Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain;
O folly! for to bear all naked truths,
And to envisage circumstance, all calm,
That is the top of sovereignty. Mark well!
As Heaven and Earth are fairer, fairer far
Than Chaos and blank Darkness, though once chiefs;
And as we show beyond that Heaven and Earth
In form and shape compact and beautiful,
In will, in action free, companionship,
And thousand other signs of purer life;
So on our heels a fresh perfection treads,
A power more strong in beauty, born of us
And fated to excel us, as we pass
In glory that old Darkness: nor are we
Thereby more conquered than by us the rule
Of shapeless Chaos. Say, doth the dull soil
Quarrel with the proud forests it hath fed,
And feedeth still, more comely than itself?
Can it deny the chieftdom of green groves?
Or shall the tree be envious of the dove
Because it cooeth, and hath snowy wings
To wander wherewithal and find its joys?
We are such forest trees, and our fair boughs
Have bred forth, not pale, solitary doves,
But eagles golden-feathered, who do tower
Above us in their beauty, and must reign
In right thereof; for 'tis the eternal law
That first in beauty should be first in might:
Yea, by that law, another race may drive
Our conquerors to mourn as we do now.

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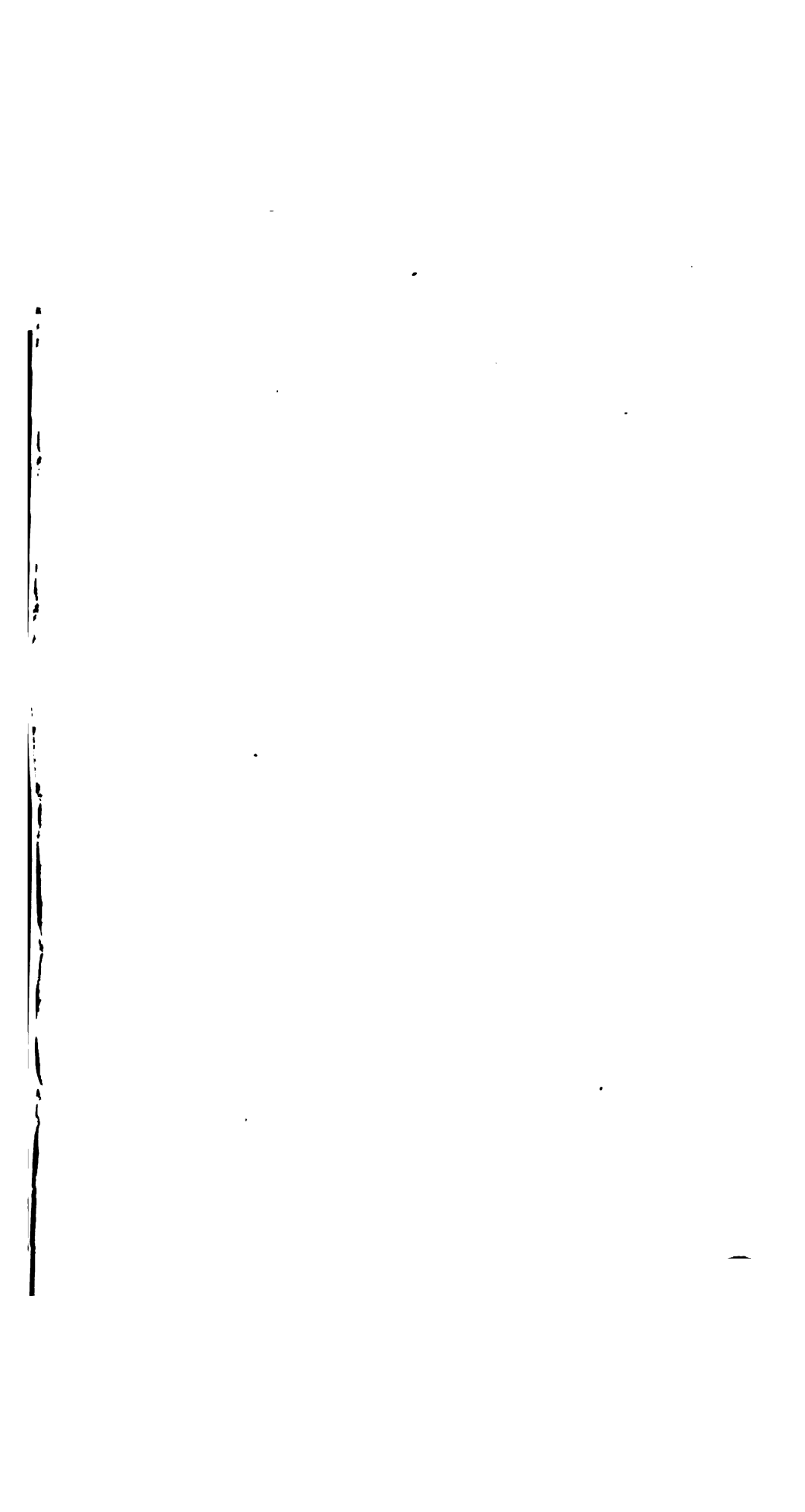
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Have ye beheld the young God of the Seas,
My dispossessor? Have ye seen his face?
Have ye beheld his chariot foamed along
By noble winged creatures he hath made?
I saw him on the calmed waters scud,
With such a glow of beauty in his eyes,
That it enforced me to bid sad farewell
To all my empire: farewell sad I took,
And hither came, to see how dolorous fate
Had wrought upon ye; and how I might best
Give consolation in this woe extreme.
Receive the truth, and let it be your balm."

Whether through posed conviction, or disdain,
They guarded silence, when Oceanus
Left murmuring, what deepest thought can tell?
But so it was, none answered for a space,
Save one whom none regarded, Clymene:
And yet she answered not, only complained,
With hectic lips, and eyes up-looking mild,
Thus wording timidly among the fierce:
"O Father! I am here the simplest voice,
And all my knowledge is that joy is gone,
And this thing woe crept in among our hearts,
There to remain for ever, as I fear:
I would not bode of evil, if I thought
So weak a creature could turn off the help
Which by just right should come of mighty Gods;
Yet let me tell my sorrow, let me tell
Of what I heard, and how it made me weep,
And know that we had parted from all hope.
I stood upon a shore, a pleasant shore,
Where a sweet clime was breathed from a land
Of fragrance, quietness, and trees, and flowers.

Full of calm joy it was, as I of grief;
Too full of joy and soft delicious warmth;
So that I felt a movement in my heart
To chide, and to reproach that solitude
With songs of misery, music of our woes;
And sat me down, and took a mouthed shell
And murmured into it, and made melody—
O melody no more! for while I sang,
And with poor skill let pass into the breeze
The dull shell's echo, from a bowery strand
Just opposite, an island of the sea,
There came enchantment with the shifting wind
That did both drown and keep alive my ears.
I threw my shell away upon the sand,
And a wave filled it, as my sense was filled
With that new blissful golden melody.
A living death was in each gush of sounds,
Each family of rapturous hurried notes,
That fell, one after one, yet all at once,
Like pearl beads dropping sudden from their string:
And then another, then another strain,
Each like a dove leaving its olive perch,
With music winged instead of silent plumes,
To hover round my head, and make me sick
Of joy and grief at once. Grief overcame,
And I was stopping up my frantic ears,
When, past all hindrance of my trembling hands,
A voice came sweeter, sweeter than all tune,
And still it cried, 'Apollo! young Apollo!
The morning-bright Apollo! young Apollo!
I fled, it followed me, and cried 'Apollo!
O Father, and O Brethren! had ye felt
These pains of mine! O Saturn, hadst thou felt,
Ye would not call this too-indulged tongue
Presumptuous, in thus venturing to be heard!"

So far her voice flowed on, like timorous brook
That, lingering along a pebbled coast,
Doth fear to meet the sea: but sea it met,
And shuddered; for the overwhelming voice
Of huge Enceladus swallowed it in wrath:
The ponderous syllables, like sullen waves
In the half-glutted hollows of reef-rocks,
Came booming thus, while still upon his arm
He leaned; not rising, from supreme contempt.
“Or shall we listen to the over-wise,
Or to the over-foolish giant, Gods?
Not thunderbolt on thunderbolt, till all
That rebel Jove’s whole armory were spent,
Not world on world upon these shoulders piled,
Could agonize me more than baby-words
In midst of this dethronement horrible.
Speak! roar! shout! yell! ye sleepy Titans all.
Do ye forget the blows, the buffets vile?
Are ye not smitten by a youngling arm?
Dost thou forget, sham Monarch of the Waves,
Thy scalding in the seas? What! have I roused
Your spleens with so few simple words as these?
O joy! for now I see ye are not lost:
O joy! for now I see a thousand eyes
Wide glaring for revenge.”—As this he said,
He lifted up his stature vast, and stood,
Still without intermission speaking thus:
“Now ye are flames, I’ll tell you how to burn,
And purge the ether of our enemies;
How to feed fierce the crooked stings of fire,
And singe away the swollen clouds of Jove,
Stifling that puny essence in its tent.
O let him feel the evil he hath done;
For though I scorn Oceanus’s lore,

Much pain have I for more than loss of realms :
 The days of peace and slumberous calm are fled ;
 Those days, all innocent of scathing war,
 When all the fair Existences of heaven
 Came open-eyed to guess what we would speak :—
 That was before our brows were taught to frown,
 Before our lips knew else but solemn sounds ;
 That was before we knew the winged thing,
 Victory, might be lost, or might be won.
 And be ye mindful that Hyperion,
 Our brightest brother, still is undisgraced—
 Hyperion, lo ! his radiance is here !”

All eyes were on Enceladus's face,
 And they beheld, while still Hyperion's name
 Flew from his lips up to the vaulted rocks,
 A pallid gleam across his features stern :
 Not savage, for he saw full many a God
 Wroth as himself. He looked upon them all,
 And in each face he saw a gleam of light,
 But splendor in Saturn's, whose hoar locks
 Shone like the bubbling foam about a keel
 When the prow sweeps into a midnight cove.
 In pale and silver silence they remained,
 Till suddenly a splendor, like the morn,
 Pervaded all the beetling gloomy steeps,
 All the sad spaces of oblivion,
 And every gulf, and every chasm old,
 And every height, and every sullen depth,
 Voiceless, or hoarse with loud tormented streams :
 And all the everlasting cataracts,
 And all the headlong torrents far and near,
 Mantled before in darkness and huge shade,
 Now saw the light and made it terrible.

It was Hyperion :—a granite peak
His bright feet touched, and there he stayed to view
The misery his brilliance had betrayed
To the most hateful seeing of itself.
Golden his hair of short Numidian curl,
Regal his shape majestic, a vast shade
In midst of his own brightness, like the bulk
Of Memnon's image at the set of sun
To one who travels from the dusking East:
Sighs, too, as mournful as that Memnon's harp,
He uttered, while his hands, contemplative,
He pressed together, and in silence stood.
Despondence seized again the fallen Gods
At sight of the dejected King of Day,
And many hid their faces from the light:
But fierce Enceladus sent forth his eyes
Among the brotherhood; and, at their glare,
Uprose Iäpetus, and Creüs too,
And Phorcus, sea-born, and together strode
To where he towered on his eminence.
There these four shouted forth old Saturn's name;
Hyperion from the peak loud answered "Saturn!"
Saturn sat near the Mother of the Gods,
In whose face was no joy, though all the Gods
Gave from their hollow throats the name of "Saturn!"

BOOK III.

THUS in alternate uproar and sad peace,
Amazed were those Titans utterly.
O leave them, Muse! O leave them to their woes!
For thou art weak to sing such tumults dire:

A solitary sorrow best befits
Thy lips, and antheming a lonely grief.
Leave them, O Muse ! for thou anon wilt find
Many a fallen old Divinity
Wandering in vain about bewildered shores.
Meantime touch piously the Delphic harp,
And not a wind of heaven but will breathe
In aid soft warble from the Dorian flute ;
For lo ! 'tis for the Father of all verse.
Flush everything that hath a vermeil hue,
Let the rose glow intense and warm the air,
And let the clouds of even and of morn
Float in voluptuous fleeces o'er the hills ;
Let the red wine within the goblet boil,
Cold as a bubbling well ; let faint-lipped shells,
On sands or in great deeps, vermilion turn
Through all their labyrinths ; and let the maid
Blush keenly, as with some warm kiss surprised.
Chief isle of the embowered Cyclades,
Rejoice, O Delos, with thine olives green,
And poplars, and lawn-shading palms, and beech,
In which the Zephyr breathes the loudest song,
And hazels thick, dark-stemmed beneath the shade :
Apollo is once more the golden theme !
Where was he, when the Giant of the Sun
Stood bright, amid the sorrow of his peers ?
Together had he left his mother fair
And his twin-sister sleeping in their bower,
And in the morning twilight wandered forth
Beside the osiers of a rivulet,
Full ankle-deep in lilies of the vale.
The nightingale had ceased, and a few stars
Were lingering in the heavens, while the thrush
Began calm-throated. Throughout all the isle

There was no covert, no retired cave
Unhaunted by the murmurous noise of waves,
Though scarcely heard in many a green recess.
He listened, and he wept, and his bright tears
Went trickling down the golden bow he held.
Thus with half-shut suffused eyes he stood,
While from beneath some cumbrous boughs hard by
With solemn step an awful Goddess came,
And there was purport in her looks for him,
Which he with eager guess began to read
Perplexed, the while melodiously he said ?
“How camest thou over the unfooted sea ?
Or hath that antique mien and robed form
Moved in these vales invisible till now ?
Sure I have heard those vestments sweeping o’er
The fallen leaves, when I have sat alone
In cool mid forest. Surely I have traced
The rustle of those ample skirts about
These grassy solitudes, and seen the flowers
Lift up their heads, as still the whisper passed.
Goddess ! I have beheld those eyes before,
And their eternal calm, and all that face,
Or I have dreamed.”—“ Yes,” said the supreme shape,
“ Thou hast dreamed of me ; and awaking up
Didst find a lyre all golden by thy side,
Whose strings touched by thy fingers, all the vast
Unwearied ear of the whole universe
Listened in pain and pleasure at the birth
Of such new tuneful wonder. Is’t not strange
That thou shouldst weep, so gifted ? Tell me, youth,
What sorrow thou canst feel ; for I am sad
When thou dost shed a tear : explain thy griefs
To one who in this lonely isle hath been
The watcher of thy sleep and hours of life,

From the young day when first thy infant hand
Plucked witless the weak flowers, till thine arm
Could bend that bow heroic to all times.
Show thy heart's secret to an ancient Power
Who hath forsaken old and sacred thrones
For prophecies of thee, and for the sake
Of loveliness new-born."—Apollo then,
With sudden scrutiny and gloomless eyes,
Thus answered, while his white melodious throat
Throbbled with the syllables:—"Mnemosyne!
Thy name is on my tongue, I know not how;
Why should I tell thee what thou so well seest?
Why should I strive to show what from thy lips
Would come no mystery? For me, dark, dark,
And painful vile oblivion seals my eyes:
I strive to search wherefore I am so sad,
Until a melancholy numbs my limbs;
And then upon the grass I sit, and moan,
Like one who once had wings.—O why should I
Feel cursed and thwarted, when the liegeless air
Yields to my step aspirant? why should I
Spurn the green turf as hateful to my feet?
Goddess benign! point forth some unknown thing:
Are there not other regions than this isle?
What are the stars? There is the sun, the sun!
And the most patient brilliance of the moon!
And stars by thousands! Point me out the way
To any one particular beauteous star,
And I will flit into it with my lyre,
And make its silvery splendor pant with bliss.
I have heard the cloudy thunder: Where is power?
Whose hand, whose essence, what divinity
Makes this alarum in the elements,
While I here idle listen on the shores

In fearless yet in aching ignorance?
 O tell me, lonely Goddess! by thy harp,
 That waileth every morn and eventide,
 Tell me why thus I rave, about these groves!
 Mute thou remainest—Mute? yet I can read
 A wondrous lesson in thy silent face:
 Knowledge enormous makes a God of me.
 Names, deeds, gray legends, dire events, rebellions,
 Majesties, sovran voices, agonies,
 Creations and destroyings, all at once
 Pour into the wide hollows of my brain,
 And deify me, as if some blithe wine
 Or bright elixir peerless I had drunk,
 And so become immortal."—Thus the God,
 While his enkindled eyes, with level glance
 Beneath his white soft temples, steadfast kept
 Trembling with light upon Mnemosyne.
 Soon wild commotions shook him, and made flush
 All the immortal fairness of his limbs:
 Most like the struggle at the gate of death;
 Or liker still to one who should take leave
 Of pale immortal death, and with a pang
 As hot as death's is chill, with fierce convulse
 Die into life: so young Apollo anguished;
 His very hair, his golden tresses famed
 Kept undulation round his eager neck.
 During the pain Mnemosyne upheld
 Her arms as one who prophesied.—At length
 Apollo shrieked;—and lo! from all his limbs
 Celestial * * * *



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty.
Fate of the Butterfly.—SPENSER.

DEDICATION.

TO LEIGH HUNT, ESQ.

GLORY and loveliness have passed away ;
For if we wander out in early morn,
No wreathed incense do we see upborne
Into the east to meet the smiling day :
No crowds of nymphs soft-voiced and young and gay,
In woven baskets bringing ears of corn,
Roses, and pinks, and violets, to adorn
The shrine of Flora in her early May.
But there are left delights as high as these.
And I shall ever bless my destiny,
That in a time when under pleasant trees
Pan is no longer sought, I feel a free,
A leafy luxury, seeing I could please
With these poor offerings, a man like thee.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Places of nestling green for poets made.

Story of Rimini.

I stood tiptoe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
That the sweet buds which with a modest pride
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved, and finely-tapering stems,
Had not yet lost their starry diadems
Caught from the early sobbing of the morn.
The clouds were pure and white as flocks new-shorn,
And fresh from the clear brook ; sweetly they slept
On the blue fields of heaven, and then there crept
A little noiseless noise among the leaves,
Born of the very sigh that silence heaves ;
For not the faintest motion could be seen
Of all the shades that slanted o'er the green.
There was wide wandering for the greediest eye,
To peer about upon variety ;
Far round the horizon's crystal air to skim,
And trace the dwindled edgings of its brim ;
To picture out the quaint and curious bending
Of a fresh woodland alley never-ending :
Or by the bowery clefts, and leafy shelves,
Guess where the jaunty streams refresh themselves.
I gazed awhile, and felt as light, and free
As though the fanning wings of Mercury
Had played upon my heels : I was light-hearted,
And many pleasures to my vision started ;

So I straightway began to pluck a posy
 Of luxuries bright, milky, soft, and rosy.
 A bush of May-flowers with the bees about them ;
 Ah, sure no tasteful nook could be without them !
 And let a lush laburnum oversweep them,
 And let long grass grow round the roots, to keep them
 Moist, cool, and green ; and shade the violets,
 That they may bind the moss in leafy nets.

A filbert-hedge with wild-brier overtined,
 And clumps of woodbine taking the soft wind
 Upon their summer thrones ; there too should be
 The frequent-chequer of a youngling tree,
 That with a score of light green brethren shoots
 From the quaint mossiness of aged roots :
 Round which is heard a spring-head of clear waters,
 Babbling so wildly of its lovely daughters,
 The spreading blue-bells: it may haply mourn
 That such fair clusters should be rudely torn
 From their fresh beds, and scattered thoughtlessly
 By infant hands, left on the path to die.

Open afresh your round of starry folds,
 Ye ardent marigolds !
 Dry up the moisture from your golden lids,
 For great Apollo bids
 That in these days your praises should be sung
 On many harps, which he has lately strung ;
 And when again your dewiness he kisses,
 Tell him, I have you in my world of blisses :
 So haply when I rove in some far vale,
 His mighty voice may come upon the gale.

Here are sweet peas, on tiptoe for a flight :
 With wings of gentle flush o'er delicate white,

And taper fingers catching at all things,
To bind them all about with tiny rings.
Linger awhile upon some bending planks
That lean against a streamlet's rushy banks,
And watch intently Nature's gentle doings :
They will be found softer than ringdoves' cooings.
How silent comes the water round that bend !
Not the minutest whisper does it send
To the o'erhanging shallows : blades of grass
Slowly across the chequered shadows pass.
Why you might read two sonnets, ere they reach
To where the hurrying freshnesses aye preach
A natural sermon o'er their pebbly beds ;
Where swarms of minnows show their little heads,
Staying their wavy bodies 'gainst the streams,
To taste the luxury of sunny beams
Tempered with coolness. How they ever wrestle
With their own sweet delight, and ever nestle
Their silver bellies on the pebbly sand !
If you but scantily hold out the hand,
That very instant not one will remain ;
But turn your eye, and they are there again.
The ripples seem right glad to reach those cresses,
And cool themselves among the emerald tresses ;
The while they cool themselves, they freshness give,
And moisture, that the bowery green may live :
So keeping up an interchange of favors,
Like good men in the truth of their behaviors.
Sometimes goldfinches one by one will drop
From low-hung branches : little space they stop ;
But sip and twitter, and their feathers sleek ;
Then off at once, as in a wanton freak :
Or perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,
Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.

Were I in such a place, I sure should pray
That nought less sweet, might call my thoughts away,
Than the soft rustle of a maiden's gown
Fanning away the dandelion's down ;
Than the light music of her nimble toes
Patting against the sorrel as she goes.
How she would start, and blush, thus to be caught
Playing in all her innocence of thought !
O let me lead her gently o'er the brook,
Watch her half-smiling lips and downward look ;
O let me for one moment touch her wrist :
Let me one moment to her breathing list ;
And as she leaves me, may she often turn
Her fair eyes looking through her locks auburne.
What next ? a tuft of evening primroses,
O'er which the mind may hover till it dozes ;
O'er which it well might take a pleasant sleep,
But that 'tis ever startled by the leap
Of buds into ripe flowers : or by the fitting
Of divers moths, that aye their rest are quitting ;
Or by the moon lifting her silver rim
Above a cloud, and with a gradual swim
Coming into the blue with all her light.
O Maker of sweet poets ! dear delight
Of this fair world and all its gentle livers ;
Spangler of clouds, halo of crystal rivers,
Mingler with leaves, and dew and tumbling streams,
Closer of lovely eyes to lovely dreams,
Lover of loneliness, and wandering,
Of upcast eye, and tender pondering !
Thee must I praise above all other glories
That smile us on to tell delightful stories.
For what has made the sage or poet write
But the fair paradise of Nature's light ?

In the calm grandeur of a sober line,
We see the waving of the mountain pine ;
And when a table is beautifully staid,
We feel the safety of a hawthorn glade :
When it is moving on luxurious wings,
The soul is lost in pleasant smotherings :
Fair dewy roses brush against our faces,
And flowering laurels spring from diamond vases ;
O'erhead we see the jasmine and sweet-brier
And bloomy grapes laughing from green attire ;
While at our feet, the voice of crystal bubbles
Charms us at once away from all our troubles :
So that we feel uplifted from the world,
Walking upon the white clouds wreathed and curled.
So felt he, who first told how Psyche went
On the smooth wind to realms of wonderment ;
What Psyche felt, and Love, when their full lips
First touched ; what amorous and fondling nips
They gave each other's cheeks ; with all their sighs,
And how they kist each other's tremulous eyes :
The silver lamp,—the ravishment—the wonder—
The darkness—loneliness—the fearful thunder ;
Their woes gone by, and both to heaven up flown,
To bow for gratitude before Jove's throne,
So did he feel who pulled the boughs aside,
That we might look into a forest wide,
To catch a glimpse of Fauns, and Dryades
Coming with softest rustle through the trees ;
And garlands woven of flowers wild, and sweet,
Upheld on ivory wrists, or sporting feet :
Telling us how fair trembling Syrinx fled
Arcadian Pan, with such a fearful dread.
Poor Nymph,—poor Pan,—how did he weep to find
Nought but a lovely sighing of the wind

Along the reedy stream ! a half-heard strain,
Full of sweet desolation—balmy pain.

What first inspired a bard of old to sing
Narcissus pining o'er the untainted spring ?
In some delicious ramble, he had found
A little space, with boughs all woven round ;
And in the midst of all, a clearer pool
Than e'er reflected in its pleasant cool
The blue sky, here and there serenely peeping,
Through tendril wreaths fantastically creeping.
And on the bank a lonely flower he spied,
A meek and forlorn flower, with nought of pride,
Drooping its beauty o'er the watery clearness
To woo its own sad image into nearness :
Deaf to light Zephyrus it would not move ;
But still would seem to droop, to pine, to love.
So while the poet stood in this sweet spot,
Some fainter gleamings o'er his fancy shot ;
Nor was it long ere he had told the tale
Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's bale.

Where he had been, from whose warm head outflow
That sweetest of all songs, that ever new,
That aye refreshing, pure deliciousness,
Coming ever to bless
The wanderer by moonlight ? to him bringing
Shapes from the invisible world, unearthly singing
From out the middle air, from flowery nests,
And from the pillowy silkiness that rests
Full in the speculation of the stars.
Ah ! surely he had burst our mortal bars ;
Into some wondrous region he had gone,
To search for thee, divine Endymion !

He was a Poet, sure a lover too,
Who stood on Latmus' top, what time there blew
Soft breezes from the myrtle vale below;
And brought, in faintness solemn, sweet, and slow,
A hymn from Dian's temple; while upswelling,
The incense went to her own starry dwelling.
But though her face was clear as infants' eyes,
Though she stood smiling o'er the sacrifice,
The poet wept at her so piteous fate,
Wept that such beauty should be desolate:
So in fine wrath some golden sounds he won,
And gave meek Cynthia her Endymion.

Queen of the wide air; thou most lovely queen
Of all the brightness that mine eyes have seen!
As thou exceedest all things in thy shine,
So every tale, does this sweet tale of thine.
O for three words of honey, that I might
Tell but one wonder of thy bridal night!

Where distant ships do seem to show their keels,
Phœbus awhile delayed his mighty wheels,
And turned to smile upon thy bashful eyes,
Ere he his unseen pomp would solemnize.
The evening weather was so bright, and clear,
That men of health were of unusual cheer;
Stepping like Homer at the trumpet's call,
Or young Apollo on the pedestal:
And lovely women were as fair and warm,
As Venus looking sideways in alarm.
The breezes were ethereal, and pure,
And crept through half-closed lattices to cure
The languid sick: it cooled their fevered sleep,
And soothed them into slumbers full and deep.

Soon they awoke clear-eyed: nor burned with thirsting,
 Nor with hot fingers, nor with temples bursting:
 And springing up, they met the wondering sight
 Of their dear friends, nigh foolish with delight;
 Who feel their arms, and breasts, and kiss, and stare,
 And on their placid foreheads part the hair.
 Young men and maidens at each other gazed,
 With hands held back, and motionless, amazed
 To see the brightness in each other's eyes;
 And so they stood, filled with a sweet surprise,
 Until their tongues were loosed in poesy.
 Therefore no lover did of anguish die:
 But the soft numbers, in that moment spoken,
 Made silken ties, that never may be broken.
 Cynthia! I cannot tell the greater blisses
 That followed thine, and thy dear shepherd's kisses:
 Was there a poet born?—But now no more—
 My wandering spirit must no farther soar.

SPECIMEN OF AN INDUCTION TO A POEM.

Lo! I must tell a tale of chivalry;
 For large white plumes are dancing in mine eye.
 Not like the formal crest of latter days:
 But bending in a thousand graceful ways;
 So graceful, that it seems no mortal hand,
 Or e'en the touch of Archimago's wand,
 Could charm them into such an attitude.
 We must think rather, that in playful mood,
 Some mountain breeze had turned its chief delight
 To show this wonder of its gentle might.

Lo! I must tell a tale of chivalry ;
For while I muse, the lance points slantingly
Athwart the morning air : some lady sweet,
Who cannot feel for cold her tender feet,
From the worn top of some old battlement
Hails it with tears, her stout defender sent ;
And from her own pure self no joy dissembling,
Wraps round her ample robe with happy trembling.
Sometimes when the good knight his rest could take,
It is reflected, clearly, in a lake,
With the young ashen boughs, 'gainst which it rests,
And th' half-seen mossiness of linnets' nests.
Ah! shall I ever tell its cruelty,
When the fire flashes from a warrior's eye,
And his tremendous hand is grasping it,
And his dark brow for very wrath is knit?
Or when his spirit, with more calm intent
Leaps to the honors of a tournament,
And makes the gazers round about the ring
Stare at the grandeur of the balancing?
No, no! this is far off:—then how shall I
Revive the dying tones of minstrelsy,
Which linger yet about long Gothic arches,
In dark green ivy, and among wild larches?
How sing the splendor of the revelries,
When butts of wine are drank off to the lees?
And that bright lance, against the fretted wall,
Beneath the shade of stately banneral,
Is slung with shining cuirass, sword, and shield?
Where ye may see a spur in bloody field,
Light-footed damsels move with gentle paces
Round the wide hall, and show their happy faces;
Or stand in courtly talk by fives and sevens:
Like those fair stars that twinkle in the heavens.

Yet I must tell a tale of chivalry :
 Or wherefore comes that knight so proudly by ?
 Wherefore more proudly does the gentle knight
 Rein in the swelling of his ample might ?
 Spenser ! thy brows are arched, open, kind,
 And come like a clear sunrise to my mind ;
 And always does my heart with pleasure dance,
 When I think on thy noble countenance :
 Where never yet was aught more earthly seen
 Than the pure freshness of thy laurels green.
 Therefore, great bard, I not so fearfully
 Call on thy gentle spirit to hover nigh
 My daring steps : or if thy tender care,
 Thus startled unaware,
 Be jealous that the foot of other wight
 Should madly follow that bright path of light
 Traced by thy loved Libertas ; he will speak.
 And tell thee that my prayer is very meek ;
 That I will follow with due reverence,
 And start with awe at mine own strange pretence.
 Him thou wilt hear ; so I will rest in hope
 To see wide plains, fair trees, and lawny slope ;
 The morn, the eve, the light, the shade, the flowers ;
 Clear streams, smooth lakes, and overlooking towers.

CALIDORE.

A FRAGMENT.

Young Calidore is paddling o'er the lake ;
 His healthful spirit eager and awake
 To feel the beauty of a silent eve,
 Which seemed full loth this happy world to leave,

The light dwelt o'er the scene so lingeringly.
He bares his forehead to the cool blue sky,
And smiles at the far clearness all around,
Until his heart is well-nigh overwound,
And turns for calmness to the pleasant green
Of easy slopes, and shadowy trees that lean
So elegantly o'er the waters' brim
And show their blossoms trim.
Scarce can his clear and nimble eyesight follow
The freaks and dartings of the black-winged swallow,
Delighting much, to see it half at rest,
Dip so refreshingly its wings and breast
'Gainst the smooth surface, and to mark anon,
The widening circles into nothing gone.

And now the sharp keel of his little boat
Comes up with ripple, and with easy float
And glides into a bed of water-lilies:
Broad-leaved are they, and their white canopies
Are upward turned to catch the heavens' dew.
Near to a little island's point they grew;
Whence Calidore might have the goodliest view
Of this sweet spot of earth. The bowery shore
Went off in gentle windings to the hoar
And light blue mountains: but no breathing man
With a warm heart, and eye prepared to scan
Nature's clear beauty, could pass lightly by
Objects that looked out so invitingly
On either side. These, gentle Calidore
Greeted, as he had known them long before.

The sidelong view of swelling leafiness,
Which the glad setting sun in gold doth dress,
Whence, ever and anon, the joy outsprings,
And scales upon the beauty of its wings.

The lonely turret, shattered, and outworn,
Stands venerably proud; too proud to mourn
Its long-lost grandeur: fir-trees grow around,
Aye dropping their hard fruit upon the ground.
The little chapel, with the cross above,
Upholding wreaths of ivy; the white dove,
That on the windows spreads his feathers light,
And seems from purple clouds to wing its flight.

Green tufted islands casting their soft shades
Across the lake; sequestered leafy glades,
That through the dimness of their twilight show
Large dock-leaves, spiral foxgloves, or the glow
Of the wild cat's-eyes, or the silvery stems
Of delicate birch-trees, or long grass which hems
A little brook. The youth had long been viewing
These pleasant things, and heaven was bedewing
The mountain flowers, when his glad senses caught
A trumpet's silver voice. Ah! it was fraught
With many joys for him: the warder's ken
Had found white coursers prancing in the glen:
Friends very dear to him he soon will see;
So pushes off his boat most eagerly.
And soon upon the lake he skims along,
Deaf to the nightingale's first under-song;
Nor minds he the white swans that dream so sweetly:
His spirit flies before him so completely.
And now he turns a jutting point of land,
Whence may be seen the castle gloomy and grand:
Nor will a bee buzz round two swelling peaches,
Before the point of his light shallop reaches
Those marble steps that through the water dip:
Now over them he goes with hasty trip,
And scarcely stays to ope the folding doors:

Anon he leaps along the oaken floors
Of halls and corridors.

Delicious sounds! those little bright-eyed things
That float about the air on azure wings,
Had been less heartfelt by him than the clang
Of clattering hoofs; into the court he sprang,
Just as two noble steeds, and palfreys twain,
Were slanting out their necks with loosened rein;
While from beneath the threatening portcullis
They brought their happy burdens. What a kiss,
What gentle squeeze he gave each lady's hand!
How tremblingly their delicate ankles spanned!
Into how sweet a trance his soul was gone,
While whisperings of affection
Made him delay to let their tender feet
Come to the earth; with an incline so sweet
From their low palfreys o'er his neck they bent:
And whether there were tears of languishment,
Or that the evening dew had pearled their tresses,
He feels a moisture on his cheek, and blesses
With lips that tremble, and with glistening eye,
All the soft luxury
That nestled in his arms. A dimpled hand,
Fair as some wonder out of fairy land,
Hung from his shoulder like the drooping flowers
Of whitest Cassia, fresh from summer showers:
And this he fondled with his happy cheek,
As if for joy he would no further seek:
When the kind voice of good Sir Clerimond
Came to his ear, like something from beyond
His present being: so he gently drew
His warm arms, thrilling now with pulses new,
From their sweet thrall, and forward gently bending,
Thanked Heaven that his joy was never-ending;

While 'gainst his forehead he devoutly pressed
 A hand Heaven made to succor the distressed ;
 A hand that from the world's bleak promontory
 Had lifted Calidore for deeds of glory.

Amid the pages, and the torches' glare,
 There stood a knight, patting the flowing hair
 Of his proud horse's mane : he was withal
 A man of elegance, and stature tall :
 So that the waving of his plumes would be
 High as the berries of a wild ash tree,
 Or as the winged cap of Mercury.
 His armor was so dexterously wrought
 In shape, that sure no living man had thought
 It hard and heavy steel : but that indeed
 It was some glorious form, some splendid weed,
 In which a spirit new come from the skies
 Might live, and show itself to human eyes.
 'Tis the far-famed, the brave Sir Gondibert,
 Said the good man to Calidore alert ;
 While the young warrior with a step of grace
 Came up,—a courtly smile upon his face,
 And mailed hand held out, ready to greet
 The large-eyed wonder, and ambitious heat
 Of the aspiring boy ; who as he led
 Those smiling ladies, often turned his head
 To admire the visor arched so gracefully
 Over a knightly brow ; while they went by
 The lamps that from the high-roofed hall were pendent,
 And gave the steel a shining quite transcendent.

Soon in a pleasant chamber they are seated,
 The sweet-lipped ladies have already greeted

All the green leaves that round the window clamber,
To show their purple stars and bells of amber.
Sir Gondibert has doffed his shining steel,
Gladdening in the free and airy feel
Of a light mantle; and while Clerimond
Is looking round about him with a fond
And placid eye, young Calidore is burning
To hear of knightly deeds, and gallant spurning
Of all unworthiness; and how the strong of arm
Kept off dismay, and terror, and alarm
From lovely woman: while brimful of this,
He gave each damsel's hand so warm a kiss,
And had such manly ardor in his eye,
That each at other looked half-staringly:
And then their features started into smiles,
Sweet as blue heavens o'er enchanted isles.
Softly the breezes from the forest came,
Softly they blew aside the taper's flame;
Clear was the song from Philomel's far bower;
Grateful the incense from the lime-tree flower;
Mysterious, wild, the far-heard trumpet's tone;
Lovely the moon in ether, all alone:
Sweet, too, the converse of these happy mortals,
As that of busy spirits when the portals
Are closing in the West; or that soft humming
We hear around when Hesperus is coming.
Sweet be their sleep. * * * * *

TO SOME LADIES,

ON RECEIVING A CURIOUS SHELL.

WHAT though, while the wonders of nature exploring,
I cannot your light, mazy footsteps attend ;
Nor listen to accents, that almost adoring,
Bless Cynthia's face, the enthusiast's friend :

Yet over the steep, whence the mountain-stream rushes,
With you, kindest friends, in idea I rove ;
Mark the clear tumbling crystal, its passionate gushes,
Its spray, that the wild-flower kindly bedews.

Why linger ye so, the wild labyrinth strolling ?
Why breathless, unable your bliss to declare ?
Ah ! you list to the nightingale's tender condoling,
Responsive to sylphs, in the moonbeamy air.

'Tis morn, and the flowers with dew are yet drooping,
I see you are treading the verge of the sea :
And now ! ah, I see it—you just now are stooping
To pick up the keepsake intended for me.

If a cherub, on pinions of silver descending,
Had brought me a gem from the fretwork of heaven ;
And smiles with his star-cheering voice sweetly blending,
The blessings of Tighe had melodiously given ;

It had not created a warmer emotion
Than the present, fair nymphs, I was blessed with from
you ;

Than the shell, from the bright golden sands of the
ocean,
Which the emerald waves at your feet gladly threw.

For, indeed, 'tis a sweet and peculiar pleasure
(And blissful is he who such happiness finds),
To possess but a span of the hour of leisure
In elegant, pure, and aerial minds.

ON RECEIVING A COPY OF VERSES FROM
THE SAME LADIES.

Hast thou from the caves of Golconda, a gem,
Pure as the ice-drop that froze on the mountain?
Bright as the humming-bird's green diadem,
When it flutters in sunbeams that shine through a
fountain?

Hast thou a goblet for dark sparkling wine?
That goblet right heavy, and massy, and gold?
And splendidly marked with the story divine
Of Armida the fair, and Rinaldo the bold?

Hast thou a steed with a mane richly flowing?
Hast thou a sword that thine enemy's smart is?
Hast thou a trumpet rich melodies blowing?
And wear'st thou the shield of the famed Britomartis?

What is it that hangs from thy shoulder so brave,
Embroidered with many a spring-peering flower?
Is it a scarf that thy fair lady gave?
And hastest thou now to that fair lady's bower?

Ah! courteous Sir Knight, with large joy thou art
crowned ;

Full many the glories that brighten thy youth!
I will tell thee my blisses, which richly abound
In magical powers to bless and to soothe.

On this scroll thou seest written in characters fair
A sun-beaming tale of a wreath, and a chain :
And, warrior, it nurtures the property rare
Of charming my mind from the trammels of pain.

This canopy mark : 'tis the work of a fay ;
Beneath its rich shade did King Oberon languish,
When lovely Titania was far, far away,
And cruelly left him to sorrow and anguish.

There, oft would he bring from his soft-sighing lute
Wild strains to which, spell-bound, the nightingales
listened !
The wondering spirits of heaven were mute,
And tears 'mong the dewdrops of morning oft glistened.

In this little dome, all those melodies strange,
Soft, plaintive, and melting, forever will sigh ;
Nor e'er will the notes from their tenderness change,
Nor e'er will the music of Oberon die.

So when I am in a voluptuous vein,
I pillow my head on the sweets of the rose,
And list to the tale of the wreath, and the chain,
Till its echoes depart ; then I sink to repose.

Adieu! valiant Eric! with joy thou art crowned,
Full many the glories that brighten thy youth ;
I too have my blisses, which richly abound
In magical powers to bless, and to soothe.

TO ——.

HADST thou lived in days of old,
O what wonders had been told
Of thy lively countenance,
And thy humid eyes, that dance
In the midst of their own brightness,
In the very fane of lightness ;
Over which thine eyebrows, leaning,
Picture out each lovely meaning :
In a dainty bend they lie,
Like the streaks across the sky,
Or the feathers from a crow
Fallen on a bed of snow.
Of thy dark hair, that extends
Into many graceful bends :
As the leaves of hellebore
Turn to whence they sprung before.
And behind each ample curl
Peeps the richness of a pearl.
Downward too flows many a tress
With a glossy waviness,
Full, and round like globes that rise
From the censer to the skies
Through sunny hair. Add too, the sweetness
Of thy honeyed voice ; the neatness
Of thine ankle lightly turned :
With those beauties scarce discerned,
Kept with such sweet privacy,
That they seldom meet the eye
Of the little Loves that fly
Round about with eager pry.

Saving when with freshening lave,
Thou dipp'st them in the taintless wave;
Like twin water-lilies, born
In the coolness of the morn.
O, if thou hadst breathed then,
Now the Muses had been ten.
Couldst thou wish for lineage higher
Than twin-sister of Thalia?
At least forever, evermore
Will I call the Graces four.
Hadst thou lived when chivalry
Lifted up her lance on high,
Tell me what thou wouldst have been?
Ah! I see the silver sheen
Of thy broidered-floating vest
Covering half thine ivory breast:
Which, O Heavens! I should see,
But that cruel Destiny
Has placed a golden cuirass there,
Keeping secret what is fair.
Like sunbeams in a cloudlet nested,
Thy locks in knightly casque are rested:
O'er which bend four milky plumes,
Like the gentle lily's blooms
Springing from a costly vase.
See with what a stately pace
Comes thine alabaster steed;
Servant of heroic deed!
O'er his loins, his trappings glow
Like the northern lights on snow.
Mount his back! thy sword unsheath!
Sign of the enchanter's death;
Band of every wicked spell;
Silencer of dragon's yell.

Alas! thou this wilt never do:
Thou art an enchantress too,
And wilt surely never spill
Blood of those whose eyes can kill.

TO HOPE.

WHEN by my solitary hearth I sit,
And hateful thoughts enwrap my soul in gloom;
When no fair dreams before my "mind's eye" flit,
And the bare heath of life presents no bloom;
Sweet Hope! ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.

Whene'er I wander, at the fall of night,
Where woven boughs shut out the moon's bright
ray,
Should sad Despondency my musings fright,
And frown, to drive fair Cheerfulness away,
Peep with the moonbeams through the leafy roof,
And keep that fiend Despondence far aloof.

Should Disappointment, parent of Despair,
Strive for her son to seize my careless heart
When, like a cloud, he sits upon the air,
Preparing on his spell-bound prey to dart:
Chase him away, sweet Hope, with visage bright,
And fright him, as the morning frightens night

Whene'er the fate of those I hold most dear
Tells to my fearful breast a tale of sorrow,

O bright-eyed Hope, my morbid fancy cheer ;
Let me awhile thy sweetest comforts borrow
Thy heaven-born radiance around me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head !

Should e'er unhappy love my bosom pain,
From cruel parents, or relentless fair,
O let me think it is not quite in vain
To sigh out sonnets to the midnight air !
Sweet Hope ! ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.

In the long vista of the years to roll,
Let me not see our country's honor fade !
O let me see our land retain her soul !
Her pride, her freedom ; and not freedom's shade.
From thy bright eyes unusual brightness shed—
Beneath thy pinions canopy my head !

Let me not see the patriot's high bequest,
Great liberty ! how great in plain attire !
With the base purple of a court oppressed,
Bowing her head, and ready to expire :
But let me see thee stoop from heaven on wings
That fill the skies with silver glitterings !

And as, in sparkling majesty, a star
Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud ;
Brightening the half-veiled face of heaven afar :
So, when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,
Sweet Hope ! celestial influence round me shed,
Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head.

February, 1815.

THE
WORLD
WIDE
FOUNDATION
WORLD WIDE
FOUNDATION



Now morning from her parent Chamber came

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IMITATION OF SPENSER.

* * * * *

Now Morning from her orient chamber came
And her first footsteps touched a verdant hill ;
Crowning its lawny crest with amber flame,
Silvering the untainted gushes of its rill ;
Which, pure from mossy beds, did down distil,
And after parting beds of simple flowers,
By many streams a little lake did fill,
Which round its marge reflected woven bowers,
And, in its middle space, a sky that never lowers.

There the kingfisher saw his plumage bright,
Vying with fish of brilliant dye below ;
Whose silken fins' and golden scales' light
Cast upward, through the waves, a ruby glow :
There saw the swan his neck of arched snow,
And oared himself along with majesty :
Sparkled his jetty eyes ; his feet did show
Beneath the waves like Afric's ebony,
And on his back a fay reclined voluptuously.

Ah ! could I tell the wonders of an isle
That in that fairest lake had placed been,
I could e'en Dido of her grief beguile ;
Or rob from aged Lear his bitter teen :
For sure so fair a place was never seen
Of all that ever charmed romantic eye :
It seemed an emerald in the silver sheen
Of the bright waters ; or as when on high,
Through clouds of fleecy white, laughs the cœrulean sky.

And all around it dipped luxuriously
 Slopings of verdure through the glossy tide,
 Which, as it were in gentle amity,
 Rippled delighted up the flowery side;
 As if to glean the ruddy tears it tried,
 Which fell profusely from the rose-tree stem!
 Haply it was the workings of its pride,
 In strife to throw upon the shore a gem
 Outvying all the buds in Flora's diadem.

* * * * *

WOMAN! when I behold thee fippant, vain,
 Inconstant, childish, proud, and full of fancies;
 Without that modest softening that enhances
 The downcast eye, repentant of the pain
 That its mild light creates to heal again;
 E'en then, elate, my spirit leaps and prances,
 E'en then my soul with exultation dances
 For that to love, so long, I've dormant lain:
 But when I see thee meek, and kind, and tender,
 Heavens! how desperately do I adore
 Thy winning graces;—to be thy defender
 I hotly burn—to be a Calidore—
 A very Red Cross Knight—a stout Leander—
 Might I be loved by thee like those of yore.

Light feet, dark violet eyes, and parted hair;
 Soft dimpled hands, white neck, and creamy breast;
 Are things on which the dazzled senses rest
 Till the fond, fixed eyes, forget they stare.
 From such fine pictures, Heavens! I cannot dare
 To turn my admiration, though unpossessed
 They be of what is worthy,—though not drest,
 In lovely modesty, and virtues rare.

Yet these I leave as thoughtless as a lark ;
These lures I straight forget,—e'en ere I dine,
Or thrice my palate moisten : but when I mark
Such charms with mild intelligences shine,
My ear is open like a greedy shark,
To catch the tunings of a voice divine.

Ah ! who can e'er forget so fair a being ?
Who can forget her half-retiring sweets ?
God ! she is like a milk-white lamb that bleats
For man's protection. Surely the All-seeing,
Who joys to see us with his gifts agreeing,
Will never give him pinions, who entreats
Such innocence to ruin,—who vilely cheats
A dove-like bosom. In truth there is no freeing
One's thoughts from such a beauty ; when I hear
A lay that once I saw her hand awake,
Her form seems floating palpable, and near ;
Had I e'er seen her from an arbor take
A dewy flower, oft would that hand appear,
And o'er my eyes the trembling moisture shake.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot

Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth ;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies ;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs ;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
Already with thee ! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Clustered around by all her starry fays ;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,
 Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown:
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!

Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

THOU still unravished bride of quietness!
 Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these? what maidens loath?
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, ne^r ever bid the Spring adieu;
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 Forever piping songs forever new;
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!
 Forever warm and still to be enjoyed,
 Forever panting and forever young;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
 What little town by river or sea-shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;
 Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity: cold Pastoral!
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

ODE TO PSYCHE.

O GODDESS ! hear these tuneless numbers, wrung
 By sweet enforcement and remembrance dear,
 And pardon that thy secrets should be sung,
 Even into thine own soft-conched ear :
 Surely I dreamt to-day, or did I see
 The winged Psyche with awakened eyes ?
 I wandered in a forest thoughtlessly,
 And, on the sudden, fainting with surprise,
 Saw two fair creatures, couched side by side
 In deepest grass, beneath the whispering roof
 Of leaves and trembled blossoms, where there ran
 A brooklet, scarce espied :
 'Mid hushed, cool-rooted flowers fragrant-eyed,
 Blue, silver-white, and budded Tyrian,
 They lay calm-breathing on the bedded grass ;
 Their arms embraced, and their pinions too ;
 Their lips touched not, but had not bade adieu,
 As if disjoined by soft-handed slumber,
 And ready still past kisses to outnumber
 At tender eye-dawn of aureorean love :
 The winged boy I knew ;
 But who wast thou, O happy, happy dove ?
 His Psyche true !

O latest-born and loveliest vision far
 Of all Olympus' faded hierarchy !
 Fairer than Phœbe's sapphire-regioned star,
 Or Vesper, amorous glow-worm of the sky ;
 Fairer than these, though temple thou hast none,
 Nor altar heaped with flowers ;

Nor Virgin-choir to make delicious moan
 Upon the midnight hours ;
 No voice, no lute, no pipe, no incense sweet
 From chain-swung censer teeming ;
 No shrine, no grove, no oracle, no heat
 Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.
 O brightest! though too late for antique vows,
 Too, too late for the fond believing lyre,
 When holy were the haunted forest boughs,
 Holy the air, the water, and the fire ;
 Yet even in these days so far retired
 From happy pieties, thy lucent fans,
 Fluttering among the faint Olympians,
 I see, and sing, by my own eyes inspired.
 So let me be thy choir, and make a moan
 Upon the midnight hours !
 Thy voice, thy lute, thy pipe, thy incense sweet
 From swung censer teeming :
 Thy shrine, thy grove, thy oracle, thy heat
 Of pale-mouthed prophet dreaming.

Yes, I will be thy priest, and build a fane
 In some untrodden region of my mind,
 Where branched thoughts, new-grown with pleasant
 pain,
 Instead of pines shall murmur in the wind :
 Far, far around shall those dark-clustered trees
 Fledge the wild-ridged mountains steep by steep ;
 And there by zephyrs, streams, and birds, and bees,
 The moss-lain Dryads shall be lulled to sleep ;
 And in the midst of this wide quietness
 A rosy sanctuary will I dress
 With the wreathed trellis of a working brain,
 With buds, and bells, and stars without a name,

With all the gardener Fancy e'er could feign,
 Who breeding flowers, will never breed the same :
 And there shall be for thee all soft delight
 That shadowy thought can win,
 A bright torch, and a casement ope at night,
 To let the warm Love in !

FANCY.

EVER let the Fancy roam,
 Pleasure never is at home :
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth ;
 Then let winged Fancy wander
 Through the thought still spread beyond her :
 Open wide the mind's cage door,
 She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
 O sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;
 Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
 And the enjoying of the Spring
 Fades as does its blossoming :
 Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too,
 Blushing through the mist and dew,
 Cloys with tasting : what do then ?
 Sit thee by the ingle, when
 The sear fagot blazes bright,
 Spirit of a winter's night ;
 When the soundless earth is muffled
 And the caked snow is shuffled
 From the ploughboy's heavy shoon ;
 When the Night doth meet the Noon

In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high-commissioned :—send her !
She has vassals to attend her :
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost ;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather ;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray ;
All the heaped Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth :
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it :—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear ;
Rustle of the reaped corn ;
Sweet birds antheming the morn :
And, in the same moment—hark !
Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold ;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst ;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire-queen of the mid-May ;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearled with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celled sleep ;

And the snake all winter-thin
 Cast on sunny bank its skin ;
 Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
 Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
 When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
 Quiet on her mossy nest ;
 Then the hurry and alarm
 When the bee-hive casts its swarm ;
 Acorns ripe down-pattering
 While the autumn breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;
 Everything is spoilt by use :
 Where's the cheek that doth not fade
 Too much gazed at ? Where's the maid
 Whose lip mature is ever new ?
 Where's the eye, however blue,
 Doth not weary ? Where's the face
 One would meet in every place ?
 Where's the voice, however soft,
 One would hear so very oft ?
 At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
 Let, then, winged fancy find
 Thee a mistress to thy mind :
 Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
 Ere the God of Torment taught her
 How to frown and how to chide ;
 With a waist and with a side
 White as Hebe's, when her zone
 Slipt its golden clasp, and down
 Fell her kirtle to her feet,
 While she held the goblet sweet,
 And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
 Of the Fancy's silken leash ;

Quickly break her prison-string,
And such joys as these she'll bring.—
Let the winged Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

ODE.

BARDS of Passion and of Mirth,
Ye have left your souls on earth !
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new ?
Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon ;
With the noise of fountains wondrous,
And the parle of voices thund'rous ;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Browed by none but Dian's fawns ;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not ;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, tranced thing,
But divine melodious truth ;
Philosophic numbers smooth ;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
 On the earth ye live again ;
 And the souls ye left behind you
 Teach us, here, the way to find you,
 Where your other souls are joying,
 Never slumbered, never cloying.
 Here, your earth-born souls still speak
 To mortals, of their little week ;
 Of their sorrows and delights ;
 Of their passions and their spites ;
 Of their glory and their shame ;
 What doth strengthen and what maim.
 Thus ye teach us, every day,
 Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth,
 Ye have left your souls on earth !
 Ye have souls in heaven too,
 Double-lived in regions new !

TO AUTUMN.

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness !
 Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun ;
 Conspiring with him how to load and bless
 With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run ;
 To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
 And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core ;
 To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
 With a sweet kernel ; to set budding more,
 And still more, later flowers for the bees,

Until they think warm days will never cease,
 For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
 Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
 Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
 Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
 Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
 Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers ;
 And sometime like a gleaner thou dost keep
 Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
 Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
 Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they ?
 Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
 While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
 And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
 Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
 Among the river shallows, borne aloft
 Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
 And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn ;
 Hedge-crickets sing ; and now with treble soft
 The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
 And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

ODE ON MELANCHOLY.

No, no! go not to Lethe, neither twist
 Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine ;
 Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed
 By nightshade, ruby grape of Prosperine ;

Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries ;
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,
And hides the green hill in an April shroud ;
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
Or on the wealth of globed peonies ;
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die ;
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
Bidding adieu ; and aching Pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips :
Ay, in the very temple of Delight
Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous
tongue
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine :
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

LINES ON THE MERMAID TAVERN.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's sign-board flew away,
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story,—
Said he saw you in your glory,
Underneath a new old-sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

ROBIN HOOD.

TO A FRIEND.

No! those days are gone away,
And their hours are old and gray,
And their minutes buried all
Under the down-trodden pall
Of the leaves of many years:
Many times have Winter's shears,
Frozen North, and chilling East,
Sounded tempests to the feast,
Of the forest's whispering fleeces,
Since men knew nor rent nor leases.

No, the bugle sounds no more,
And the twanging bow no more,
Silent is the ivory shrill
Past the heath and up the hill;
There is no mid-forest laugh,
Where lone Echo gives the half
To some wight, amazed to hear
Jesting, deep in forest drear.

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold:
Never one, of all the clan,

Thrumming on an empty can,
Some old hunting ditty, while
He doth his green way beguile
To fair hostess Merriment,
Down beside the pasture Trent;
For he left the merry tale,
Messenger for spicy ale.

Gone, the merry morris din ;
Gone, the song of Gamelyn ;
Gone, the tough-belted outlaw
Idling in the "grené shawe ;"
All are gone away and past !
And if Robin should be cast
Sudden from his tufted grave,
And if Marian should have
Once again her forest days,
She would weep, and he would craze :
He would swear, for all his oaks,
Fallen beneath the dock-yard strokes,
Have rotted on the briny seas ;
She would weep that her wild bees
Sang not to her—strange ! that honey
Can't be got without hard money !

So it is ; yet let us sing
Honor to the old bow-string !
Honor to the bugle-horn !
Honor to the woods unshorn !
Honor to the Lincoln green !
Honor to the archer keen !
Honor to tight Little John,
And the horse he rode upon !

Honor to bold Robin Hood,
 Sleeping in the underwood!
 Honor to Maid Marian,
 And to all the Sherwood clan!
 Though their days have hurried by,
 Let us two a burden try.

SLEEP AND POETRY.

As I lay in my bed, slepe full unmete
 Was unto me, but why that I ne might
 Rest I ne wist, for there n' as erthly wight
 (As I suppose) had more of hertis ese
 Than I, for I n' ad sicknesse nor disese.—CHAUCER.

WHAT is more gentle than a wind in summer?
 What is more soothing than the pretty hummer
 That stays one moment in an open flower,
 And buzzes cheerily from bower to bower?
 What is more tranquil than a musk-rose blowing
 In a green island, far from all men's knowing?
 More healthful than the leafiness of dales?
 More secret than a nest of nightingales?
 More serene than Cordelia's countenance?
 More full of visions than a high romance?
 What, but thee, Sleep? Soft closer of our eyes?
 Low murmurer of tender lullabies!
 Light hoverer around our happy pillows!
 Wreather of poppy buds, and weeping willows!
 Silent entangler of a beauty's tresses!
 Most happy listener! when the morning blesses
 Thee for enlivening all the cheerful eyes
 That glance so brightly at the new sunrise.

But what is higher beyond thought than thee?
Fresher than berries of a mountain tree?
More strange, more beautiful, more smooth, more regal,
Than wings of swans, than doves, than dim-seen eagle?
What is it? And to what shall I compare it?
It has a glory, and nought else can share it:
The thought thereof is awful, sweet, and holy,
Chasing away all worldliness and folly:
Coming sometimes like fearful claps of thunder;
Or the low rumblings earth's regions under;
And sometimes like a gentle whispering
Of all the secrets of some wondrous thing
That breathes about us in the vacant air;
So that we look around with prying stare,
Perhaps to see shapes of light, aerial limning;
And catch soft floatings from a faint-heard hymning;
To see the laurel-wreath on high suspended,
That is to crown our name when life is ended.
Sometimes it gives a glory to the voice,
And from the heart upsprings, rejoice! rejoice!
Sounds which will reach the Framers of all things,
And die away in ardent mutterings.

No one who once the glorious sun has seen,
And all the clouds, and felt his bosom clean
For his great Maker's presence, but must know
What 'tis I mean, and feel his being glow:
Therefore no insult will I give his spirit,
By telling what he sees from native merit.

O Poesy! for thee I hold my pen,
That am not yet a glorious denizen
Of thy wide heaven—should I rather kneel
Upon some mountain-top until I feel

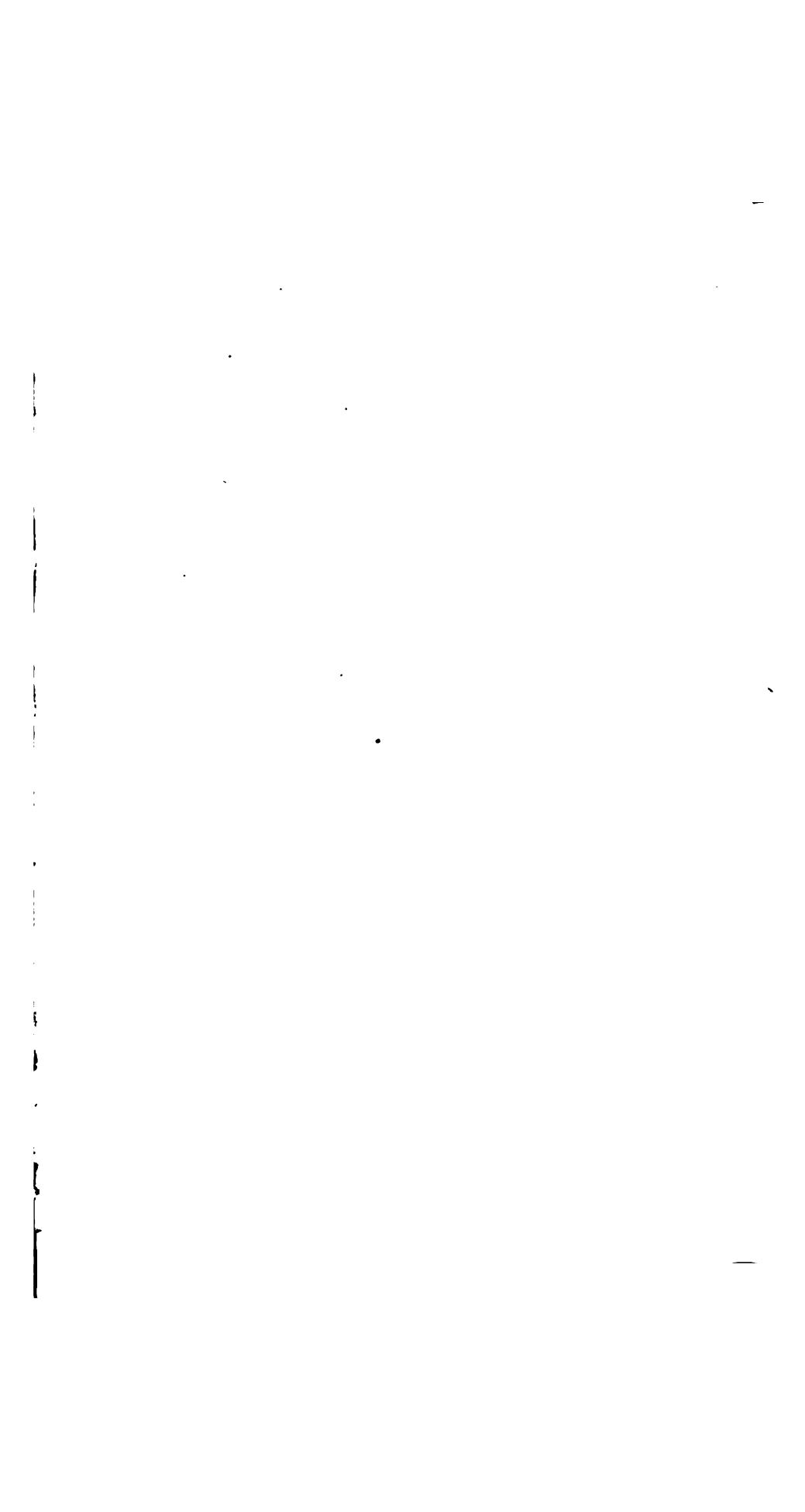
A glowing splendor round about me hung,
 And echo back the voice of thine own tongue?
 O Poesy! for thee I grasp my pen,
 That am not yet a glorious denizen
 Of thy wide heaven; yet, to my ardent prayer,
 Yield from thy sanctuary some clear air,
 Smoothed for intoxication by the breath
 Of flowering bays, that I may die a death
 Of luxury, and my young spirit follow
 The morning sunbeams to the great Apollo,
 Like a fresh sacrifice; or, if I can bear
 The o'erwhelming sweets, 'twill bring me to the fair
 Visions of all places: a bowery nook
 Will be elysium—an eternal book
 Whence I may copy many a lovely saying
 About the leaves, and flowers—about the playing
 Of nymphs in woods, and fountains; and the shade
 Keeping a silence round a sleeping maid;
 And many a verse from so strange influence
 That we must ever wonder how, and whence
 It came. Also imaginings will hover
 Round my fireside, and haply there discover
 Vistas of solemn beauty, where I'd wander
 In happy silence, like the clear Meander
 Through its lone vales; and where I found a spot
 Of awfuller shade, or an enchanted grot,
 Or a green hill o'erspread with chequered dress
 Of flowers, and fearful from its loveliness,
 Write on my tablets all that was permitted,
 All that was for our human senses fitted.
 Then the events of this wide world I'd seize
 Like a strong giant, and my spirit tease
 Till at its shoulders it should proudly see
 Wings to find out an immortality.

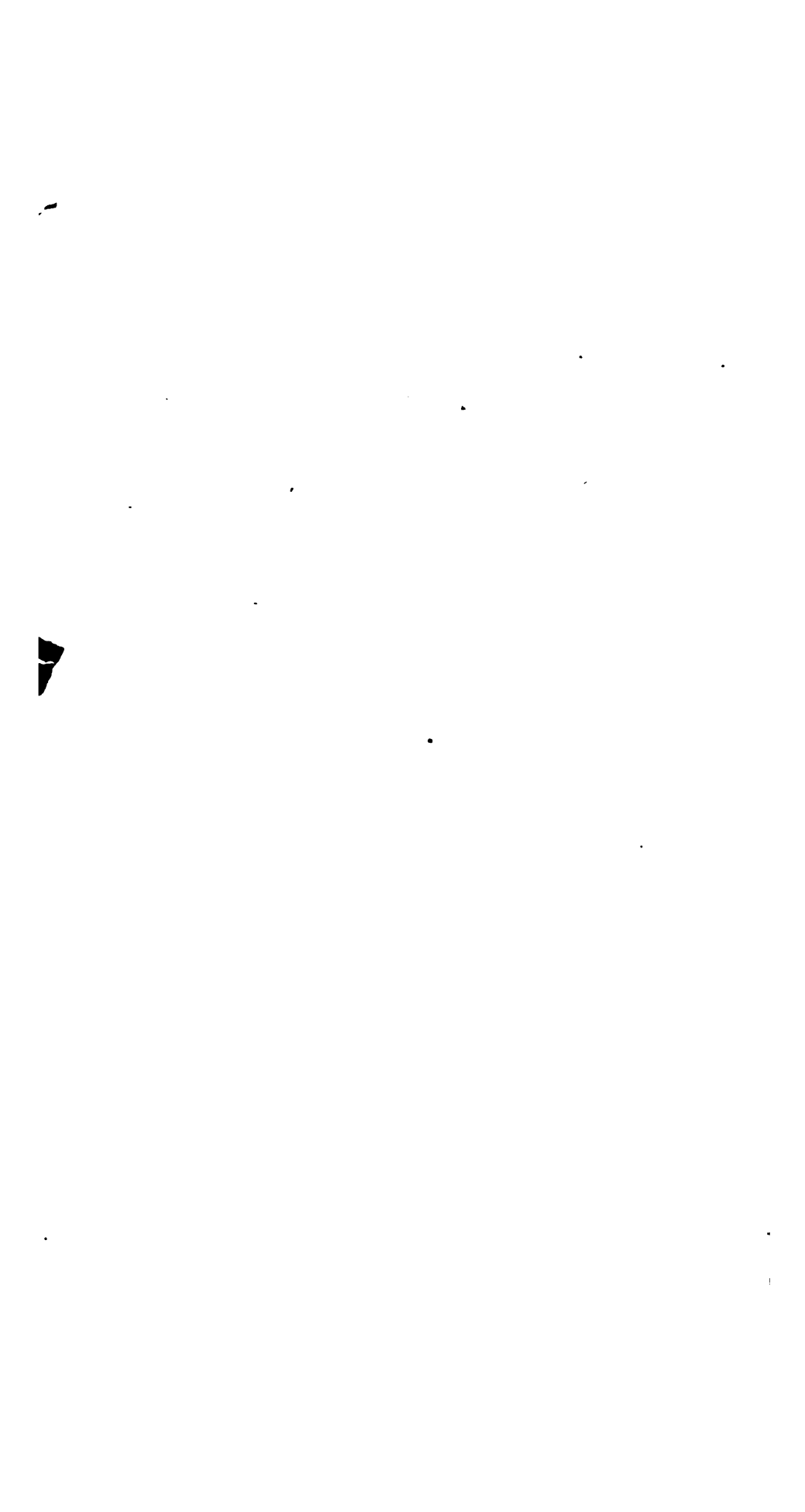
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*not a word of love, in such places
as this, is not to be had.*





Stop and consider! life is but a day ;
A fragile dewdrop on its perilous way
From a tree's summit; a poor Indian's sleep
While his boat hastens to the monstrous steep
Of Montmorenci. Why so sad a moan ?
Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown ;
The reading of an ever-changing tale ;
The light uplifting of a maiden's veil ;
A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air ;
A laughing schoolboy, without grief or care,
Riding the springy branches of an elm.

O for ten years, that I may overwhelm
Myself in poesy! so I may do the deed
That my own soul has to itself decreed.
Then I will pass the countries that I see
In long perspective, and continually
Taste their pure fountains. First the realm I'll pass
Of Flora, and Old Pan : sleep in the grass,
Feed upon apples red, and strawberries,
And choose each pleasure that my fancy sees,
Catch the white-handed nymphs in shady places,
To woo sweet kisses from averted faces,—
Play with their fingers, touch their shoulders white
Into a pretty shrinking with a bite
As hard as lips can make it : till agreed,
A lovely tale of human life we'll read.
And one will teach a tame dove how it best
May fan the cool air gently o'er my rest :
Another, bending o'er her nimble tread,
Will set a green robe floating round her head,
And still will dance with ever-varied ease,
Smiling upon the flowers and the trees :

Another will entice me on, and on,
Through almond blossoms and rich cinnamon ;
Till in the bosom of a leafy world
We rest in silence, like two gems upcurled
In the recesses of a pearly shell.

And can I ever bid these joys farewell ?
Yes, I must pass them for a nobler life,
Where I may find the agonies, the strife
Of human hearts : for lo ! I see afar,
O'ersailing the blue cragginess, a car
And steeds with streamy manes—the charioteer
Looks out upon the winds with glorious fear :
And now the numerous tramlings quiver lightly
Along a huge cloud's ridge ; and now with sprightly
Wheel downward come they into fresher skies,
Tipt round with silver from the sun's bright eyes.
Still downward with capacious whirl they glide ;
And now I see them on a green hillside
In breezy rest among the nodding stalks.
The charioteer with wondrous gesture talks
To the trees and mountains ; and there soon appear
Shapes of delight, of mystery, and fear,
Passing along before a dusky space
Made by some mighty oaks : as they would chase
Some ever-fleeting music, on they sweep.
Lo ! how they murmur, laugh, and smile, and weep :
Some with upholden hand and mouth severe ;
Some with their faces muffled to the ear
Between their arms ; some clear in youthful bloom,
Go glad and smilingly athwart the gloom ;
Some looking back, and some with upward gaze ;
Yes, thousands in a thousand different ways

Flit onward—now a lovely wreath of girls
Dancing their sleek hair into tangled curls ;
And now broad wings. Most awfully intent
The driver of those steeds is forward bent,
And seems to listen : O that I might know
All that he writes with such a hurrying glow !

The visions all are fled—the car is fled
Into the light of heaven, and in their stead
A sense of real things comes doubly strong,
And, like a muddy stream, would bear along
My soul to nothingness : but I will strive
Against all doubtings, and will keep alive
The thought of that same chariot, and the strange
Journey it went.

Is there so small a range
In the present strength of manhood, that the high
Imagination cannot freely fly
As she was wont of old ? prepare her steeds,
Paw up against the light, and do strange deeds
Upon the clouds ? Has she not shown us all ?
From the clear space of ether, to the small
Breath of new buds unfolding ? From the meaning
Of Jove's large eyebrow, to the tender greening
Of April meadows ? here her altar shone,
E'en in this isle ; and who could paragon
The fervid choir that lifted up a noise
Of harmony, to where it aye will poise
Its mighty self of convoluting sound,
Huge as a planet, and like that roll round,
Eternally around a dizzy void ?
Ay, in those days the Muses were nigh cloyed
With honors ; nor had any other care
Than to sing out and soothe their wavy hair.

Could all this be forgotten? Yes, a schism
 Nurtured by foppery and barbarism,
 Made great Apollo blush for this his land.
 Men were thought wise who could not understand
 His glories: with a puling infant's force
 They swayed about upon a rocking-horse,
 And thought it Pegasus. Ah, dismal-souled!
 The winds of heaven blew, the ocean rolled
 Its gathering waves—ye felt it not. The blue
 Bared its eternal bosom, and the dew
 Of summer night collected still to make
 The morning precious: Beauty was awake!
 Why were ye not awake? But ye were dead
 To things ye knew not of,—were closely wed
 To musty laws lined out with wretched rule
 And compass vile: so that ye taught a school
 Of dolts to smooth, inlay, and clip, and fit,
 Till, like the certain wands of Jacob's wit,
 Their verses tallied. Easy was the task:
 A thousand handicraftsmen wore the mask
 Of Poesy. Ill-fated, impious race!
 That blasphemed the bright Lyrist to his face,
 And did not know it,—no, they went about,
 Holding a poor, decrepit standard out,
 Marked with most flimsy mottoes, and in large
 The name of one Boileau!

O ye whose charge

It is to hover round our pleasant hills!
 Whose congregated majesty so fills
 My boundly reverence, that I cannot trace
 Your hallowed names, in this unholy place,
 So near those common folk; did not their shames
 Affright you? Did our old lamenting Thames

Delight you? did ye never cluster round
 Delicious Avon, with a mournful sound,
 And weep? Or did ye wholly bid adieu
 To regions where no more the laurel grew?
 Or did ye stay to give a welcoming
 To some lone spirits who could proudly sing
 Their youth away, and die? 'Twas even so:
 But let me think away those times of woe:
 Now 'tis a fairer season; ye have breathed
 Rich benedictions o'er us; ye have wreathed
 Fresh garlands: for sweet music has been heard
 In many places; some has been upstirred
 From out its crystal dwelling in a lake,
 By a swan's ebon bill; from a thick brake,
 Nested and quiet in a valley mild,
 Bubbles a pipe; fine sounds are floating wild
 About the earth: happy are ye and glad.
 These things are, doubtless: yet in truth we've had
 Strange thunders from the potency of song;
 Mingled indeed with what is sweet and strong,
 From majesty: but in clear truth the themes
 Are ugly cubs, the Poets' Polyphemes
 Disturbing the grand sea. A drainless shower
 Of light is poesy; 'tis the supreme of power;
 'Tis might half slumbering on its own right arm,
 The very archings of her eyelids charm
 A thousand willing agents to obey,
 And still she governs with the mildest sway:
 But strength alone though of the Muses born
 Is like a fallen angel: trees uptorn,
 Darkness, and worms, and shrouds, and sepulchres
 Delight it; for it feeds upon the burrs
 And thorns of life; forgetting the great end

Of poesy, that it should be a friend
To soothe the cares, and lift the thoughts of man.

Yet I rejoice: a myrtle fairer than
E'er grew in Paphos, from the bitter weeds
Lifts its sweet heap into the air, and feeds
A silent space with ever-sprouting green.
All tenderest birds there find a pleasant screen,
Creep through the shade with jaunty fluttering,
Nibble the little cupped flowers and sing.
Then let us clear away the choking thorns
From round its gentle stem; let the young fawns
Yeaned in after-times, when we are flown,
Find a fresh sward beneath it, overgrown
With simple flowers: let there nothing be
More boisterous than a lover's bended knee;
Nought more ungentle than the placid look
Of one who leans upon a closed book;
Nought more untroubled than the grassy slopes
Between two hills. All hail, delightful hopes!
As she was wont, th' imagination
Into most lovely labyrinths will be gone,
And they shall be accounted poet kings
Who simply tell the most heart-easing things.
O may these joys be ripe before I die!

Will not some say that I presumptuously
Have spoken? that from hastening disgrace
'Twere better far to hide my foolish face?
That whining boyhood should with reverence bow
Ere the dread thunderbolt could reach me? How!
If I do hide myself, it sure shall be
In the very fane, the light of Poesy:

If I do fall, at least I will be laid
Beneath the silence of a poplar shade ;
And over me the grass shall be smooth shaven ;
And there shall be a kind memorial graven.
But off, Despondence ! miserable bane !
They should not know thee, who athirst to gain
A noble end, are thirsty every hour.
What though I am not wealthy in the dower
Of spanning wisdom ; though I do not know
The shiftings of the mighty winds that blow
Hither and thither all the changing thoughts
Of man : though no great ministering reason sorts
Out the dark mysteries of human souls
To clear conceiving : yet there ever rolls
A vast idea before me, and I glean
Therefrom my liberty ; thence too I've seen
The end and aim of Poesy. 'Tis clear
As anything most true ; as that the year
Is made of the four seasons—manifest
As a large cross, some old cathedral's crest,
Lifted to the white clouds. Therefore should I
Be but the essence of deformity,
A coward, did my very eyelids wink
At speaking out what I have dared to think.
Ah ! rather let me like a madman run
Over some precipice ; let the hot sun
Melt my Dedalian wings, and drive me down
Convulsed and headlong ? Stay ! an inward frown
Of conscience bids me be more calm awhile.
An ocean dim, sprinkled with many an isle,
Spreads awfully before me. How much toil !
How many days ! what desperate turmoil !
Ere I can have explored its widenesses.
Ah, what a task ! upon my bended knees,

I could unsay those—no, impossible!
Impossible!

For sweet relief I'll dwell
On humbler thoughts, and let this strange assay
Begun in gentleness die so away.
E'en now all tumult from my bosom fades:
I turn full-hearted to the friendly aids
That smooth the path of honor; brotherhood,
And friendliness, the nurse of mutual good.
The hearty grasp that sends a pleasant sonnet
Into the brain ere one can think upon it;
The silence when some rhymes are coming out;
And when they're come, the very pleasant rout:
The message certain to be done to-morrow.
'Tis perhaps as well that it should be to borrow
Some precious book from out its snug retreat,
To cluster round it when we next shall meet.
Scarce can I scribble on; for lovely airs
Are fluttering round the room like doves in pairs;
Many delights of that glad day recalling,
When first my senses caught their tender falling.
And with these airs come forms of elegance
Stooping their shoulders o'er a horse's prance,
Careless, and grand—fingers soft and round
Parting luxuriant curls; and the swift bound
Of Bacchus from his chariot, when his eye
Made Ariadne's cheek look blushing.
Thus I remember all the pleasant flow
Of words at opening a portfolio.

Things such as these are ever harbingers
To trains of peaceful images: the stirr
Of a swan's neck unseen among the rushes:
A linnet starting all about the bushes:

A butterfly, with golden wings broad-parted,
Nestling a rose, convulsed as though it smarted
With over-pleasure—many, many more,
Might I indulge at large in all my store
Of luxuries: yet I must not forget
Sleep, quiet with his poppy coronet:
For what there may be worthy in these rhymes
I partly owe to him: and thus, the chimes
Of friendly voices had just given place
To as sweet a silence, when I 'gan retrace
The pleasant day, upon a couch at ease.
It was a poet's house who keeps the keys
Of pleasure's temple—round about were hung
The glorious features of the bards who sung
In other ages—cold and sacred busts
Smiled at each other. Happy he who trusts
To clear Futurity his darling fame!
Then there were fauns and satyrs taking aim
At swelling apples with a frisky leap
And reaching fingers, 'mid a luscious heap
Of vine-leaves. Then there rose to view a fane
Of liney marble, and thereto a train
Of nymphs approaching fairly o'er the sward:
One, loveliest, holding her white hand toward
The dazzling sunrise: two sisters sweet
Bending their graceful figures till they meet
Over the trippings of a little child:
And some are hearing, eagerly, the wild
Thrilling liquidity of dewy piping.
See, in another picture, nymphs are wiping
Cherishingly Diana's timorous limbs;
A fold of lawny mantle dabbling swims
At the bath's edge, and keeps a gentle motion
With the subsiding crystal: as when ocean

Heaves calmly its broad swelling smoothness o'er
Its rocky marge, and balances once more
The patient weeds; that now unshent by foam
Feel all about their undulating home.
Sappho's meek head was there half smiling down
At nothing; just as though the earnest frown
Of over-thinking had that moment gone
From off her brow, and left her all alone.

Great Alfred's too, with anxious, pitying eyes,
As if he always listened to the sighs
Of the goaded world; and Kosciusko's, worn
By horrid suffrance—mightily forlorn.

Petrarch, outstepping from the shady green,
Starts at the sight of Laura; nor can wean
His eyes from her sweet face. Most happy they!
For over them was seen a free display
Of outspread wings, and from between them shone
The face of Poesy: from off her throne
She overlooked things that I scarce could tell,
The very sense of where I was might well
Keep sleep aloof: but more than that there came
Thought after thought to nourish up the flame
Within my breast; so that the morning light
Surprised me even from a sleepless night;
And up I rose refreshed, and glad, and gay,
Resolving to begin that very day
These lines; and howsoever they be done,
I leave them as a father does his son.

STANZAS.

IN a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity :
The north cannot undo them,
With a sleety whistle through them ;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look ;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah ! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy !
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passed joy ?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme.

EPISTLES.

Among the rest a shepherd (though but young
Yet hartned to his pipe) with all the skill
His few yeeres could, began to fill his quill.
Britannia's Pastorals.—BROWN.

TO GEORGE FELTON MATHEW.

SWEET are the pleasures that to verse belong,
And doubly sweet a brotherhood in song ;
Nor can remembrance, Mathew ! bring to view
A fate more pleasing, a delight more true
Than that in which the brother poets joyed,
Who, with combined powers, their wit employed
To raise a trophy to the drama's muses.
The thought of this great partnership diffuses
Over the genius-loving heart, a feeling
Of all that's high, and great, and good, and healing.
Too partial friend ! fain would I follow thee
Past each horizon of fine poesy ;
Fain would I echo back each pleasant note
As o'er Sicilian seas, clear anthems float
'Mong the light skimming gondolas far parted,
Just when the sun his farewell beam has darted :
But 'tis impossible ; far different cares
Beckon me sternly from soft "Lydian airs,"
And hold my faculties so long in thrall,
That I am oft in doubt whether at all

I shall again see Phœbus in the morning :
Or flushed Aurora in the roseate dawning !
Or a white Naiad in a rippling stream ;
Or a rapt seraph in a moonlight beam ;
Or again witness what with thee I've seen,
The dew by fairy feet swept from the green,
After a night of some quaint jubilee
Which every elf and fay had come to see :
When bright processions took their airy march
Beneath the curved moon's triumphal arch.

But might I now each passing moment give
To the coy Muse, with me she would not live
In this dark city, nor would condescend
'Mid contradictions her delights to lend.
Should e'er the fine-eyed maid to me be kind,
Ah ! surely it must be whene'er I find
Some flowery spot, sequestered, wild, romantic,
That often must have seen a poet frantic ;
Where oaks, that erst the Druid knew, are growing,
And flowers, the glory of one day, are blowing ;
Where the dark-leaved laburnum's drooping clusters
Reflect athwart the stream their yellow lustres,
And intertwined the cassia's arms unite,
With its own drooping buds, but very white.
Where on one side are covert branches hung,
'Mong which the nightingales have always sung
In leafy quiet ; where to pry, aloof
Atween the pillars of the sylvan roof,
Would be to find where violet beds were nestling,
And where the bee with cowslip bells was wrestling.
There must be too a ruin dark and gloomy,
To say " Joy not too much in all that's bloomy."

Yet this is vain—O Mathew! lend thy aid
To find a place where I may greet the maid—
Where we may soft humanity put on,
And sit, and rhyme, and think on Chatterton;
And that warm-hearted Shakspeare sent to meet him
Four laurelled spirits, heavenward to entreat him.
With reverence would we speak of all the sages
Who have left streaks of light athwart their ages:
And thou shouldst moralize on Milton's blindness,
And mourn the fearful dearth of human kindness
To those who strove with the bright golden wing
Of genius, to flap away each sting
Thrown by the pitiless world. We next could tell
Of those who in the cause of freedom fell;
Of our own Alfred, of Helvetian Tell;
Of him whose name to every heart's a solace,
High-minded and unbending William Wallace.
While to the rugged North our musing turns,
We well might drop a tear for him and Burns.
Felton! without incitements such as these,
How vain for me the niggard Muse to tease!
For thee, she will thy every dwelling grace,
And make "a sunshine in a shady place:"
For thou wast once a flow'ret blooming wild,
Close to the source, bright, pure, and undefiled,
Whence gush the streams of song: in happy hour
Came chaste Diana from her shady bower,
Just as the sun was from the east uprising;
And, as for him some gift she was devising,
Beheld thee, plucked thee, cast thee in the stream
To meet her glorious brother's greeting beam.
I marvel much that thou hast never told
How, from a flower, into a fish of gold

Apollo changed thee : how thou next didst seem
A black-eyed swan upon the widening stream ;
And when thou first didst in that mirror trace
The placid features of a human face ;
That thou hast never told thy travels strange,
And all the wonders of the mazy range
O'er pebbly crystal, and o'er golden sands ;
Kissing thy daily food from Naiads' pearly hands.

November, 1815.

TO MY BROTHER GEORGE.

FULL many a dreary hour have I past,
My brain bewildered, and my mind o'ercast
With heaviness ; in seasons when I've thought
No sphery strains by me could e'er be caught
From the blue dome, though I to dimness gaze
On the far depth where sheeted lightning plays ;
Or, on the wavy grass outstretched supinely,
Pry 'mong the stars, to strive to think divinely :
That I should never hear Apollo's song,
Though feathery clouds were floating all along
The purple west, and, two bright streaks between,
The golden lyre itself were dimly seen :
That the still murmur of the honey-bee
Would never teach a rural song to me :
That the bright glance from beauty's eyelids slanting
Would never make a lay of mine enchanting,
Or warm my breast with ardor to unfold
Some tale of love and arms in time of old.

But there are times, when those that love the bay,
Fly from all sorrowing far, far away ;
A sudden glow comes on them, nought they see
In water, earth, or air, but poesy.
It has been said, dear George, and true I hold it,
(For knightly Spenser to Libertas told it,)
That when a Poet is in such a trance,
In air he sees white coursers paw and prance,
Bestriden of gay knights, in gay apparel,
Who at each other tilt in playful quarrel ;
And what we, ignorantly, sheet-lightning call,
Is the swift opening of their wide portal,
When the bright warder blows his trumpet clear,
Whose tones reach nought on earth but Poet's ear,
When these enchanted portals open wide,
And through the light the horsemen swiftly glide,
The Poet's eye can reach those golden halls,
And view the glory of their festivals :
Their ladies fair, that in the distance seem
Fit for the silvering of a seraph's dream ;
Their rich brimmed goblets, that incessant run,
Like the bright spots that move about the sun ;
And when upheld, the wine from each bright jar
Pours with the lustre of a falling star.
Yet further off are dimly seen their bowers,
Of which no mortal eye can reach the flowers ;
And 'tis right just, for well Apollo knows
'Twould make the Poet quarrel with the rose.
All that's revealed from that far seat of blisses,
Is, the clear fountains' interchanging kisses,
As gracefully descending, light and thin,
Like silver streaks across a dolphin's fin,
When he upswimmeth from the coral caves,
And sports with half his tail above the waves.

These wonders strange he sees, and many more,
Whose head is pregnant with poetic lore ;
Should he upon an evening ramble fare
With forehead to the soothing breezes bare,
Would he nought see but the dark, silent blue,
With all its diamonds trembling through and through ?
Or the coy moon, when in the waviness
Of whitest clouds she does her beauty dress,
And staidly paces higher up, and higher,
Like a sweet nun in holiday attire ?
Ah, yes ! much more would start into his sight—
The revelries and mysteries of night :
And should I ever see them, I will tell you
Such tales as needs must with amazement spell you.

These are the living pleasures of the bard :
But richer far posterity's award.
What does he murmur with his latest breath,
While his proud eye looks through the film of death ?
“ What though I leave this dull and earthly mould,
Yet shall my spirit lofty converse hold
With after-times.—The patriot shall feel
My stern alarum, and unsheath his steel ;
Or in the senate thunder out my numbers,
To startle princes from their easy slumbers.
The sage will mingle with each moral theme
My happy thoughts sententious : he will teem
With lofty periods when my verses fire him,
And then I'll stoop from heaven to inspire him.
Lays have I left of such a dear delight
That maids will sing them on their bridal-night.
Gay villagers, upon a morn of May,
When they have tired their gentle limbs with play,

And formed a snowy circle on the grass,
 And placed in midst of all that lovely lass
 Who chosen is their queen,—with her fine head
 Crowned with flowers purple, white, and red :
 For there the lily and the musk-rose sighing,
 Are emblems true of hapless lovers dying :
 Between her breasts, that never yet felt trouble,
 A bunch of violets full blown, and double,
 Serenely sleep :—she from a casket takes
 A little book,—and then a joy awakes
 About each youthful heart,—with stifled cries,
 And rubbing of white hands, and sparkling eyes :
 For she's to read a tale of hopes and fears ;
 One that I fostered in my youthful years :
 The pearls that on each glistening circlet sleep,
 Gush ever and anon with silent creep,
 Lured by the innocent dimples. To sweet rest
 Shall the dear babe, upon its mother's breast,
 Be lulled with songs of mine. Fair world, adieu !
 Thy dales and hills are fading from my view :
 Swiftly I mount upon wide-spreading pinions,
 Far from the narrow bounds of thy dominions.
 Full joy I feel, while thus I cleave the air,
 That my soft verse will charm thy daughters fair,
 And warm thy sons !” Ah, my dear friend and brother,
 Could I, at once, my mad ambition smother,
 For tasting joys like these, sure I should be
 Happier, and dearer to society.
 At times, 'tis true, I've felt relief from pain
 When some bright thought has darted through my brain :
 Through all that day I've felt a greater pleasure
 Than if I had brought to light a hidden treasure.
 As to my sonnets, though none else should heed them,
 I feel delighted, still, that you should read them.

Of late, too, I have had much calm enjoyment,
 Stretched on the grass at my best loved employment
 Of scribbling lines for you. These things I thought
 While, in my face, the freshest breeze I caught.
 Even now I am pillowed on a bed of flowers
 That crowns a lofty cliff, which proudly towers
 Above the ocean waves. The stalks and blades
 Chequer my tablet with their quivering shades.
 On one side is a field of drooping oats,
 Through which the poppies show their scarlet coats,
 So pert and useless, that they bring to mind,
 The scarlet coats that pester human-kind.
 And on the other side outspread, is seen
 Ocean's blue mantle, streaked with purple and green ;
 Now 'tis I see a canvassed ship, and now
 Mark the bright silver curling round her prow.
 I see the lark down drooping to his nest,
 And the broad-winged sea-gull never at rest ;
 For when no more he spreads his feathers free,
 His breast is dancing on the restless sea.
 Now I direct my eyes into the west,
 Which at this moment is in sunbeams drest :
 Why westward turn ? 'Twas but to say adieu !
 'Twas but to kiss my hand, dear George, to you !

August, 1816.

TO CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE.

ORT have you seen a swan superbly frowning,
 And with proud breast his own white shadow crowning ;
 He slants his neck beneath the waters bright
 So silently it seems a beam of light

Come from the galaxy: anon he sports,—
 With outspread wings the Naiad Zephyr courts,
 Or ruffles all the surface of the lake
 In striving from its crystal face to take
 Some diamond water-drops, and them to treasure
 In milky nest, and sip them off at leisure.
 But not a moment can he there insure them,
 Nor to such downy rest can he allure them ;
 For down they rush as though they would be free,
 And drop like hours into eternity.
 Just like that bird am I in loss of time,
 Whene'er I venture on the stream of rhyme ;
 With shattered boat, oar snapt, and canvas rent,
 I slowly sail, scarce knowing my intent ;
 Still scooping up the water with my fingers,
 In which a trembling diamond never lingers.

By this, friend Charles, you may full plainly see
 Why I have never penned a line to thee :
 Because my thoughts were never free and clear,
 And little fit to please a classic ear ;
 Because my wine was of too poor a savor
 For one whose palate gladdens in the flavor
 Of sparkling Helicon :—small good it were
 To take him to a desert rude and bare,
 Who had on Baiæ's shore reclined at ease,
 While Tasso's page was floating in a breeze
 That gave soft music from Armida's bowers,
 Mingled with fragrance from her rarest flowers :
 Small good to one who had by Mulla's stream
 Fondled the maidens with the breasts of cream ;
 Who had beheld Belphœbe in a brook,
 And lovely Una in a leafy nook,
 And Archimago leaning o'er his book :

Who had of all that's sweet tasted, and seen,
From silvery ripple, up to beauty's queen ;
From the sequestered haunts of gay Titania,
To the blue dwelling of divine Urania :
One, who of late had ta'en sweet forest walks
With him who elegantly chats and talks—
The wronged Libertas—who has told you stories
Of laurel chaplets, and Apollo's glories ;
Of troops chivalrous passing through a city,
And tearful ladies made for love and pity :
With many else which I have never known.
Thus have I thought ; and days on days have flown
Slowly, or rapidly—unwilling still
For you to try my dull, unlearned quill.
Nor should I now, but that I've known you long ;
That you first taught me all the sweets of song :
The grand, the sweet, the terse, the free, the fine :
What swelled with pathos, and what right divine :
Spenserian vowels that elope with ease,
And float along like birds o'er summer seas :
Miltonian storms, and more, Miltonian tenderness :
Michael in arms, and more, meek Eve's fair slenderness.
Who read for me the sonnet swelling loudly
Up to its climax, and then dying proudly ?
Who found for me the grandeur of the ode,
Growing, like Atlas, stronger from its load ?
Who let me taste that more than cordial dram,
The sharp, the rapier-pointed epigram ?
Showed me that epic was of all the king,
Round, vast, and spanning all, like Saturn's ring ?
You too upheld the veil from Clio's beauty,
And pointed out the patriot's stern duty ;
The might of Alfred, and the shaft of Tell ;
The hand of Brutus, that so grandly fell

Upon a tyrant's head. Ah! had I never seen,
Or known your kindness, what might I have been?
What my enjoyments in my youthful years,
Bereft of all that now my life endears?
And can I e'er these benefits forget?
And can I e'er repay the friendly debt?
No, doubly no;—yet should these rhymings please,
I shall roll on the grass with twofold ease;
For I have long time been my fancy feeding
With hopes that you would one day think the reading
Of my rough verses not an hour misspent;
Should it e'er be so, what a rich content!
Some weeks have passed since last I saw the spires
In lucent Thames reflected:—warm desires
To see the sun o'er-peep the eastern dimness,
And morning-shadows streaking into slimness
Across the lawny fields, and pebbly water;
To mark the time as they grow broad and shorter;
To feel the air that plays about the hills,
And sips its freshness from the little rills;
To see high, golden corn wave in the light
When Cynthia smiles upon a summer's night,
And peers among the cloudlets, jet and white,
As though she were reclining in a bed
Of bean-blossoms, in heaven freshly shed.
No sooner had I stepped into these pleasures,
Than I began to think of rhymes and measures;
The air that floated by me seemed to say
“Write! thou wilt never have a better day.”
And so I did. When many lines I'd written,
Though with their grace I was not oversmitten,
Yet, as my hand was warm, I thought I'd better
Trust to my feelings, and write you a letter.

Such an attempt required an inspiration
Of a peculiar sort,—a consummation ;—
Which, had I felt, these scribblings might have been
Verses from which the soul would never ween ;
But many days have past since last my heart
Was warmed luxuriously by divine Mozart ;
By Arne delighted, or by Handel maddened ;
Or by the song of Erin pierced and saddened :
What time you were before the music sitting,
And the rich notes to each sensation fitting.
Since I have walked with you through shady lanes
That freshly terminate in open plains,
And revelled in a chat that ceased not,
When, at nightfall, among your books we got :
No, nor when supper came, nor after that,—
Nor when reluctantly I took my hat ;
No, nor till cordially you shook my hand
Midway between our homes :—your accents bland
Still sounded in my ears, when I no more
Could hear your footsteps touch the gravelly floor.
Sometimes I lost them, and then found again ;
You changed the foot-path for the grassy plain.
In those still moments I have wished you joys
That well you know to honor :—“ Life’s very toys
With him,” said I, “ will take a pleasant charm ;
It cannot be that aught will work him harm.”
These thoughts now come o’er me with all their might :—
Again I shake your hand,—friend Charles, good night.

September, 1816.

SONNETS.

I.

TO A FRIEND WHO SENT ME SOME ROSES.

As late I rambled in the happy fields,
What time the skylark shades the tremulous dew
From his lush clover covert;—when anew
Adventurous knights take up their dinted shields;
I saw the sweetest flower wild nature yields,
A fresh-blown musk-rose; 'twas the first that threw
Its sweets upon the summer: graceful it grew
As is the wand that Queen Titania wields.
And, as I feasted on its fragrancy,
I thought the garden-rose it far excelled;
But when, O Wells! thy roses came to me,
My sense with their deliciousness was spelled:
Soft voices had they, that with tender plea
Whispered of peace, and truth, and friendliness un-
quelled.

II.

TO MY BROTHER GEORGE.

MANY the wonders I this day have seen:
The sun, when first he kissed away the tears
That filled the eyes of Morn;—the laurelled peers
Who from the feathery gold of evening lean;—

The Ocean with its vastness, its blue green,
 Its ships, its rocks, its caves, its hopes, its fears,—
 Its voice mysterious, which whoso hears
 Must think on what will be, and what has been.
 E'en now, dear George, while this for you I write,
 Cynthia is from her silken curtains peeping
 So scantily, that it seems her bridal night,
 And she her half-discovered revels keeping.
 But what, without the social thought of thee,
 Would be the wonders of the sky and sea?

III.

TO ———.

HAD I a man's fair form, then might my sighs
 Be echoed swiftly through that ivory shell,
 Thine ear, and find thy gentle heart; so well
 Would passion arm me for the enterprise:
 But ah! I am no knight whose foeman dies;
 No cuirass glistens on my bosom's swell;
 I am no happy shepherd of the dell
 Whose lips have trembled with a maiden's eyes.
 Yet must I doat upon thee,—call thee sweet,
 Sweeter by far than Hybla's honeyed roses
 When steeped in dew rich to intoxication.
 Ah! I will taste that dew, for me 'tis meet,
 And when the moon her pallid face discloses,
 I'll gather some by spells, and incantation.

IV.

O SOLITUDE! if I must with thee dwell,
 Let it not be among the jumbled heap
 Of murky buildings: climb with me the steep,—
 Nature's observatory—whence the dell,

In flowery slopes, its river's crystal swell,
 May seem a span; let me thy vigils keep
 'Mongst boughs pavilioned, where the deer's swift
 leap
 Startles the wild bee from the foxglove bell.
 But though I'll gladly trace these scenes with thee,
 Yet the sweet converse of an innocent mind,
 Whose words are images of thoughts refined,
 Is my soul's pleasure; and it sure must be
 Almost the highest bliss of human kind,
 When to thy haunts two kindred spirits flee.

v.

How many bards gild the lapses of time!
 A few of them have ever been the food
 Of my delighted fancy,—I could brood
 Over their beauties, earthly or sublime:
 And often, when I sit me down to rhyme,
 These will in throngs before my mind intrude:
 But no confusion, no disturbance rude
 Do they occasion; 'tis a pleasing chime.
 So the unnumbered sounds that evening store;
 The songs of birds—the whispering of the leaves—
 The voice of waters—the great bell that heaves
 With solemn sound,—and thousand others more,
 The distance of recognizance bereaves,
 Make pleasing music, and not wild uproar.

vi.

TO G. A. W.

NYPH of the downward smile and sidelong glance!
 In what diviner moments of the day

Art thou most lovely? when gone far astray
 Into the labyrinths of sweet utterance?
 Or when serenely wandering in a trance
 Of sober thought? Or when starting away,
 With careless robe to meet the morning ray,
 Thou sparest the flowers in thy mazy dance?
 Haply 'tis when thy ruby lips part sweetly,
 And so remain, because thou listenest:
 But thou to please wert nurtured so completely
 That I can never tell what mood is best,
 I shall as soon pronounce which Grace more neatly
 Trips it before Apollo than the rest.

VII.

WRITTEN ON THE DAY THAT MR. LEIGH HUNT LEFT PRISON.

WHAT though, for showing truth to flattered state,
 Kind Hunt was shut in prison, yet has he,
 In his immortal spirit, been as free
 As the sky-searching lark, and as elate.
 Minion of grandeur! think you he did wait?
 Think you he nought but prison walls did see,
 Till, so unwilling, thou unturn'dst the key?
 Ah, no! far happier, nobler was his fate!
 In Spenser's halls he strayed, and bowers fair,
 Culling enchanted flowers; and he flew
 With daring Milton through the fields of air:
 To regions of his own his genius true
 Took happy flights. Who shall his fame impair
 When thou art dead, and all thy wretched crew!

VIII.

TO MY BROTHER.

SMALL, busy flames play through the fresh-laid coals,
 And their faint cracklings o'er our silence creep
 Like whispers of the household gods that keep
 A gentle empire o'er fraternal souls.
 And while, for rhymes, I search around the poles,
 Your eyes are fixed, as in poetic sleep,
 Upon the lore so voluble and deep,
 That eye at fall of night our care condoles.
 This is your birth-day, Tom, and I rejoice
 That thus it passes smoothly, quietly:
 Many such eves of gently whispering noise
 May we together pass, and calmly try
 What are this world's true joys,—ere the great Voice
 From its fair face shall bid our spirits fly.

IX.

ADDRESSED TO HAYDON.

HIGH-MINDEDNESS, a jealousy for good,
 A loving-kindness for the great man's fame,
 Dwells here and there with people of no name,
 In noisome alley, and in pathless wood:
 And where we think the truth least understood,
 Oft may be found a "singleness of aim,"
 That ought to frighten into hooded shame
 A money-mongering, pitiable brood.
 How glorious this affection for the cause
 Of steadfast genius, toiling gallantly!
 What when a stout unbending champion awes
 Envy, and malice to their native sty?
 Unnumbered souls breathe out a still applause,
 Proud to behold him in his country's eye.

x.

ADDRESSED TO THE SAME.

GREAT spirits now on earth are sojourning ;
 He of the cloud, the cataract, the lake,
 Who on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake,
 Catches his freshness from Archangel's wing :
 He of the rose, the violet, the spring,
 The social smile, the chain for Freedom's sake :
 And lo ! whose steadfastness would never take
 A meaner sound than Raphael's whispering.
 And other spirits there are standing apart
 Upon the forehead of the age to come ;
 These, these will give the world another heart,
 And other pulses. Hear ye not the hum
 Of mighty workings ?——
 Listen awhile, ye nations, and be dumb.

xi.

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER.

MUCH have I travelled in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne :
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :
 Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken ;
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

XII.

ON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS AT AN EARLY HOUR.

GIVE me a golden pen, and let me lean
 On heaped-up flowers, in regions clear, and far;
 Bring me a tablet whiter than a star,
 Or hand of hymning angel, when 'tis seen
 The silver strings of heavenly harp atween:
 And let there glide by many a pearly car,
 Pink robes, and wavy hair, and diamond jar,
 And half-discovered wings, and glances keen.
 The while let music wander round my ears,
 And as it reaches each delicious ending,
 Let me write down a line of glorious tone,
 And full of many wonders of the spheres:
 For what a height my spirit is contending!
 'Tis not content so soon to be alone.

XIII.

KEEN fitful gusts are whispering here and there
 Among the bushes, half leafless and dry;
 The stars look very cold about the sky,
 And I have many miles on foot to fare;
 Yet feel I little of the cool bleak air,
 Or of the dead leaves rustling drearily,
 Or of those silver lamps that burn on high,
 Or of the distance from home's pleasant lair:
 For I am brimful of the friendliness
 That in a little cottage I have found;
 Of fair-haired Milton's eloquent distress,
 And all his love for gentle Lycid' drowned;
 Of lovely Laura in her light green dress,
 And faithful Petrarch gloriously crowned.

xiv.

To one who has been long in city pent,
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
 And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
 Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
 Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
 And gentle tale of love and languishment?
 Returning home at evening, with an ear
 Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
 Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
 He mourns that day so soon has glided by:
 E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
 That falls through the clear ether silently.

xv.

ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET.

THE poetry of earth is never dead:
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead;
 That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead
 In summer luxury,—he has never done
 With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never:
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
 The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems to one in drowsiness half lost,
 The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

XVI.

TO KOSCIUSKO.

GOOD Kosciusko ! thy great name alone
 Is a full harvest whence to reap high feeling ;
 It comes upon us like the glorious pealing
 Of the wide spheres—an everlasting tone.
 And now it tells me, that in worlds unknown,
 The names of heroes, burst from clouds concealing,
 Are changed to harmonies, forever stealing
 Through cloudless blue, and round each silver throne
 It tells me too, that on a happy day,
 When some good spirit walks upon the earth,
 Thy name with Alfred's, and the great of yore,
 Gently commingling, gives tremendous birth
 To a loud hymn, that sounds far, far away
 To where the great God lives for evermore.

XVII.

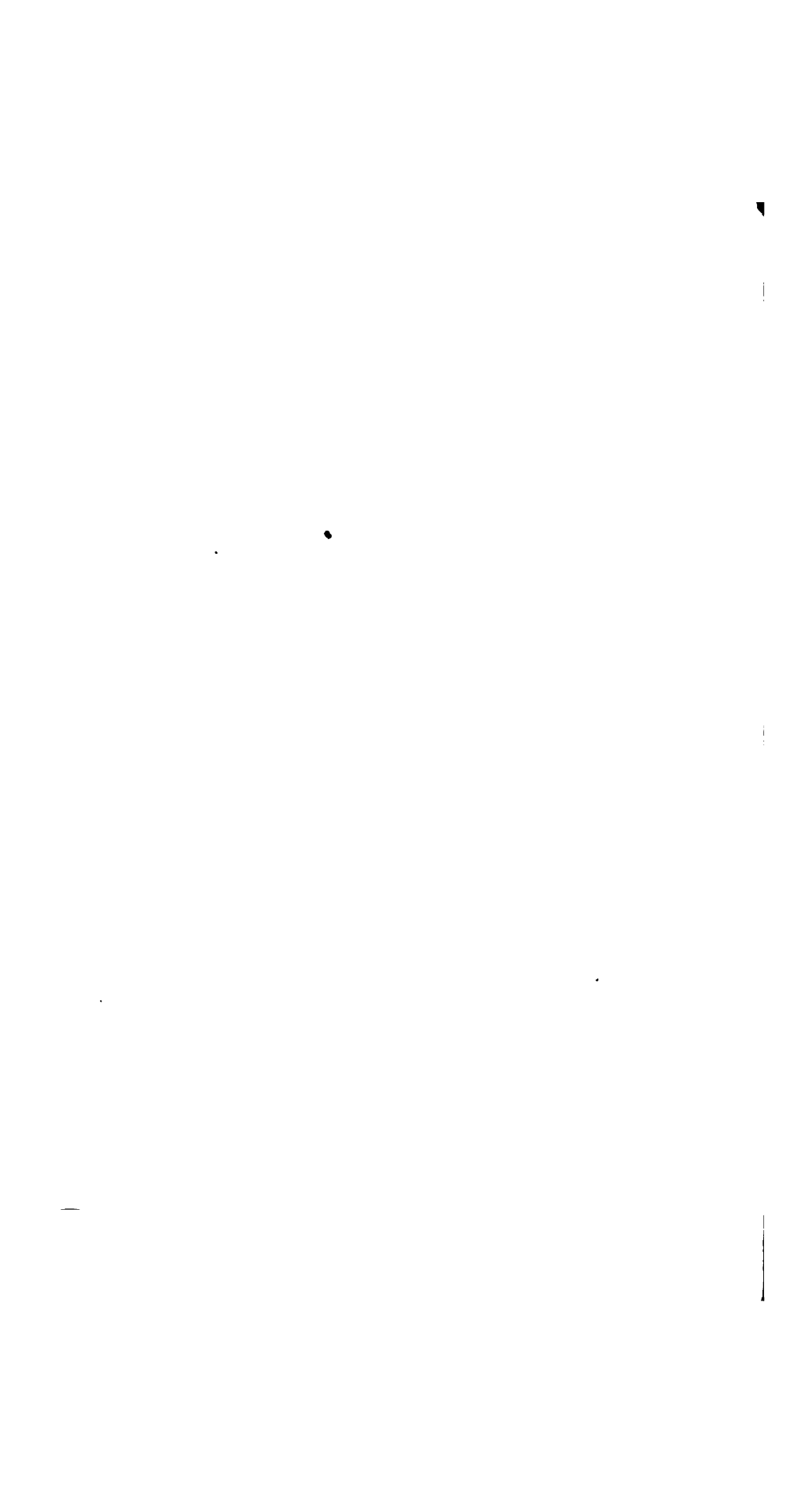
HAPPY is England ! I could be content
 To see no other verdure than its own :
 To feel no other breezes than are blown
 Through its tall woods with high romances blent ;
 Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
 For skies Italian, and an inward groan
 To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,
 And half forget what world or worldling meant.
 Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters ;
 Enough their simple loveliness for me,
 Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging ;
 Yet do I often warmly burn to see
 Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
 And float with them about the summer waters.

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Dieu et l'homme





XVIII.

THE HUMAN SEASONS.

FOUR Seasons fill the measure of the year ;
 There are four seasons in the mind of man :
 He has his lusty spring, when fancy clear
 Takes in all beauty with an easy span :
 He has his Summer, when luxuriously
 Spring's honeyed cud of youthful thought he loves
 To ruminatè, and by such dreaming high
 Is nearest unto heaven : quiet coves
 His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
 He furlèth close ; contented so to look
 On mists in idleness—to let fair things
 Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook.
 He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
 Or else he would forego his mortal nature.

XIX.

ON A PICTURE OF LEANDER.

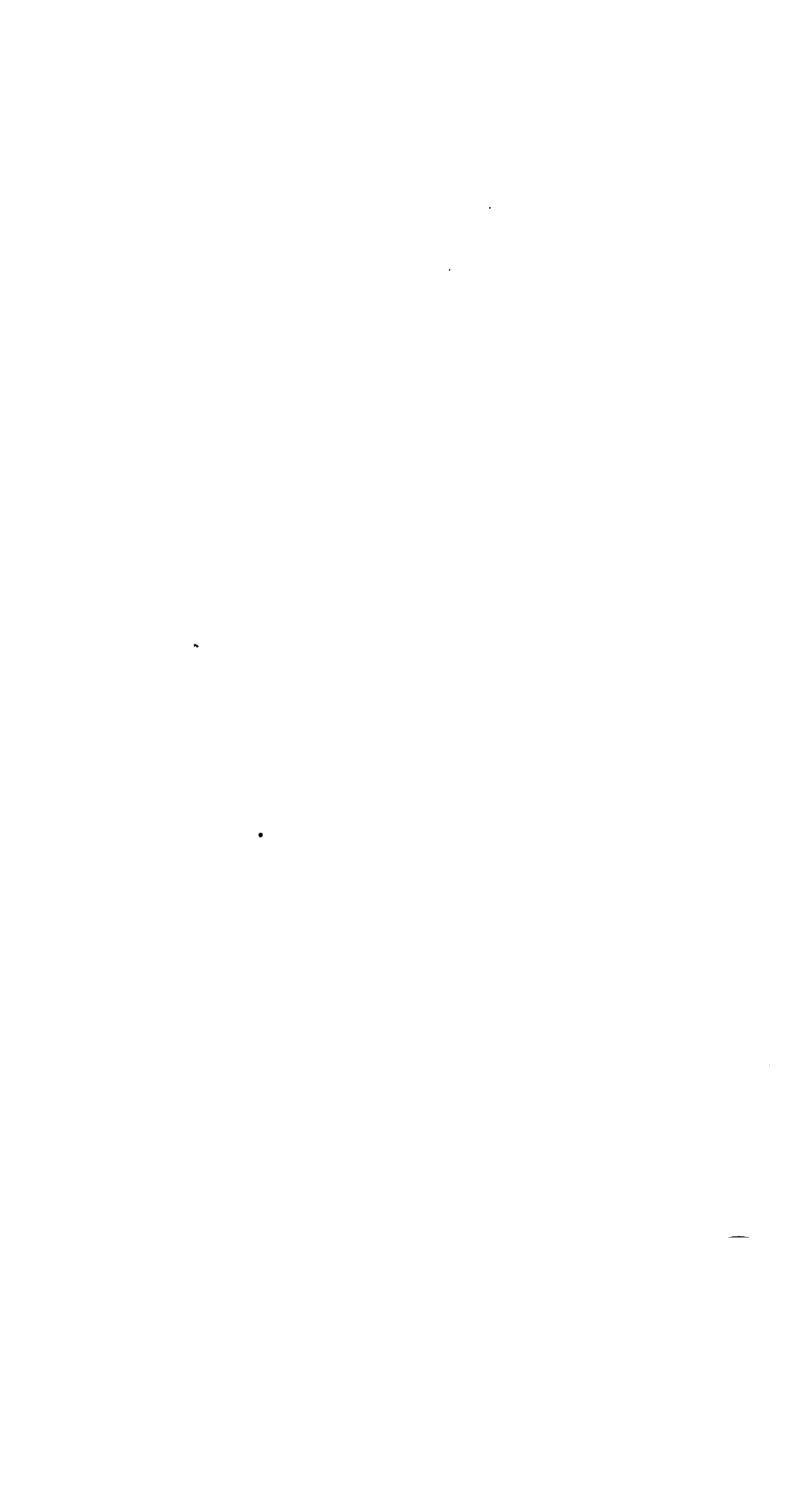
COME hither, all sweet maidens soberly,
 Down-looking aye, and with a chastened light,
 Hid in the fringes of your eyelids white,
 And meekly let your fair hands joined be,
 As if so gentle that ye could not see,
 Untouched, a victim of your beauty bright,
 Sinking away to his young spirit's night,
 Sinking bewildered 'mid the dreary sea :
 'Tis young Leander toiling to his death ;
 Nigh swooning, he doth purse his weary lips
 For Hero's cheek, and smiles against her smile.
 O horrid dream ! see how his body dips
 Dead-heavy ; arms and shoulders gleam awhile
 He's gone ; up bubbles all his amorous breath !

XX.

TO AILSA ROCK.

HEARKEN, thou craggy ocean pyramid!
Give answer from thy voice, the sea-fowl's screams!
When were thy shoulders mantled in huge streams!
When, from the sun, was thy broad forehead hid?
How long is't since the mighty power bid
Thee heave to airy sleep from fathom dreams?
Sleep in the lap of thunder or sunbeams?
Or when gray clouds are thy cold coverlid?
Thou answer'st not, for thou art dead asleep!
Thy life is but two dead eternities—
The last in air, the former in the deep;
First with the whales, last with the eagle-skies—
Drowned wast thou till an earthquake made thee steep
Another cannot wake thy giant size.

THE END.



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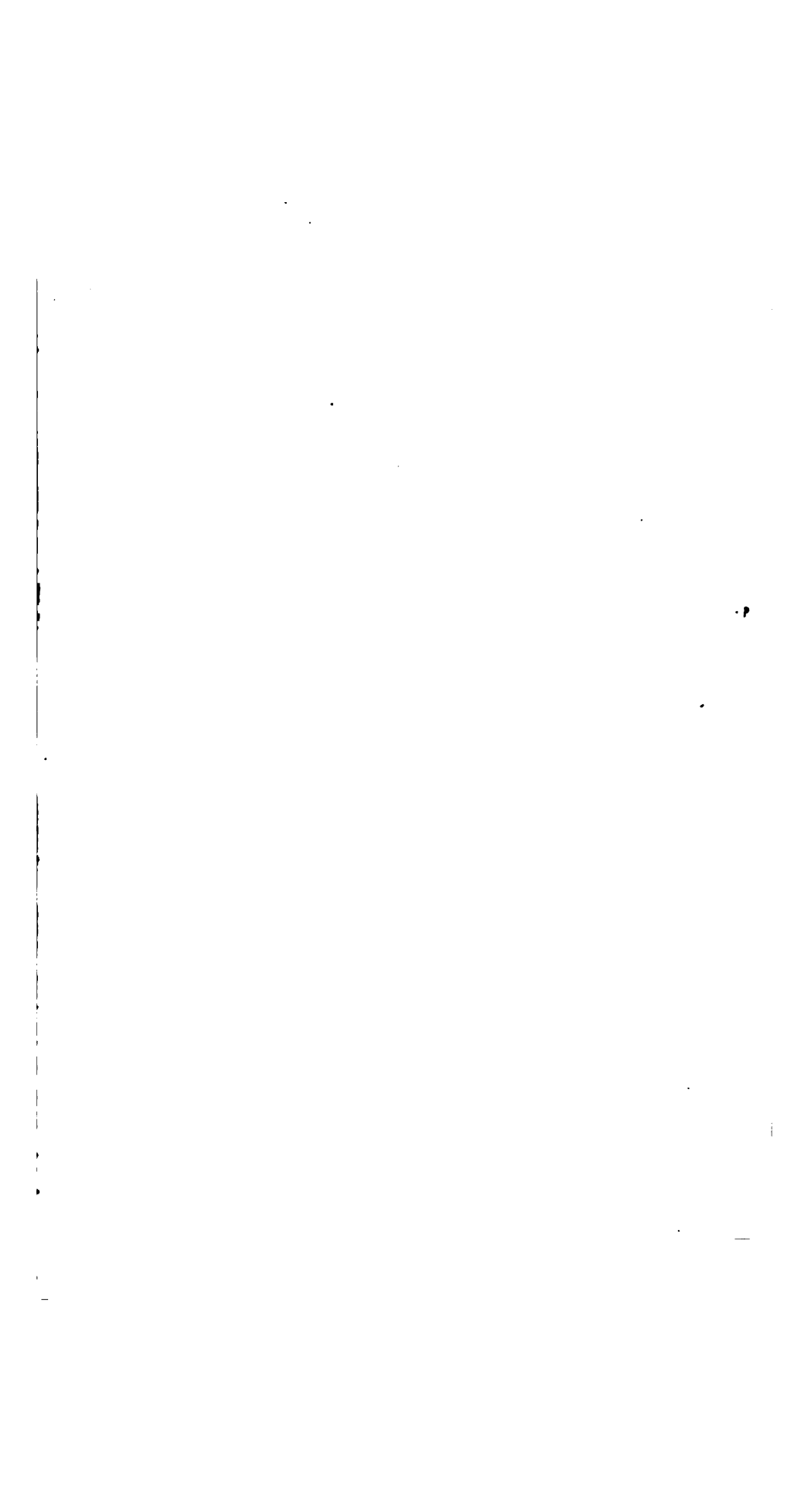
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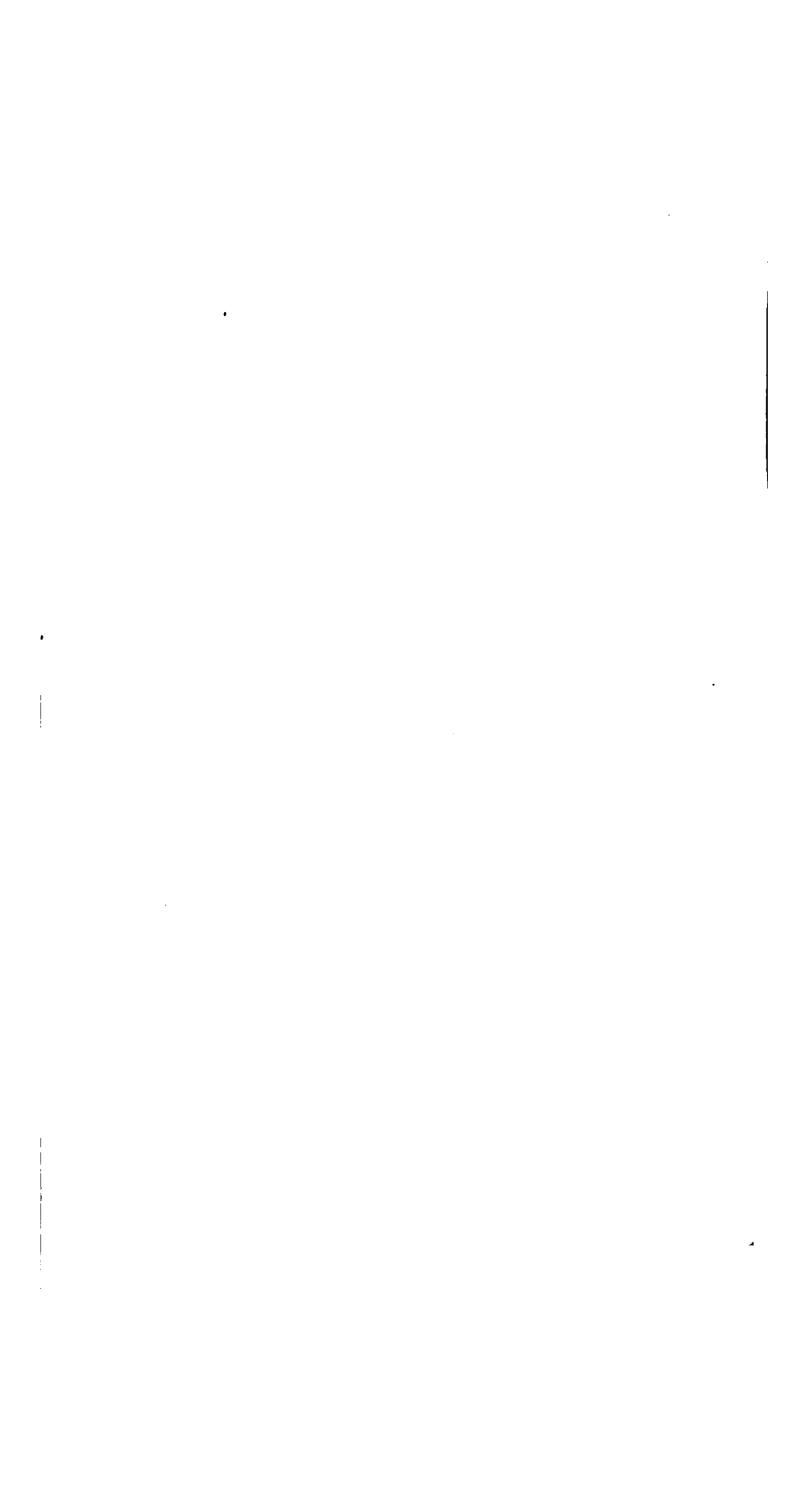
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